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Homer

THE
ODYSSEY
OF

By GILBERT CAMPBELL, B.A.

THE

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OF

HOMER.

TRANSLATED BY

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

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OF
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A NEW EDITION,
WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES, CRITICAL AND ILLUSTRATIVE,
BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD, B. A.

VOLUME V.

LONDON:

Printed by Bye and Law:

FOR T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, J. JOHNSON, C. DILLY, G. G. AND J. ROBINSON,
W. OTRIDGE AND SON, J. NICHOLS, R. BALDWIN, G. NICOL, F. AND C.
RIVINGTON, LEIGH AND SOTHEY, T. PAYNE, J. WALKER, J. CLARKE
AND SON, R. FAULDER, HOOKHAM AND CARPENTER, J. SCATCHERD, B,
AND J. WHITE, J. EDWARDS, CADELL AND DAVIES, C. AND G. KEARSLEY,
AND M. POTE.

M DCC XCVI.

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and SON, W. VAUGHAN, ROOKMAN and CARPENTER, J. STATIONERS,
AND J. WHITE, J. EDWARDS, GARDNER and DAVIES, T. and G. NEWBURY,
AND H. TOTE.

MDCCLXVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE

TWENTIETH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

WHILE Ulysses lies in the vestibule of the palace, he is witness to the disorders of the women. Minerva comforts him and casts him asleep. At his awaking he desires a favourable sign from Jupiter, which is granted. The feast of Apollo is celebrated by the people, and the Suitors banquet in the palace. Telemachus exerts his authority amongst them, notwithstanding which, Ulysses is insulted by Ctesippus, and the rest continue in their excesses. Strange prodigies are seen by Theoclymenus the augur, who explains them to the destruction of the wooers. P.

THE ARGUMENT.
TWENTY-FIFTH BOOK

While Ulysses lies in the vestibule of the palace, he is witness to the disorders of the women. Minerva comforts him and calls him asleep. At his awaking he desires a favourable sign from Jupiter, which is granted. The feast of Apollo is celebrated by the people, and the suitors banquet in the palace. Telemachus excites his authority amongst them, notwithstanding which, Ulysses is insulted by Ctesippus, and the rest continue in their excesses. Strange prodigies are seen by Theoclymenus the augur, who explains them to the destruction of the suitors.

HOMER'S ODYSSEY. BOOK XX.
With due reverence his thoughtful bosom glows,
And trembling writ, he scorns repose.
As thus pavilion'd in the porch he lay,
Scenes of low'd loves his wakeful eyes survey,
Whilst to nocturnal joys impure, repair
With wailings
TWENTIETH BOOK

OF THE
ODYSSEY.

AN ample hide divine Ulysses spread,
And form'd of fleecy skins his humble bed:
(The remnants of the spoil the suitor-crowd
In festival devour'd, and victims vow'd.)
Then o'er the chief, Eurynome the chaste
With duteous care a downy carpet cast:

N O T E S.

Ver. 5.] This incorrect rhyme might be superseded thus, with more fidelity at the same time to his original:

Then o'er the chief, *reclining to repose,*
Eurynome a downy carpet *throws;*
Dire *thoughts of vengeance labour in his breast,*
And plotting Wrath *denies his members rest:*

but not without some loss of harmony in the *second* verse, which

With dire revenge his thoughtful bosom glows,
And ruminating wrath, he scorns repose.

As thus pavilion'd in the porch he lay,
Scenes of lewd loves his wakeful eyes survey, 10
Whilst to nocturnal joys impure, repair
With wanton glee, the prostituted fair.

will allow no position to the *proper name* with acceptance to the ear, but that allotted by our translator.

Ver. 12. *With wanton glee, the prostituted fair.*] Eustathius expatiates upon the conduct of these female servants of Penelope. Silence and a decent reserve (remarks that author) is the ornament of the fair sex; levity and laughter betray them into an unguarded behaviour, and make them susceptible of wanton impressions. The Athenians, as Pausanias informs us, had a temple sacred to Love and Venus the whisperer. Venus was called the whisperer (*Ψιθυρος*) because they who there offered up their prayers applied their mouths to the ear of the statue of that Goddess, and whispered their petitions; an intimation, that women ought to govern their tongue, and not let it transgress either by loudness or loquacity. But this no ways affects the ladies of Great Britain; they speak so well, they should never be silent.

Ulysses, Homer tells us, is almost provoked to kill these females with his own hands: this has been imagined a thought unworthy an hero. The like objection has been made against Æneas in Virgil (*Æneid*, lib. ii. ver. 567.)

Thus, wand'ring in my way, without a guide,
The graceless Helen in the porch I spy'd
Of Vesta's temple: there she lurk'd alone,
Muff'd she sat, and what she could, unknown;
Trembling with rage, the strumpet I regard,
Resolv'd to give her guilt the due reward.

This whole passage is said to have been expunged from Virgil by Tucca and Varius; for as Virgil there expresses it,

'Tis true a soldier can small honour gain,
And boast no conquest from a woman slain.

Dryden.

But the objection is probably made with too great severity, both

His heart with rage this new dishonour stung,
 Wav'ring his thoughts in dubious balance hung;
 Or, instant should he quench the guilty flame 15
 With their own blood, and intercept the shame;
 Or to their lust indulge a last embrace,
 And let the peers consummate the disgrace.
 Round his swoll'n heart the murm'rous fury rolls;
 As o'er her young the mother-mastiff growls, 20

against Homer and Virgil: it is no disgrace to the best or bravest man, to be subject to such passions as betray him into no unworthy actions: a hero is not supposed to be insensible; he distinguishes himself as such, if he restrains them within the bounds of reason. Both Æneas and Ulysses are fired with a just indignation; and this is agreeable to human nature; but both of them proceed to no outrageous action, and this shews that their passions are governed by superiour reason. However this resentment of Ulysses is less liable to objection than that of Æneas: Ulysses subdues his indignation by the reflection of his own reason; but Virgil introduces a machine to compose the spirit of Æneas:

— — — all shining heav'nly bright,
 My mother stood reveal'd before my sight,
 She held my hand, the destin'd blow to break, &c.

It may be further added that the case is very different between Æneas and Ulysses. The persons whom Ulysses intends to punish are his subjects and servants, and such a punishment would be no more than an act of justice, as he is their master and king; and we find in the sequel of the *Odyssey* that he actually inflicts it. It should therefore be thought an instance of Homer's judgment, in painting the disorders of these servants in such strong colours, that we may acknowledge the justice, when he afterwards brings them to punishment. P.

Ver. 13.] So Chapman:

— — — — laughing, wantoning

In mutuall lightnesse, which *his heart* did sting.

Ver. 20. *As o'er her young the mother-mastiff growls, &c.*] This

And bays the stranger groom : so wrath comprest
 Recoiling, mutter'd thunder in his breast.
 Poor suff'ring heart ! he cry'd, support the pain
 Of wounded honour, and thy rage restrain.

in the original is a very bold expression, but Homer, to soften it, instances a comparison which reconciles us to it. Ennius has literally translated it, as Spondanus observes :

— — “ animusque in pectore latrat.”

That is, word for word,

— — Κραδίη δὴ οἱ ἐνδον ὑλάκτει.

The similitude itself is very expressive ; as the mastiff barks to guard her young, so labours the soul of Ulysses in defence of his son and wife, Penelope and Telemachus. Dacier was afraid that the comparison could not be rendered with any beauty in the French tongue, and therefore has substituted another in the room of it, *Son cœur rugissoit au dedans de luy, comme un lion rugit autour d'une bergerie, où il ne scauroit entrer.* But however more noble the lion may be than the mastiff, it is evident that she utterly deviates from the allusion : the mastiff rages in defence of her young, Ulysses of his son Telemachus ; but how is this represented by a lion roaring round a fold, which he is not to defend, but destroy ? We have therefore chosen to follow Homer in the more humble but more expressive similitude ; and what will entirely reconcile us to it, is the great honour which was paid to dogs by the antients : they were kept as a piece of state by princes or heroes, and therefore a comparison drawn from them was held to be as noble as if it had been drawn from a lion. P.

Ver. 22.] A bold adoption from Milton, Par. Lost. ix. 1002.

Earth trembled from her entrails, as again

In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan ;

Sky lour'd, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
 Wept.

Ver. 23. *Poor suff'ring heart ! he cry'd, support the pain
 Of wounded honour, and thy rage restrain.*]

These two verses are quoted by Plato in his Phædo, where he treats of the soul's immortality : he makes use of them to prove

Not fiercer woes thy fortitude cou'd foil, 25
 When the brave partners of thy ten years toil
 Dire Polypheme devour'd: I then was freed
 By patient prudence, from the death decreed.

Thus anchor'd safe on reason's peaceful coast,
 Tempests of wrath his soul no longer tost; 30
 Restless his body rolls, to rage resign'd:
 As one who long with pale-ey'd famine pin'd,

that Homer understood the soul to be uncompounded and distinct from the body. "If the soul, argues that author, were a compounded substance, if it were harmony, (as some philosophically assert) she would never act discordantly from the parts which compose it; but we see the contrary, we see the soul guide and govern the parts of which she herself is pretended to be composed; she resists, threatens and restrains our passions, our fears, avarice and anger: in short, the soul speaks to the body as to a substance of a nature entirely different from its own. Homer therefore evidently understood that the soul ought to govern and direct the passions, and that it is of a nature more divine than harmony."

This is undoubtedly very just reasoning; and there is an expression, observes Dacier, that bears the same import in the holy scriptures: *The heart of David smote him when he numbered the people.* There is this difference; in Homer by *heart* is understood the corporeal substance, in the scriptures the spiritual; but both make a manifest distinction between the soul and the body. P.

Ver. 32. *As one who long, &c.*] No passage in the whole Odyssey has fallen under more ridicule than this comparison; Monsieur Perault is particularly severe upon it: Homer (says that Critick) compares Ulysses turning in his bed to a black-pudding broiling on a gridiron; whereas the truth is, he compares that hero turning and tossing in his bed, burning with impatience to satisfy himself with the blood of the Suitors, to a man in sharp hunger preparing the entrails of a victim over a great fire; and

The fav'ry cates on glowing embers cast
Incessant turns, impatient for repast:

the agitation represents the agitation of Ulysses. Homer compares not the thing, but the persons.

Boileau, in his notes upon Longinus, answers this objection. It is notorious that the belly of some animals was one of the most delicious dishes amongst the antients: that the *sumen* or sow's belly was boasted of for its excellence by the Romans, and forbidden by a sumptuary law as too voluptuous. Besides the Greek word used to express a black-pudding was not invented in the days of Homer. Ogilby indeed thus renders it:

As one a pudding broiling on the coals.
But you will ask, Is not the allusion mean at best, and does it not convey a low image? Monsieur Dacier answers in the negative, in his notes upon Aristotle's Poetics. The comparison is borrowed from sacrifices which yielded blood and fat, and was therefore so far from being despicable, that it was looked upon with veneration by antiquity. Lib. i. of the Iliad.

On these, in double cawls involv'd with art,
The choicest morsels lay from every part.

The *cawls* and the *choicest morsels* were the fat of the victim, selected as the best part of it, to be offered to the Gods. We may find that the thought was noble in the oriental language, for the author of Ecclesiast. makes use of it, xlvii. 2. *As is the fat taken from the peace-offering, so was David chosen out of the children of Israel.* And the same allusion which was used to represent the worth and excellence of David, could be no degradation to Ulysses.

But what is understood by the *belly of the beast, full of fat and blood*? Boileau is of opinion that those words denote the fat and the blood which are in those parts of an animal naturally: but he is in an error, as appears evidently from these lines, lib. xviii. of the Odyssey.

Γαστέρες αἱ δ' αἰγῶν κέατ' ἐν πυρί· τὰς δ' ἐπὶ δόρπῳ
κατθέμεθα, κνίσσης τε καὶ αἵματος ἐμπλήσαντες.

Implentes sanguine & pinguedine, in cœnâ deponamus; a demonstration that Homer intends not the natural fat and blood of the animal.

Ulysses so, from side to side devolv'd, 35
 In self-debate the Suitors doom resolv'd;
 When in the form of mortal nymph array'd,
 From heav'n descends the Jove-born martial
 Maid;

And hov'ring o'er his head in view confess'd,
 The Goddess thus her fav'rite care address'd. 40

Oh thou, of mortals most inur'd to woes!
 Why roll those eyes unfriended of repose?
 Beneath thy palace-roof forget thy care;
 Blest in thy queen! blest in thy blooming heir!
 Whom, to the Gods when suppliant fathers
 bow, 45

They name the standard of their dearest vow.

Just is thy kind reproach, (the chief rejoin'd)
 Deeds full of fate distract my various mind,
 In contemplation rapt. This hostile crew
 What single arm hath prowess to subdue? 50

Thus in Pope's *Eloisa*, verse 21.

Shrines! where their vigils *pale-ey'd* virgins keep:
 which is imitated from a poem (if genuine) of the Duke of
 Wharton's on the Fear of Death;

Where pale-ey'd griefs their wasting vigils keep.

Ver. 35.] No legitimate meaning of the word *devolv'd* can
 be made consonant to the requisition of this passage.

Ver. 47.] The same bad rhymes are in Ogilby:

Who alwaies are, as in a body, *joyn'd*.

Besides this, more than that *distracts* my mind.

Or if by Jove's, and thy auxiliar aid,
 They're doom'd to bleed ; O say, celestial maid :
 Where shall Ulysses shun, or how sustain,
 Nations embattled to revenge the slain ?

Oh impotence of faith ! Minerva cries, 55
 If man on frail unknowing man relies,
 Doubt you the Gods ? Lo Pallas' self descends,
 Inspires thy counsels, and thy toils attends.

Ver. 52.] Let this awkward abbreviation, admissible only in less dignified strains, be thus avoided:

To death devoted, say, celestial maid !—

Ver. 56. *If man on frail unknowing man relies,*
Doubt you the Gods ?]

There is excellent reasoning in this. If a friend whom we know to be wise and powerful, advises us, we are ready to follow his instructions ; the divine Being gives us his counsel, and we refuse it. Monsieur Dacier observes that Epictetus had this passage in his view, and beautified his morality with it. “ The protection of
 “ a prince or potentate (says that author) gives us full tranquillity ; and banishes from us all uneasy apprehension. We have
 “ an all-powerful Being for our protector, and for our Father ;
 “ and yet the knowledge of it is not sufficient to drive away our
 “ fears, inquietudes, and discontents.”

What Homer further puts into the mouth of the Goddess of Wisdom is consonant to sacred verity, and agrees with the language of the Scripture ; *Psalms xxvii. 3. Though an host of men were laid against me, yet shall not my heart be afraid.*

The Poet almost in every book mentions the destruction of the Suitors by the single hand of Ulysses, to reconcile us to it by degrees, that we may not be shocked at the great catastrophe of the poem as incredible : it is particularly judicious to insist upon it in this place in a manner so solemn, to prepare us for the approaching event. If the destruction of the Suitors should appear humanly improbable by being ascribed solely to Ulysses, it is at least reconcileable to divine probability, and becomes credible through the intervention of a Goddess.

In me affianc'd, fortify thy breast,
 Tho' myriads leagu'd thy rightful claim contest :
 My sure divinity shall bear the shield, 61
 And edge thy sword to reap the glorious field.
 Now, pay the debt to craving nature due,
 Her faded pow'rs with balmy rest renew.
 She ceas'd : ambrosial slumbers seal his eyes ; 65
 His care dissolves in visionary joys :
 The Goddess pleas'd, regains her natal skies.

Not so the queen ; the downy bands of sleep
 By grief relax'd, she wak'd again to weep :
 A gloomy pause ensu'd of dumb despair ; 70
 Then thus her fate invok'd, with fervent pray'r.

Diana ! speed thy deathful ebon dart,
 And cure the pangs of this convulsive heart.

Ver. 60.] Chapman gives his author literally, and well :

He tell thee therefore cleerely : if there were
 Of divers languag'd men an army here
 Of fifty companies, all driving hence
 Thy sheepe and oxen, and with violence
 Offer'd to charge us, and besiedge us round ;
 Thou shouldst their prey reprice, and them confound.

Ver. 62.] Pope in his Essay on Man :

Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field.

Ver. 66.] The rhyme is imperfect. Chapman is very good :

Thus pour'd the goddesse sleepe into *his* eyes,
 And re-ascended the Olympian *skies*.

Ver. 70.] Ogilby has not ill represented his author :

When she had wept till she could weep no more,
 Thus she the chaste Diana did implore.
 Virgin, Jove's Daughter, grant me this request,
 To shoot thy deadly arrow through my breast.

Ver. 72. *Diana ! speed thy deathful ebon dart, &c.*] I doubt not

Snatch me, ye whirlwinds! far from human
 race,
 Toft thro' the void illimitable space: 75
 Or if dismounted from the rapid cloud,
 Me with his whelming wave let Ocean shroud!
 So, Pandarus, thy hopes, three orphan-fair
 Were doom'd to wander thro' the devious air;
 Thyself untimely and thy consort dy'd, 80
 But four celestials both your cares supply'd.
 Venus in tender delicacy rears
 With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years:

but the reader will be pleased with the beauty of this soliloquy. There is an assemblage of tender images and moving complaints, and yet they are such as betray no meanness of spirit: the lamentation of Penelope is the lamentation of a queen and heroine; she mourns, but it is with dignity. The Poet makes a good use of her sorrows, and they excellently sustain her character of persevering to elude the addresses of the Suitors, when she wishes even to die rather than to yield to them.

But I confess the inserting so many particularities of the daughters of Pandarus, &c. greatly lessens the pathetick of this speech. P.

Ver. 74. *Snatch me, ye whirlwinds! &c.*] The antients (says Dacier) were persuaded that some persons were carried away by storms and whirlwinds. I would rather imagine such expressions to be entirely figurative and poetical; it is probable that what gave occasion to these fictions might be no more than the sudden deaths of some persons, and their disappearance was ascribed, in the language of poetry, to storms and whirlwinds. The Orientals delighted in such bold figures. *Job xxvii. 21. The east wind carrieth him away, and as a storm hurleth him out of his place. And Isaiah xli. 16. The wind shall carry them away, and the whirlwind shall scatter them.* P.

Ver. 82. *Venus in tender delicacy rears*

With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years.]

Imperial Juno to their youth assign'd
 A form majestick, and sagacious mind: 85
 With shapely growth Diana grac'd the bloom;
 And Pallas taught the texture of the loom.
 But whilst to learn their lots in nuptial love,
 Bright Cytherea fought the bow'r of Jove;
 (The God supreme, to whose eternal eye 90
 The registers of fate expanded lie)

Monsieur Dacier observes upon this passage; Venus is said to feed these infants with wine, milk, and honey; that is, she nursed them in their infancy, with plenty and abundance. For this is the import of the expression: a land flowing with milk and honey means a land of the greatest fertility, as is evident from the writings of Moses. So the prophet. *Butter and honey shall he eat, till he knows how to refuse the evil and choose the good*; that is, till the age of discretion. P.

Ver. 84. *Imperial Juno to their youth assign'd*

A form majestick, and sagacious mind.]

It may seem that Homer ascribes improper gifts to this Goddess; wisdom is the portion of Minerva, beauty of Venus, why then are they here ascribed to Juno? Spondanus calls this an insolvable difficulty. Dacier explains it by saying, that the beauty of princesses is different from that of persons of an inferiour station, their beauty consists in a majesty that is every way great and noble, and strikes with awe, very different from the little affectations and formal softnesses of inferiour beauty; the former kind is the gift of Venus to the lower part of the fair sex, the latter is bestowed on princesses and queens, by Juno the regent of the skies. P.

Ver. 88.] Ogilby is in some points more concise, and not contemptible; with whom compare Par. Lost, viii. 638.

Whilst heaven bright Venus scal'd, of Jove to know,
 The great dispenser of our weal and woe,
 With whom these beauteous virgins should be match'd,
 Them Harpyes in a winged tempest snatch'd.

Wing'd Harpies snatch'd th' unguarded charge
 away,
 And to the Furies bore a grateful prey.
 Be such my lot ! Or thou Diana speed
 Thy shaft, and send me joyful to the dead : 95
 To seek my lord among the warrior-train,
 E'er second vows my bridal faith profane.
 When woes the waking sense alone assail,
 Whilst Night extends her soft oblivious veil,
 Of other wretches care the torture ends : 100
 No truce the warfare of my heart suspends !
 The night renews the day-distracting theme,
 And airy terrors fable ev'ry dream.

Ver. 92. *Wing'd Harpies snatch'd th' unguarded charge away.*]
 It is not evident what is meant by these princesses being carried away by the Harpies: Eustathius thinks that they wandered from their own country, and fell into the power of cruel governesses, whose severities the Poet ascribes to the *ἐρινυες*, or Furies. Dacier imagines, that these two princesses having seen the unhappy fate of their sister Aëdon (who was married to Zethus, and slew her own son) feared a like calamity, and dreading marriage, retired to some distant solitude, where never being heard of, it gave room for the fiction. It must be allowed that the thought excellently agrees with the wishes of Penelope: these princesses were taken away at the point of their marriage; Penelope believes herself to be in the same condition, and wishes to be lost rather than submit to second nuptials. This speech has a further effect; we find Penelope reduced to the utmost exigency, she has no further subterfuge; the Poet therefore judiciously paints this exigency in the strongest colours, to shew the necessity of unravelling the intrigue of the poem in the conclusion of the *Odyssey*. P.

Ver. 94.] A small alteration will perfect the rhyme:

— — — — or *be, Diana ! sped*
 Thy shaft—.

The last alone a kind illusion wrought,
 And to my bed my lov'd Ulysses brought, 105
 In manly bloom, and each majestick grace,
 As when for Troy he left my fond embrace;
 Such raptures in my beating bosom rise,
 I deem it sure a vision of the skies.

Thus, whilst Aurora mounts her purple throne,
 In audible laments she breathes her moan; 111
 The sounds assault Ulysses' wakeful ear;
 Mis-judging of the cause, a sudden fear

Ver. 104.] Pope's Eloisa, verse 240.

To dream once more I close my willing eyes:

Ye, *soft illusions!* dear deceits! arise.

Ver. 107. *As when for Troy he left my fond embrace.*] This little circumstance is not without a good effect: it shews that the whole soul of Penelope was possessed with the image of Ulysses. Homer adds, *such as he was when he sailed to Troy*; which is inserted to take off our wonder that she should not discover him; this Ulysses in disguise is not like the Ulysses she formerly knew, and now delineates in her imagination. *Eustathius.* P.

Ver. 110. *Thus, whilst Aurora mounts her purple throne.*] This is the morning of the fortieth day; for part of the eighteenth book, and the whole nineteenth, and so far of the twentieth book, contain no more time than the evening of the thirty-ninth day. P.

Ver. 111.] Thus Milton, Par. Lost, xi. 266. in a passage not dissimilar:

— — — — Eve, who unseen
 Yet all had heard, with *audible lament*
 Discover'd soon the place of her retire.

Ver. 113. — — — *a sudden fear*

Of his arrival known, the chief alarms.]

I was at a loss for an explication of this line, till I found it in

Of his arrival known, the chief alarms;
 He thinks the queen is rushing to his arms. 115
 Up-springing from his couch, with active haste
 The fleece and carpet in the dome he plac'd;
 (The hide, without, imbib'd the morning air)
 And thus the Gods invok'd, with ardent pray'r.

Jove, and ethereal thrones! with heav'n to
 friend 120

If the long series of my woes shall end;
 Of human race now rising from repose,
 Let one a blissful omen here disclose:

Eustathius; for why should Ulysses imagine that Penelope knew him to be Ulysses, after a speech that expressed so much concern for his absence? Ulysses, having only heard the voice, not distinguished the words of her lamentation, mistakes the tears of Penelope for tears of joy; he suspects that the discovery is made by Euryclea or Telemachus; that they have told her the truth to give her comfort; and fears lest in the transport of her joy she should act something that would betray him to the Suitors, and prevent his designs: he therefore immediately withdraws, and makes a prayer to heaven for a sign to re-assure his hopes, that he may proceed with confidence to their destruction. P.

Ver. 120. *Jove, and ethereal thrones—123.—a blissful omen—*] The construction in the Greek is ungrammatical, for after Ζεῦ πάτερ in the singular, the Poet immediately adds εἰ μ' ἰδέλοντες in the plural number; τὰ λοιπὰ δαιμόνια are implied, says Eustathius, so that θεοὶ is understood, which rectifies the construction.

The reader will fully understand the import of this prayer, from the nature of omens, and the notions of them amongst the antients: *If, says Ulysses, my prayer is heard, let there be a voice from within the palace to certify me of it; and immediately a voice is heard, O Jupiter, may this day be the last to the Suitors!* Such speeches as fell accidentally from any person were held ominous, and one of the antient ways of divination; Ulysses understands it as such,

And to confirm my faith, propitious Jove!
Vouchsafe the sanction of a sign above. 125

Whilst lowly thus the chief adoring bows,
The pitying God his guardian aid avows.
Loud from a sapphire sky his thunder sounds:
With springing hope the hero's heart rebounds.

and accepts the omen. It was in use among the Romans, as appears from Tully of divination, when P. Æmilius was going to war with Perseus king of the Macedonians, he found his little daughter in tears: *O father, says she, Perseus is dead!* meaning her little dog named Perseus! Æmilius immediately replied, *O daughter, I embrace the omen*, applying it to Perseus king of the Macedonians; who was afterwards conquered by him, and died a captive in Rome. The same practice was used by the Hebrews, it was called *Bath Kol*; this is an instance of it: two rabbies desiring to see Samuel a Babylonish doctor, *let us follow*, said they, *the hearing of Bath Kol*; travelling therefore near a school, they heard a boy reading these words out of 1 Samuel xxv. 1. *And Samuel died*. They observed it, and found that their friend was dead. The *sortes Virgilianæ* afterwards were much of this kind. P.

The clause at the conclusion of this verse is probably not without authority; but this construction appears to me particularly harsh and inelegant. The language is Miltonian, Par. Lost. ii. 310.

*Thrones and imperial Pow'rs, offspring of Heaven,
Ethereal Virtues!*

Ver. 128. *Loud from a sapphire sky*—] It was this circumstance, of thunder bursting from a *serene sky*, that made it ominous: it was noted as such among the Romans in the books of the augurs; and Horace brings it as a proof against the opinions of Epicurus.

— — — — “ Diespiter

“ Igni corusco nubila dividens,

“ Plerumque *per purum* tonantes

“ Egit equos, volucremque currum.”

Virgil likewise speaks of thunder as ominous: when Anchises

Soon, with consummate joy to crown his
 pray'r, 130

An omen'd voice invades his ravish'd ear.

Beneath a pile that close the dome adjoin'd,

Twelve female slaves the gift of Ceres grind;

Task'd for the royal board to bolt the bran

From the pure flour (the growth and strength of
 man) 135

Discharging to the day the labour due,

Now early to repose the rest withdrew;

One maid, unequal to the task assign'd,

Still turn'd the toilsome mill with anxious mind;

And thus in bitterness of soul divin'd. 140

Father of Gods and men; whose thunders roll
 O'er the cerulean vault, and shake the pole;

saw the lambent flame round the head of Iulus, he prays to Jupiter,
 and immediately it thunders.

“ Vix ea fatus erat senior, subitoque fragore

“ Intonuit.”

The Stoicks drew an argument from thunder from a serene air
 against the doctrines of Epicurus, who taught that the Gods had
 no regard of human affairs; for they concluded such thunder to
 be præter-natural, and an argument of a divine Providence. P.

Ver. 133. *Twelve female slaves the gift of Ceres grind.*] This
 little particularity shews us the great profusion of the Suitors, who
 employed twelve mills to find them bread. There is a particular
 energy in the word ἐπερρώοντο; it denotes the great labour and
 assiduity of these people in preparing the bread, and consequently
 the great waste of the Suitors. It likewise preserves a piece of
 antiquity, that kings formerly had mills in their palaces to pro-
 vide for their families, and that these mills were attended by
 women; I suppose because preparing bread was an household care,
 and therefore fell to the lot of female servants. P.

Whoe'er from heav'n has gain'd this rare ostent,
 (Of granted vows a certain signal sent)
 In this blest moment of accepted pray'r 145
 Piteous, regard a wretch consum'd with care!
 Instant, O Jove! confound the suitor-train,
 For whom o'er-toil'd I grind the golden grain:
 Far from this dome the lewd devourers cast,
 And be this festival decreed their last! 150

Big with their doom denounc'd in earth and
 sky,

Ulysses' heart dilates with secret joy.
 Meantime the menial train with unctuous wood
 Heap'd high the genial hearth, Vulcanian food:
 When, early dress'd, advanc'd the royal heir; 155
 With manly grasp he wav'd a martial spear,
 A radiant fabre grac'd his purple zone,
 And on his foot the golden sandal shone.
 His steps impetuous to the portal press'd;
 And Euryclea thus he there address'd. 160

Say thou, to whom my youth its nurture owes,
 Was care for due refection, and repose,
 Bestow'd the stranger guest? Or waits he griev'd,
 His age not honour'd, nor his wants reliev'd?

Ver. 147.] Why not literally?

O Jove! *this day* confound—.

Ver. 151.] These rhymes will not pass. Thus?

Big with their doom, *which* earth and sky disclose,

Ulysses' heart with secret *transport* glows.

Promiscuous grace on all the queen confers ; 165
(In woes bewilder'd, oft' the wisest errs.)

The wordy vagrant to the dole aspires,
And modest worth with noble scorn retires.

She thus : O cease that ever honour'd name
To blemish now ; it ill deserves your blame. 170

A bowl of gen'rous wine suffic'd the guest ;
In vain the queen the night-refection prest ;
Nor would he court repose in downy state,
Unblest'd, abandon'd to the rage of Fate !

A hide beneath the portico was spread, 175
And fleecy skins compos'd an humble bed :
A downy carpet cast with duteous care,
Secur'd him from the keen nocturnal air.

Ver. 165, *Promiscuous grace on all the queen confers.*] This speech of Telemachus may seem to be wanting in filial respect, as it appears to condemn the conduct of his mother : but (remarks Eustathius) the contrary is to be gathered from it. His blame is really a commendation ; it shews that her affection was so great for Ulysses, that she received every vagrant honourably, who deceived her with false news about him ; and that other persons who brought no tidings of him, though men of great worth, were less acceptable. P.

Ver. 166.] The former clause of this verse is no unreasonable comment from the translator, and originating, perhaps, from Dacier ; though Fenton and Broome were much less intent on consulting their predecessors, than Pope uniformly appears to have been :
“ Car pour la reine ma mere, quoique pleine de prudence et de
“ sagesse, elle est si occupée de son affliction, qu'elle ne distingue
“ personne.”

His cornel jav'lin pois'd, with regal port,
 To the sage Greeks conven'd in Themis' court, 180
 Forth-issuing from the dome the prince repair'd:
 Two dogs of chace, a lion-hearted guard,
 Behind him fourly stalk'd. Without delay
 The dame divides the labour of the day;
 Thus urging to the toil the menial train. 185 }
 What marks of luxury the marble stain!
 Its wonted lustre let the floor regain;
 The seats with purple cloathe in order due;
 And let th' absterfive sponge the board renew:

Ver. 179.] The translation here is very free, nor perfect in its rhymes. I shall give a literal representation:

She spake: Telemachus went through the dome,
 With spear in hand, and two swift dogs behind,
 On to the Forum, where the Greeks were met.

Ver. 180. *To the sage Greeks conven'd in Themis court,
 Forth-issuing from the dome the prince repair'd:]*
 It was customary for kings and magistrates to go early every morning into the publick assemblies, to distribute justice, and take care of publick affairs: but this assembly contributing nothing to the action of the *Odyssey*, the Poet passes it over in a cursory manner, without any enlargement. *Eustathius.* P.

Ver. 189. *And let th' absterfive sponge the board renew.]* The table was not anciently covered with linnen, but carefully cleansed with wet sponges. Thus Arrian, ἄρον τὰς τραπέζας, σπόγγισον: and Martial:

“Hæc tibi sorte datur tergendis spongia mensis.”

They made use of no napkins to wipe their hands, but the soft and fine part of the bread, which they called ἀπομαγδαλίας, which afterwards they threw to the dogs; this custom is mentioned in the *Odyssey*, lib. x.

Let some refresh the vase's fullied mold; 190
 Some bid the goblets boast their native gold;
 Some to the spring, with each a jar, repair,
 And copious waters pure for bathing bear:
 Dispatch! for soon the Suitors will assay
 The lunar feast-rites to the God of day. 195

She said; with duteous haste a bevy fair
 Of twenty virgins to the spring repair:

Ὡς δ' ὅταν ἀμφὶ ἀνακλᾶ κύνες δαίτηθεν ἰοῦλα
 Σαίνωσ', αἰεὶ γὰρ τε φέρεי μελίγματα θυμῷ.

As from some feast a man returning late,
 His faithful dogs all meet him at the gate,
 Rejoicing round, some morsel to receive,
 Such as the good man ever wont to give.

The morsel in the translation, and the μελίγματα in the Greek, mean these pieces of bread, or ἀπομαγδαλῖαι, with which the antients wiped their hands after eating, and then threw to the dogs. P.

Ver. 195. *The lunar feast-rites to the God of day.*] This was the last day of one month, and the first of the following: the Greek months were lunar, the first day of every month was a day of great solemnity, and it was consecrated to Apollo, the author and fountain of light. Ulysses had said, lib. xiv. ver. 186.

E'er the next moon increase, or this decay,
 His antient realms Ulysses shall survey;
 In blood and dust each proud oppressor mourn.

Τοῦ μὲν φθινοῦρος μηνός, τῷ δ' ἰσαμέναια.

This, says Solon in Plutarch, means that Ulysses shall return on the last day of the month precisely; and here we find it verified. Ulysses discovers himself upon this day, and kills the Suitors: by his return, in the foregoing period, is meant his discovery; for he was returned when he made that assertion to Eumæus. It is therefore probable, that the above recited verse was rightly interpreted by Solon. P.

Ver. 196.] *Paradise Lost*, xi. 582.

With varied toils the rest adorn the dome.
 Magnificent, and blithe, the Suitors come.
 Some wield the founding ax; the dodder'd oaks
 Divide, obedient to the forceful strokes. 201
 Soon from the fount, with each a brimming urn,
 (Eumæus in their train) the maids return.
 Three porkers for the feast, all brawny-chin'd,
 He brought; the choicest of the tusky kind: 205
 In lodgements first secure his care he view'd,
 Then to the king this friendly speech renew'd:
 Now say sincere, my guest! the suitor-train
 Still treat they worth with lordly dull disdain;
 Or speaks their deed a bounteous mind humane?
 Some pitying God (Ulysses sad reply'd) 211
 With vollied vengeance blast their tow'ring
 pride,
 No conscious blush, no sense of right restrains
 The tides of lust that swell their boiling veins:
 From vice to vice their appetites are tost, 215
 All cheaply fated at another's cost!

— — — — when from the tents behold
 A bevy of fair women, richly gay
 In gems and wanton drefs.

Ver. 202.] Milton, Par. Lost. iv. 336.

The savory pulp they chew, and in the rind
 Still as they thirsted scoop the *brimming* stream.

Ver. 212.] Paradise Lost, iv. 928.

— — — — when in battel to thy aid
 The *blasting* vollied thunder made all speed.

While thus the chief his woes indignant told,
 Melanthius, master of the bearded fold,
 The goodliest goats of all the royal herd
 Spontaneous to the Suitors' feast preferr'd : 220
 Two grooms assistant bore the victims bound ;
 With quav'ring cries the vaulted roofs resound :
 And to the chief austere, aloud began
 The wretch unfriendly to the race of man.

Here, vagrant, still? offensive to my lords! 225
 Blows have more energy than airy words ;
 These arguments I'll use : nor conscious shame,
 Nor threats, thy bold intrusion will reclaim.
 On this high feast the meanest vulgar boast
 A plenteous board! Hence! seek another host! 230
 Rejoinder to the churl the king disdain'd,
 But shook his head, and rising wrath restrain'd.

From Cephalenia cross the surgy main
 Philæti^{us} late arriv'd, a faithful swain.

Ver. 225.] In these vulgarities Ogilby is oftentimes humorous enough:

What, good-man Troublesom, art thou here yet?
 Know'st thou not how out of these doors to get?

Ver. 231.] Thus his author, literally :

He spake ; and sage Ulysses nought reply'd ;
 But silent shook his head, deep-plotting ills :

so that our translator seems to have consulted Ogilby :

Ulysses thus affronted nothing said, — — —
 But *kept down struggling rage*, and shook his head.

A steer ungrateful to the bull's embrace, 235
 And goats he brought, the pride of all their race;
 Imported in a shallop not his own:
 The dome re-echo'd to their mingled moan.
 Straight to the guardian of the bristly kind
 He thus began, benevolent of mind. 240

What guest is he, of such majestick air?
 His lineage and paternal clime declare:
 Dim thro' th' eclipse of fate, the rays divine
 Of sov'reign state with faded splendour shine.
 If monarchs by the Gods are plung'd in woe, 245
 To what abyss are we foredoom'd to go!

Ver. 235.] This seems a strange *periphrasis* for a *heifer*!

Ver. 237. *Imported in a shallop*—] To understand this passage, it is necessary to remember that Melanthius and Philæti^{us} fed their flocks and herds in Cephalenia, an adjacent island, under the dominion of Ulysses; but living in different parts of it, they are brought over in separate vessels, by different ferrymen, *πορθμῆες*, as Homer expresses it. P.

Ver. 238.] Thus Ogilby:

And them did neer the *ecchoing* portal tie.

Ver. 243.] An admirable couplet! excepting that *dim* and *faded* should not have been associated in the period. Better, perhaps,

Shot thro' th' eclipse of Fate:—
 or in some such manner.

Ver. 245. *If monarchs by the Gods, &c.*] This is the reasoning of Philæti^{us}: kings are in a peculiar manner the care of the Gods; and if the Gods exempt not kings from calamities, how can inferiour persons (says Dacier) expect to be exempted, or complain in the day of adversity? But I persuade myself the words have a deeper sense, and mean Ulysses; “Well may

Then affable he thus the chief address'd,
Whilst with pathetick warmth his hand he press'd.

Stranger ! may fate a milder aspect shew,
And spin thy future with a whiter clue ! 250

O Jove ! for ever deaf to human cries ;
The tyrant, not the father of the skies !

“ vagrants suffer, when kings, such as Ulysses, are not free from
“ afflictions.” P.

Ver. 249.] Perhaps, this pronunciation of the verb *show* in poetry is preferable, as furnishing variety, and forming a distinction from the substantive *show*.

Ver. 251. *O Jove ! for ever deaf to human cries ;
The tyrant, not the father of the skies !*]

These words are to be ascribed to the excess of sorrow which Philætiüs feels for the sufferings of Ulysses : for they certainly transgress the bounds of reason. But if we consider the state of theology in Homer's time, the sentence will appear less offensive ; “ How can Jupiter (says Philætiüs) who is our father, throw his
“ children into such an abyss of misery ? Thou, oh Jove, hast
“ made us, yet hast no compassion when we suffer.” It is no easy matter to answer this argument from the heathen theology, and no wonder therefore if it confounds the reason of Philætiüs ; but we who have certain hopes of a future state, can readily solve the difficulty : that state will be a time of retribution ; it will amply recompence the good man for all his calamities, or as Milton expresses,

Will justify the ways of God to men.

It may be observed in general that this introduction of Philætiüs and his speech, so warm in the cause of Ulysses, is inserted here with admirable judgment : the Poet intends to make use of his assistance in the destruction of the Suitors ; he therefore brings him in giving Ulysses full assurance of his fidelity ; so that when that hero reveals himself to him, he does not depart from his cautious character, being before certified of his honesty.

I will only add, that Philætiüs is not to be looked upon as a common servant, but as an officer of state and dignity ; and

Unpiteous of the race thy will began !
 The fool of fate, thy manufacture, man,
 With penury, contempt, repulse, and care, 255
 The galling load of life is doom'd to bear.
 Ulysses from his state a wand'rer still,
 Upbraids thy pow'r, thy wisdom, or thy will :
 O monarch ever dear !—O man of woe !—
 Fresh flow my tears, and shall for ever flow ! 260

whatever has been said in these annotations concerning Eumæus may be applied to Philætiſ; he is here called ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν, a title of honour, and Ulyſſes promiſes to marry him into his own family in the ſequel of the Odysſey; conſequently he is a perſonage worthy to be an actor in epick poetry. P.

Ver. 260. *Fresh flow my tears, and ſhall for ever flow !*] The words in the original are ἴδιον ὡς ἐνόησα, and they are very differently explained by Dacier and Euſtathius. Ἰδιον, τῶτ' ἐστὶν ἰδρῶσα, ἡγωνίασα, “ I have ſweated and been in an agony at the thought “ of the ſevere diſpenſations of Jupiter;” this is the interpretation of Euſtathius. Dacier takes ἴδιον to be an adjective, and then it muſt be connected with the preceding period.

Οὐκ ἐλεαίρεις ἄνδρας, ἐπὴν δὴ γείνεαι αὐτὸς,
 Μισγέμεναι κακότητι, καὶ ἄλγεσι λευγαλίοιςι,
 Ἰδιον ὡς ἐνόησα.

Ut privatim, vel domestico admonitus sum exemplo, for ſo we may render ἴδιον meaning Ulyſſes; then the ſenſe will be this; *Jupiter, though thou haſt made us, thou haſt no compaſſion upon mankind, thou caſteſt us into evils and miſery; as I have learned by a private or domeſtick inſtance, namely in the perſon of Ulyſſes.* If my judgment were of any weight, I ſhould recommend this interpretation rather than that of Euſtathius, which ſeems to be a forced one, and I remember no inſtance of this nature in Homer; but the preference is ſubmitted to the reader's deciſion. P.

Chapman gives his author literally, and well :

My brows have ſwet to ſee it; and mine eyes
 Broke all in teares.

Like thee, poor stranger guest, deny'd his home!
 Like thee, in rags obscene decreed to roam!
 Or haply perish'd on some distant coast,
 In Stygian gloom he glides a pensive ghost!
 O, grateful for the good his bounty gave, 265
 I'll grieve, 'till sorrow sink me to the grave!
 His kind protecting hand my youth preferr'd,
 The regent of his Cephallenian herd:
 With vast increase beneath my care it spreads,
 A stately breed! and blackens far the meads. 270
 Constrain'd, the choicest beeves I thence import,
 To cram these cormorants that crowd his court:
 Who in partition seek his realm to share;
 Nor human right, nor wrath divine revere.
 Since here resolv'd oppressive these reside, 275
 Contending doubts my anxious heart divide:

But now comes the note of our translator!

All quit their spheres, and rush into the skies.

The quantity of the first syllable in the word *ἰδὼν*, taken in Dacier's acceptation, utterly resists that station in an *hexameter* verse; as almost every school-boy could have told these learned annotators.

Ver. 265.] This ungraceful contraction may be thus avoided:

*I, grateful for the good his bounty gave,
 Will grieve—*

Ver. 269.] The passage labours with superfluity of expression, and a faulty rhyme. Thus?

*With vast increase beneath my care it speeds,
 A stately race! and blackens all the meads.*

Ver. 275.] The sense of his author is not distinctly discovered here. A literal translation is subjoined:

Now to some foreign clime inclin'd to fly,
 And with the royal herd protection buy:
 Then, happier thoughts return the nodding scale,
 Light mounts despair, alternate hopes prevail: 280
 In op'ning prospects of ideal joy,
 My king returns; the proud usurpers die.

To whom the chief: In thy capacious mind
 Since daring zeal with cool debate is join'd;
 Attend a deed already ripe in fate: 285
 Attest, oh Jove! the truth I now relate!
 This sacred truth attest each genial pow'r,
 Who bless the board, and guard this friendly
 bow'r!

Before thou quit the dome (nor long delay)
 Thy wish produc'd in act, with pleas'd survey, 290
 Thy wond'ring eyes shall view: his rightful
 reign
 By arms avow'd Ulysses shall regain,
 And to the shades devote the suitor-train.

But numerous schemes my thoughtful breast revolves:

Most vile it were, while yet the son survives,

To stranger lands these oxen to convey

Purloin'd; but harder still it seems, to bide

Amidst these woes, and guard another's herd.

Indeed, long since an exile had I fled

To some great king, from ills too vast to bear,

But still some hope remains to see dispers'd

The suitors, by our hapless lord's return.

Ver. 283.] Chapman is more accurate and simple:

O Jove supreme, the raptur'd swain replies, 294
 With deeds consummate soon the promis'd joys !
 These aged nerves, with new-born vigour strung,
 In that blest cause shou'd emulate the young—
 Assents Eumæus to the pray'r address ;
 And equal ardours fire his loyal breast.

Meantime the Suitors urge the prince's fate, 300
 And deathful arts employ the dire debate :
 When in his airy tour, the bird of Jove
 Truſs'd with his finewy pounce a trembling dove ;
 Sinister to their hope ! This omen ey'd
 Amphinomus, who thus presaging cry'd. 305

Herdſman (ſaid he) becauſe thou art in ſhew,
 Nor lewd, nor indiſcreete ; and that I know
 There rules in thee an underſtanding ſoule—

Ver. 298.] Thus? more exactly:

Nor leſs Eumæus' pray'rs the Gods entreat
 To give Ulyſſes to his native ſeat.

Ver. 302.] So Milton, Par. Loſt, xi. 185.

— — — — nigh in her ſight

The bird of Jove, ſtoop'd from his aery tour,

Two birds of gayeſt plume before him drove.

Ver. 305. *Amphinomus, who thus preſaging cry'd.*] It may be asked why Amphinomus gives this interpretation to the prodigy? and why might not the eagle denote the Suitors, and the pigeon Telemachus? No doubt but ſuch an interpretation would have been ſpecious, but contrary to the rules of augury. The eagle is the king of birds, and muſt therefore of neceſſity denote the chief perſonage, and could only be applied to Ulyſſes, or Telemachus. Amphinomus thus interprets it, and the Suitors acquieſce in this interpretation.

The Gods from force and fraud the prince defend;
 O peers ! the sanguinary scheme suspend :
 Your future thought let fable Fate employ ;
 And give the present hour to genial joy.
 From council straight th' assenting peerage
 ceas'd, 310
 And in the dome prepar'd the genial feast.

Ver. 311. *And in the dome prepar'd the genial feast.*] The ancients, says Eustathius, observe that this is the only place where the Suitors offer any sacrifice throughout the whole *Odyssey*, and that there is no instance at all, that they make any prayer to the Gods. But is it evident from this place, that this is a sacrifice? It is true the sacrificial term of *ἱερεῖον* is mentioned; but perhaps that word may not denote a sacrifice; for *ἱερεῖα*, though it primarily signifies the flesh of animals offered to the Gods, yet in a less proper acceptation implies the flesh of all animals indifferently. Thus Athenæus, *τροφὴν, τὴν τῶν νεογνῶν ἱερείων*, which must be rendered, *the flesh of young animals*. Thus Lib. vii. *εὐσηπλιότερα τὰ νύκτωρ θνόμενα ἱερεῖα*, *the flesh of animals that are killed by night soonest putrifies*; and Galen uses *ζῶον*, and *ἱερεῖον*, for an animal indiscriminately. The reason is, because originally no animal was ever slain but some part of it was offered to the Gods, and in this sense every *ζῶον* was *ἱερεῖον*. If we consult the context in Homer, it must be allowed that there is no other word but *ἱερεῖον* that distinguishes this from a common repast, through the whole description; and if that word will bear a remote signification, as *ἱερεῖον* does, I should conclude, that this is no sacrifice. Nay, if it should be found that *ἱερεῖον* implies of necessity a religious act, yet it will not prove that this is more than a customary meal, since the ancients at all entertainments made libations to the Gods. What may seem to strengthen this conjecture is that the Poet immediately adds, that the Greeks, *Ἀχαιοὶ*, sacrificed in the grove of Apollo; without mentioning that the Suitors partook in the sacrifice: nay they seem to be feasting in the palace, while the Greeks are offering in the grove. P.

Dis-rob'd, their vests apart in order lay,
 Then all with speed succinct the victims slay :
 With sheep and shaggy goats the porkers bled,
 And the proud steer was on the marble spread. 315
 With fire prepar'd they deal the morsels round,
 Wine rosy-bright the brimming goblets crown'd,
 By sage Eumæus borne : the purple tide
 Melanthius from an ample jar supply'd :
 High canisters of bread Philæti^{us} plac'd ; 320
 And eager all devour the rich repast.
 Dispos'd apart, Ulysses shares the treat ;
 A trivet-table, and ignobler seat,
 The prince appoints ; but to his fire assigns
 The tasteful inwards, and nectareous wines. 325
 Partake my guest, he cry'd, without controul
 The social feast, and drain the cheering bowl :
 Dread not the railer's laugh, nor ruffian's rage ;
 No vulgar roof protects thy honour'd age ;

Ver. 320.] The subjoined couplet has a truer rhyme :

Philæti^{us} plac'd high canisters of bread :

On the rich banquet all with ardour fed.

Ver. 323. *A trivet-table, and ignobler seat.*] This circumstance is not inserted unnecessarily ; the table is suitable to the disguise of Ulysses, and it might have created a jealousy in the Suitors if Telemachus had used him with greater distinction. P.

So Dryden, at Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, book xii.

The *trivet-table* of a foot was lame.

Ver. 327.] His author dictates,

— — — — and drain the golden bowl :
 which implies honour and respect.

This dome a refuge to thy wrongs shall be, 330
 From my great fire too soon devolv'd to me!
 Your violence and scorn, ye Suitors cease,
 Lest arms avenge the violated peace.

Aw'd by the prince, so haughty, brave, and
 young,
 Rage gnaw'd the lip, Amazement chain'd the
 tongue. 335

Be patient, peers! at length Antinous cries;
 The threats of vain imperious youth despise:
 Wou'd Jove permit the meditated blow,
 That stream of eloquence shou'd cease to flow.

Without reply vouchsaf'd, Antinous ceas'd: 340
 Meanwhile the pomp of festival increas'd:
 By heralds rank'd, in marshall'd order move
 The city-tribes, to pleas'd Apollo's grove:
 Beneath the verdure of which awful shade,
 The lunar hecatomb they grateful laid; 345
 Partook the sacred feast, and ritual honours paid.
 But the rich banquet in the dome prepar'd,
 (An humble side-board set) Ulysses shar'd.

Ver. 330.] Our poet might glance on Ogilby:

Nor shall this palace prostituted *be*;

My father built it for himself and *me*.

Ver. 334.] I should prefer,

Aw'd by Telemachus, *the bold* and young.

But the translation here is excellent, and could scarcely be mended
 by skill far superiour to mine.

Observant of the prince's high behest,
 His menial train attend the stranger-guest : 350
 Whom Pallas with unpard'ning fury fir'd,
 By lordly pride and keen reproach inspir'd.
 A Samian peer, more studious than the rest
 Of vice, who teem'd with many a dead-born

jest ;
 And urg'd, for title to a consort queen, 355
 Unnumber'd acres arable and green ;
 (Ctesippus nam'd) this lord Ulysses ey'd,
 And thus burst out, imposthumate with pride.

The sentence I propose, ye peers, attend :
 Since due regard must wait the prince's friend, 360
 Let each a token of esteem bestow :
 This gift acquits the dear respect I owe ;
 With which he nobly may discharge his feat,
 And pay the menials for the master's treat.

He said ; and of the steer before him plac'd, 365
 That finewy fragment at Ulysses cast,

Ver. 349.] *Paradise Lost*, xi. 251.
 Adam, heav'n's *high behest* no preface needs.

Ver. 359.] Nothing, in my opinion, can exceed the dexterity and spirit, with which our translator has executed this humorous speech.

Ver. 366.] Our poet strains most egregiously to express a single term, in a manner perfectly ludicrous and bombastical, on which Fenton, from a love of pomp, sometimes seems to border. How much better Ogilby has acquitted himself ?

This said, at him he threw a bullock's hoof,
 Snatch'd from the basket : he, his head declin'd,

Where to the pastern-bone, by nerves combin'd,
 The well-horn'd foot indissolubly join'd;
 Which whizzing high, the wall unseemly sign'd.
 The chief indignant grins a ghastly smile;
 Revenge and scorn within his bosom boil;

Avoids the blow, much troubled in his mind:
 The cloven foot rebounds against the wall.

Chapman too is very good:

Thus snatcht he with a valiant hand, from out
 The poore folkes commune basket, a neats-foot,
 And threw it at Ulysses; who his head
 Shrunke quietly aside, and let it shed
 His malice on the wall.

Ver. 370: — — — *grins a ghastly smile*;] The expression in Greek is remarkable:

— — — μείδῃσσι δὲ θυμῷ
 Σαρδάνιον (or Σαρδόνιον.)

Some tell us that there is an herb frequent in the island of Sardinia, which by tasting distorts the muscles, that a man seems to laugh while he is under a painful agony; and from thence the Sardinian *laugh* became a proverb, to signify a laugh which concealed an inward pain. Others refer the expression to an antient custom of the Sardinians (a colony of the Lacedemonians;) it is pretended that upon a certain festival every year, they not only slew all their prisoners of war, but also all the old men that were above seventy, and obliged these miserable wretches to laugh while they underwent the severity of torment. Either of these reasons fully explains the meaning of the Σαρδόνιον γέλωσι, and shews it to denote an exterior laugh, and an inward pain. I am inclined to prefer the former interpretation, not only as it appears most natural, but because Virgil seems to understand it in that sense, for he alludes to the above-mentioned quality of the Sardinian herbs, Eclogue vii. verse 41.

“Immo ego Sardois videor tibi amarior herbis.”

When thus the prince with pious rage inflam'd :
 Had not th' inglorious wound thy malice aim'd
 Fall'n guiltless of the mark, my certain spear 374
 Had made thee buy the brutal triumph dear :
 Nor shou'd thy fire a queen his daughter
 boast ;

The suitor, now, had vanish'd in a ghost :
 No more, ye lewd compeers, with lawless pow'r
 Invade my dome, my herds and flocks devour :
 For genuine worth, of age mature to know, 380
 My grape shall redden, and my harvest grow.

— — — deform'd like him who chaws
 Sardinian herbage to contract his jaws.

The reader may observe that Ctesippus breaks out into buffoonry, and the Suitors frequently are guilty of it in other parts of the *Odyssey*: these levities have been proscribed by the Criticks as too low, and unworthy of epick poetry: but Homer adapts himself to his characters, he paints ridiculous men in ridiculous colours; though I will not say but such characters are more proper for comedy than epick poetry. If ever they are pardonable, they are in Homer, who puts these low pleasantries into the mouths of drunkards and debauchees; such persons being generally men of no worth or serious deportment. P.

Paradise Lost, ii. 846.

He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile.

Ver. 380.] There is nothing of this in Homer, whom Chapman has given with fidelity:

— — — — — I now

Have yeares to understand my strength, and know
 The good and bad of things.

The same passage has occurred in book xviii. verse 269. with equal infidelity in the translator there.

Or if each other's wrongs ye still support,
 With rapes and riot to profane my court ;
 What single arm with numbers can contend ?
 On me let all your lifted swords descend, 385
 And with my life such vile dishonours end.

A long cessation of discourse ensu'd,
 By gentler Agelaus thus renew'd.

A just reproof, ye peers ! your rage restrain
 From the protected guest, and menial train : 390
 And prince ! to stop the source of future ill,
 Assent yourself, and gain the royal will.
 Whilst hope prevail'd to see your fire restor'd,
 Of right the queen refus'd a second lord.
 But who so vain of faith, so blind to fate, 395
 To think he still survives to claim the state ?
 Now press the sovereign dame with warm desire
 To wed, as wealth or worth her choice inspire :
 The lord selected to the nuptial joys,
 Far hence will lead the long-contended prize : 400
 Whilst in paternal pomp, with plenty blest,
 You reign, of this imperial dome possess.

Sage and serene Telemachus replies :
 By him at whose behest the thunder flies !

Ver. 385.] Compare the same passage in book xvi. ver. 110.

Ver. 399.] The rhymes require removal. Thus ?

By him, selected to the nuptial bed,

Far hence the long-contended prize be led.

Ver. 403. *Sage and serene Telemachus replies, &c.* It is ob-

And by the name on earth I most revere, 405
 By great Ulysses, and his woes I swear!
 (Who never must review his dear domain;
 Inroll'd, perhaps, in Pluto's dreary train,)
 Whene'er her choice the royal dame avows,
 My bridal gifts shall load the future spouse: 410
 But from this dome my parent-queen to chase!—
 From me, ye Gods! avert such dire disgrace.

But Pallas clouds with intellectual gloom
 The Suitors souls, insensate of their doom!
 A mirthful phrenzy seiz'd the fated crowd; 415
 The roofs resound with causeless laughter loud:

fervable that Telemachus swears by the *sorrows* of his father; an expression, in my judgment, very noble, and at the same time, full of a filial tenderness. This was an antient custom amongst the Orientals, as appears from an oath not unlike it in Genesis xxxi. 53. *And Jacob sware by the fear of his father Isaac.*

But how is this speech to be understood? for how can Telemachus persuade his mother to marry, when he knows that Ulysses is returned? There is a concealed and an apparent meaning in the expression. Telemachus, observes Eustathius, swears that he will not hinder his mother from taking an husband, but he means Ulysses: the words therefore are ambiguous, and the ambiguity deceives the Suitors, who believe that by this oath Telemachus obliges himself not only not to hinder, but promote the intended nuptials. P.

Ver. 413.] The powers of our translator, second only to Pope himself, and nearer to him than to the *third* in order, have compassed this passage with all desirable felicity. The full sense is exhibited, and the terrific grandeur preserved in all it's vigour.

Ver. 415. *A mirthful phrenzy seiz'd, &c.*] It is in the Greek, *They laughed with other men's cheeks.* There are many explications of this passage: Eustathius imagines it to denote a feigned and pretended laughter. Erasmus explains it, *non libenter neque ex*

Floating in gore, portentous to survey!
In each discolour'd vase the viands lay:

animo ridere, sed ita ridere quasi non tuis, sed alienis maxillis rideas.
But if we consult the conduct of the Suitors, a contrary interpretation will seem to be necessary: for this laughter of the Suitors appears to be very real, and from the heart. Homer calls it *ἄσβεστον* *excessive, inextinguished*; and again, *ἠδὺ γέλασαν*, or they laughed *with joy, suaviter riserunt*; which expressions denote a real and unfeigned laughter. But how will the words be brought to bear this construction? Very naturally: they laughed as if they had borrowed their cheeks, as if their cheeks were not their own, and consequently they were not afraid to use them with licence and excess; such persons as the Suitors having no regard for any thing that belongs to another.

Horace makes use of the same expression,

“Cum rapies in jus, malis ridentem alienis.”

And likewise Valerius;

“Errantesque genæ, atque alieno gaudia vultu.”

This is the opinion of Dacier: but there are some lines in the Greek that make it doubtful; for immediately after the expression of laughing with other mens cheeks, Homer adds, that their eyes *flowed with tears, and sorrow seized their souls*. It is true Homer describes the Suitors under an alienation of mind, and a sudden distraction occasioned by Minerva; and from hence we may gather the reasons why they are toft by so sudden a transition to contrary passions, from laughter to tears; this moment they laugh extravagantly, and the next they weep with equal excess; persons in such a condition being liable to such vicissitudes. P.

This reminds me of Mr. Gray:

And moody Madnefs, laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Ver. 417. *Floating in gore, portentous to survey!*

In each discolour'd vase the viands lay.]

This is to be looked upon as a prodigy, the belief of which was established in the old world, and consequently, whether true or false, may be allowed to have a place in poetry. See book xii. note on verse 464.

Then down each cheek the tears spontaneous
flow,

And sudden sighs precede approaching woe. 420

In vision rapt, the * Hypereſian ſeer

Uproſe, and thus divin'd the vengeance near.

O race to death devote ! with Stygian ſhade

Each deſtin'd peer impending Fates invade :

In the following ſpeech of Theoclymenus there is a beautiful enthuſiaſm of poetry ; but how are we to underſtand that Theoclymenus ſees theſe wonders, when they are inviſible to all the Suitors ? Theoclymenus was a prophet, and ſpeaks of things future as preſent ; it is the eye of the prophet that ſees theſe events, and the language of prophecy that ſpeaks of them as preſent. Thus when he ſays he ſees the palace red with blood, and thronged with ghosťs ; he anticipates the event, which is verified in the approaching death of the Suitors.

Euſtathius is of opinion that by the laſt words of this ſpeech Theoclymenus intends to expreſs an eclipse of the ſun ; this being the day of the new moon, when eclipses happen. Others underſtand by it the death of the Suitors, as when we ſay the ſun is for ever gone down upon the dead : Theocritus uſes that expreſſion, *Δήσκοντι πάντα δεδυκεῖν ἥλιον*. Homer means by it, that the Suitors ſhall never more behold the light of the ſun.

— — — ἥλιος δὲ

Οὐρανὸν ἐξάπολῳλε — —

So far Euſtathius. It may be added that the Roman poets uſed the ſame expreſſion in this latter ſignification. Thus Catullus,

“ Nobis quàm ſemel occidit brevis lux,

“ Nox eſt perpetua una dormienda.”

Either of theſe expoſitions makes the paſſage intelligible. P.

Ver. 419.] I ſhould prefer, to avoid an unpleaſant uniformity :

Down every cheek—.

* Theoclymenus.

P.

With tears your wan distorted cheeks are
drown'd ;

With sanguine drops the walls are rubied round : 426

Thick swarms the spacious hall with howling
ghosts,

To people Orcus, and the burning coasts !

Nor gives the sun his golden orb to roll,

But universal night usurps the pole ! 430

Yet warn'd in vain, with laughter loud elate

The peers reproach the sure divine of fate ;

And thus Eurymachus : the dotard's mind

To ev'ry sense is lost, to reason blind :

Swift from the dome conduct the slave away ; 435

Let him in open air behold the day.

Ver. 429.] This verse seems neither sufficiently easy in it's structure, nor animated in it's diction, for the original. It were audacity to propose amendment : but I shall attempt a more accurate approximation to Homer's language :

O'er heaven's black concave, quench'd the solar light !

Spreads the thick shroud of universal Night.

What follows is verbally correspondent :

— — — — — the sun

Is lost from heaven, and baleful gloom o'erspreads.

Or, perhaps, we may thus render, not contemptibly :

See, from his bright pavilion drops the sun !

See, thro' the skies a gloom of horror run !

Ver. 436. *Let him in open air behold the day.*] The Suitors taking the prediction of Theoclymenus literally, viz. *I see you all involved in darkness*, think him distracted, not conceiving his words to be a prophecy ; and therefore by way of derision com-

Tax not, (the heav'n-illumin'd seer rejoin'd)
 Of rage, or folly, my prophetick mind.
 No clouds of error dim th' etherial rays,
 Her equal pow'r each faithful sense obeys. 440
 Unguided hence my trembling steps I bend,
 Far hence, before yon hov'ring deaths descend;
 Lest the ripe harvest of revenge begun,
 I share the doom ye Suitors cannot shun.

This said, to sage Piræus sped the seer, 445
 His honour'd host, a welcome inmate there.

mand him to be carried into a place of publick resort, that he may convince himself it is full day. Eustathius imagines, they intended to reproach him with drunkenness, because it makes all objects appear indistinct and different from the reality: he quotes a pleasant expression of Anacharsis to this purpose: a certain person telling him at an entertainment that he had married a very ugly woman; *I think so too*, replied Anacharsis; *but fill me a bumper, that I may make her a beauty.* P.

Ver. 437. *Tax not, (the heav'n-illumin'd seer rejoin'd,) &c.]* Eustathius explains the answer of Theoclymenus to be both pleasant and serious: “ I have *eyes*, and therefore have no occasion
 “ for a guide to lead me from the palace; I have *ears*, and there-
 “ fore hear that my absence is desired; I have both my *feet*, and
 “ therefore am able to go away without giving others the trouble
 “ to assist me; and I have an *understanding* well informed, by
 “ which I see the evil that threatens the Suitors, and haste away
 “ to avoid it.” P.

Ver. 442.] Our translator wanders too deviously from the language of his original. Thus the passage stands in Homer:

— — — — — for mischief, I perceive,
 Is coming on you; mischief, that will spare
 No suitor here, who in Ulysses' house
 Plan, 'mid rule insults, machinations dire.

O'er the protracted feast the Suitors sit,
And aim to wound the prince with pointless
wit :

Cries one, with scornful leer and mimick voice,
Thy charity we praise, but not thy choice ; 450
Why such profusion of indulgence shown
To this poor, tim'rous, toil-detesting drone ?
That other feeds on planetary schemes,
And pays his host with hideous noon-day dreams.
But, prince ! for once at least believe a friend, 455
To some Sicilian mart these courtiers send,

Ver. 456. *To some Sicilian mart these courtiers send.*] It is evident from this passage that the name of Sicily is very antient, and Eustathius makes the following remark upon it : that the reason why the Poet never mentions this word in describing the wanderings of Ulysses which happen chiefly near Sicily, is to make his poetry more surprising and marvellous ; and that the more to countenance those fabulous relations and miracles which he has told to the Phæacians, he chuses to speak of it by names less known, and less familiar to his readers. Dacier observes from Bochart, that this island received the name of Sicily from the Phœnicians long before the birth of Homer, or the war of Troy : Siclul in their language signifies *perfection* ; they call it the *Isle of perfection*, because it held the chief rank amongst all the islands in the Mediterranean : “ It is the largest and best island in all our “ seas,” says Strabo. It has likewise been thought to have taken its name from the Syrian language, namely from *Segol*, or *Segul*, a *raisin*. For long before the vine was known in Afric, Sicily was famous for its vineyards, and from thence the Carthaginians imported their raisins and wines. Homer celebrates this island for its wines in the ninth Odyssiey,

Spontaneous wines from weighty clusters pour,
And Jove descends in each prolifick show'r.

Where, if they yield their freight across the
main,

Dear sell the slaves ! demand no greater gain.

Thus jovial they ; but nought the prince re-
plies ;

Full on his fire he roll'd his ardent eyes ; 460

Impatient straight to flesh his virgin-sword ;

From the wise chief he waits the deathful word.

Nigh in her bright alcove, the pensive queen

To see the circle fat, of all unseen.

It is likewise probable from this passage, that the Sicilians traded in slaves ; for their lands were fertile, and they merchandized for them to manure the ground. I should rather think that they were remarkable for their barbarity to their slaves ; the Suitors speaking by way of terrour to intimidate Theoclymenus ; and the expression seems to bear the same import with that concerning Echetus, we will *send him to Echetus, or the Sicilians, who will use him with the utmost cruelty.* P.

Ver. 461.] These expressions are borrowed from a well-known passage of Shakespere :

— — — full bravely hast thou *fleſt*
Thy maiden ſword.

Ver. 463. *Nigh in her bright alcove, the pensive queen.*] The word in the original is *διφρος*, and signifies a large seat that would hold two persons, from *δις φέρειν*.

This circumstance (observes Eustathius) is not inserted in vain : the Poet describes Penelope thus seated, that she might see and hear the actions and designs of the Suitors, in order to form her conduct according to the occasion : now for instance, she perceives their insolence risen to such an height, that she dares make no further delay, but immediately proclaims herself the prize of the best archer : and this naturally connects the story with the next book. P.

Sated at length they rise, and bid prepare 465
 An eve-repast, with equal cost and care :
 But vengeful Pallas, with preventing speed,
 A feast proportion'd to their crimes decreed ;
 A feast of death ! the feasters doom'd to bleed !

Ver. 469.] The translation of this book preserves it's excellence to the last.

TWENTY-FIRST BOOK

A feast of death ! the feasters doom'd to bleed !
A feast proportion'd to their crimes decreed ;
But vengeful Pallas, with preventing speed,
An eve-repass, with equal cost and care ;
Sated at length they rise, and bid prepare

Ver. 469.] The translation of this book preserves its excel-
lence to the last.

Sued at length they rose, and bed prepare
An eye-repall, with equal cost and care;
But vengeful Pallas, with preventing hand,
A rest proportion'd to their crimes deny'd;
A rest of death, which all should have enjoy'd.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE

TWENTY-FIRST BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

TWENTY-FIRST BOOK

OF THE

O D Y S S E Y.

E

Vol. V.

THE ARGUMENT.

The bending of Ulysses's bow.

PENELOPE, to put an end to the solicitation of the Suitors, proposes to marry the person who shall first bend the bow of Ulysses, and shoot through the ringlets. After their attempts have proved ineffectual, Ulysses taking Eumæus and Philætius apart, discovers himself to them; then returning, desires leave to try his strength at the bow, which, though refused with indignation by the Suitors, Penelope and Telemachus cause it to be delivered to his hands. He bends it immediately, and shoots through all the rings. Jupiter in the same instant thunders from heaven; Ulysses accepts the omen, and gives a sign to Telemachus, who stands ready armed at his side. P.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

THIS book is entitled Τόξος Θέσις, or the *proposition of the bow*: this action of Penelope has given occasion of raillery both to modern and antient Criticks; they insinuate that she proposed this exercise of the bow to try the strength of her gallants, determining to have regard to that single qualification in the choice of her husband.

“ Penelope vires juvenum tentabat in arcu,
“ Qui latus argueret, corneus arcus erat.”

They interpret *νευρὴν ἐνλάνυσαι* into a sense very contrary to the character of Penelope. It is true, other authors have directly charged her with in chastity, and affirm that she had a son named Pan, because *all* the Suitors had a share in him. Lycophron calls her

Βασσάραν σεμνῶς κασσωρεύσαν.

It is the exercise of the bow that has occasioned these imputations; for none of Homer's commentators have given the reason why she proposes that exercise in particular; and therefore seeing no reason for it, they have invented a false one, and give the story a ridiculous air: I flatter myself that a better solution may be found out, and a reason given why Penelope proposes this exercise in particular, and preferable to any other.

We are to remember that this day was sacred to Apollo; this is evident from the preceding book, where the Ithacans offer an hecatomb in a grove consecrated to that deity: the diversion suits the day, the exercise of the bow being proper to be practised on the festival of that deity, who is the patron of it. Several of the titles of Apollo are derived from it; Ἑκάεργος, Ἑκατηβολος, Ἀργυρότοξος. It is strange that this necessary observation should escape the notice of all commentators.

If any thing further were wanting to reconcile us to the conduct of Penelope in proposing the bow, an instance almost parallel to it might be produced from history. When Cambyfes was preparing to make war against Æthiopia, the king of that country bent his great bow with two fingers in the presence of the Persian ambassadors, and unbending it again, delivered it to them with these words, That when the Persians could do the like, they might hope to conquer the Æthiopians. There is nothing more absurd in the delivery of the bow to the Suitors by Penelope, than in the same act of the Æthiopian king to the Persian ambassadors.

T H E
TWENTY-FIRST BOOK

O F T H E
O D Y S S E Y.

AND Pallas now, to raise the rivals fires,
With her own art Penelope inspires :
Who now can bend Ulysses' bow, and wing
The well-aim'd arrow thro' the distant ring,
Shall end the strife, and win th' imperial dame ; 5
But Discord and black Death await the game !

The prudent queen the lofty stair ascends,
At distance due a virgin-train attends ;
A brazen key she held, the handle turn'd,
With steel and polish'd elephant adorn'd : 10

N O T E S.

Ver. 9. *A brazen key she held, &c.*] The numerous particularities and digressive histories crowded together in the beginning

Swift to the inmost room she bent her way,
 Where safe repos'd the royal treasures lay;
 There shone high-heap'd the labour'd brass and
 ore,
 And there the bow which great Ulysses bore,

of this book have not escaped censure. The Poet very circumstantially describes the key, and the make of it, as likewise the bow and quiver, then tells us who gave it to Ulysses; at the mention of the donor's name he starts into a little history of him, and returns not in many lines to his subject; he then no less circumstantially describes the chamber, and the frame of the door, he descends to every particular of Penelope's opening it, and every step and motion she takes till she produces the bow before the Suitors. This conduct has been liable to objection, as made up of particulars of small importance to no proposed end. But notwithstanding, every circumstance is not without its effect and beauty, and nothing better shews the power of the Poet's diction. So great a critick as Vida admired this very passage. Poetic. lib. ii.

“ Ipse procos etiam ut jussit certare sagittis

“ Penelope, optatas promittens callida tædas

“ Victori, per quanta moræ dispendia mentes

“ Suspensas trahit, ante viri quam proferat arcum?”

The Poet adapts his verse to the nature of his subject; the description loiters, to express the studied delay of Penelope, and her unwillingness to bring affairs to a decision. However I will not promise that these digressions and antient histories will please every reader; the passage is so far from being faulty, that it is really an instance of Homer's judgment; yet every thing that is not a fault, is not a beauty. The case is, Penelope proposes the trial of the bow, merely to protract time from the nuptials; she is slow in producing it for the same reason; and Homer to paint this slowness in a lively manner, lets the subject of the Poem stand still, and wanders out of the way, that he may not come too soon to the end of his journey. P.

Intolerable rhymes; of which an obvious remedy does not present itself.

And there the quiver, where now guiltless slept 15
Those winged deaths that many a matron wept.

This gift, long since when Sparta's shores he
trod,

On young Ulysses Iphitus bestow'd :

Beneath Orfilochus's roof they met ;

One loss was private, one a publick debt : 20

Messena's state from Ithaca detains

Three hundred sheep, and all the shepherd
swains ;

Ver. 16.] No ill comment on the original, which is simply
this :

— — — — and many a woful shaft.

Our poet might take his hint from the first ode of Horace :

— — — — — *bellaque matribus*

Detestata.

Dacier renders : “ Le carquois rempli de flèches, sources de
“ gemissemens et de pleurs.”

Ver. 17.] If I mistake not, the proper *preterite* here would
render the rhyme unexceptionable. The formations of this *verb*
I suppose to be, *tread*, *trode*, *trod*, or, without abbreviation,
trodden ; for the *present*, *perfect*, and *participle* in their order.

Ver. 19.] Thus Ogilby :

At Orfilochus court, where they in Messen met,

Ulysses came to claim a publick debt.

Ver. 21. *Messena's state*, &c.] It has been disputed whether
Messene here was a city or a country ; Strabo affirms it to be a
country, lib. viii. It was a port of Laconia, under the dominion
of Menelaus in the time of the war with Troy ; and then (conti-
nues that author) the city named Messene was not built. Pausa-
nias is of the same opinion, lib. iv. c. 1. “ Before the battle of
“ Leuctra between the Thebans and Lacedæmonians, it is my
“ judgment that there was no city called Messene ;” this is
evident from the words of Homer,

And to the youthful prince to urge the laws,
 The king and elders trust their common cause.
 But Iphitus employ'd on other cares, ²⁵
 Search'd the wide country for his wand'ring
 mares;

Τὼ δ' ἐν Μεσσήνῃ συμβλήτην ἀλλήλοισιν
 Οἴκῳ ἐν Ὀρσιλόχοιο.

Now Orfilochus lived in Pheræ, a city of Messenia, and consequently Ulysses and Iphitus meeting at his palace in Messenia, Homer must mean the country, not the city. That Orfilochus lived in Pheræ, appears from the third Odyssey.

Ἐς Φηράς δ' ἱκάντο Διοκλῆος ποτὶ δῶμα,
 Ὑἱὸς Ὀρσιλόχοιο.

This Iphitus was the son of Eurytus mentioned in the eighth book, famous for his skill in archery.

Vain Eurytus! whose art became his crime,
 Swept from the earth, he perish'd in his prime;
 Sudden th' irremeable way he trod,
 Who boldly durst defy the bowyer-god.

So that even this digression is not foreign to the purpose: the Poet largely describes the bow, being to make great use of it in the sequel of the Odyssey: he shews it was originally in the possession of Eurytus, the most famous archer in the world: nay, this very digression may appear to be absolutely necessary; it being requisite to describe that bow, as of no common excellence and strength, which was not to be drawn by any of the Suitors; and at the same time it sets off the strength of the hero of the poem, who alone is able to bend it. P.

Ver. 21. *Three hundred sheep, &c.*] It has been observed in a former annotation, that such ravages or piracies were not only lawful but honourable amongst the antients; why then is Ulysses here sent to redemand the spoils made by the Messenians? Dacier answers, that such inroads were not allowable except in open war; she means between Greeks and Greeks; for they themselves exercised such piracies with impunity against other nations. P.

And mules, the strongest of the lab'ring kind;
 Hapless to search! more hapless still to find!
 For journeying on to Hercules, at length 29
 That lawless wretch, that man of brutal strength,
 Deaf to heav'n's voice, the social rite transgress;
 And for the beauteous mares destroy'd his guest:

Ver. 31. *Deaf to heav'n's voice, the social rite transgress.*] Homer very solemnly condemns this action of Hercules in slaying Iphitus; and some authors (remarks Eustathius) defend him by saying, he was seized with madness, and threw Iphitus down from the top of his palace; but this is contrary to Homer, and to the sentiment of those who write that Hercules was delivered as a slave to Omphale, for the expiation of the murder of Iphitus.

But what chiefly wants explication is the expression,

— — — ἐδὲ τράπεζαν

ἤδεσσαν. —

That is, *he paid no reverence to his table.* The table was held sacred by the ancients, by means of which, honour was paid to the God of Friendship and Hospitality: it was therefore a crime to dishonour it by any indecent behaviour. To this purpose Juvenal:

“Hic verbis nullus pudor, aut reverentia mensæ.”

The statues of the Gods were raised upon the tables, they were consecrated by placing on them salt, which was always esteemed holy, and by offering libations to the Gods from them: the table therefore is called in Plutarch φιλίων Θεῶν βωμὸν, καὶ ξενίων, *the altar of the Gods of Friendship and Hospitality*; and therefore to have eaten at the same table, was esteemed an inviolable obligation of friendship: and τράπεζαν παραβαίνειν, to transgress against the table, a breach of the laws of hospitality, and the blackest of crimes. I will only add, that it was customary upon making an alliance of hospitality to give mutual tokens; thus Ulysses here presents Iphitus with a sword and spear; Iphitus Ulysses with a bow. And the producing these tokens was a recognition of the covenant of hospitality between the persons themselves, and their descendants in following generations. P.

He gave the bow ; and on Ulysses' part
 Receiv'd a pointed sword and missile dart :
 Of luckless friendship on a foreign shore 35
 Their first, last pledges ! for they met no more.
 The bow, bequeath'd by this unhappy hand,
 Ulysses bore not from his native land ;
 Nor in the front of battle taught to bend,
 But kept, in dear memorial of his friend. 40

Now gently winding up the fair ascent,
 By many an easy step, the matron went ;
 Then o'er the pavement glides with grace
 divine,
 (With polish'd oak the level pavements shine)
 The folding gates a dazzling light display'd, 45
 With pomp of various architrave o'erlay'd.
 The bolt, obedient to the filken string,
 Forfakes the staple as she pulls the ring ;
 The wards respondent to the key turn round ;
 The bars fall back ; the flying valves resound ; 50

Ver. 39.] The translator probably cast a glance on Ogilby ;

But kept in the remembrance of his *friend*,

And never did but in's own country *bend*.

Ver. 46.] From Milton, Par. Lost, i. 714.

— — — — and Doric pillars *overlaid*

With golden architrave.

Ver. 47.] There can scarcely be conceived a finer specimen of elegance and simplicity in a poetical description of a very common effect, than that exhibited in this couplet.—The *first* verse of the following couplet is rather too much the echo of that before us to merit such particular approbation.

Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring,
 So roar'd the lock when it releas'd the spring.
 She moves majestick thro' the wealthy room,
 Where treasur'd garments cast a rich perfume ;
 There from the column where aloft it hung, 55
 Reach'd, in its splendid case, the bow unstrung :
 Across her knees she lay'd the well-known bow,
 And pensive sat, and tears began to flow.

Ver. 51. *Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring.*] This description presents us with a noble image: Homer introduces it to shew the largeness and strength of the door, which resounds as it opens. This exalts a trifling circumstance into sublimity and dignity, and renders a common action poetical; not unlike that in the xxivth of the Iliad.

Wide as appears some palace-gate display'd,
 So broad his pinions stretch'd their ample shade. P.

Homer says only,

— — — — as roars a bull,
 The meadow grazing :
 so that Chapman was consulted and followed on this occasion :
 — — — — which gave a sound
 (The bolt then shooting) as in pasture ground
 A bull doth low, and *make the valleys ring* ;
 So loud the locke humm'd, *when it loos'd his spring.*

Ver. 57. *Across her knees she laid the well-known bow,
 And pensive sat, and tears began to flow.*]

The bow recalls to her mind the thought of her husband, and this raises her sorrows. The least trifle that once belonged to a beloved person, is sufficient to cast a cloud over the soul, which naturally falls in a shower of tears: and no doubt the exercise which the Suitors are to practise with the bow, upon which her future fate depends, aggravates her sorrows; she weeps not only for the loss of Ulysses, but at the thought that she is ready to enter upon second nuptials, contrary to her inclinations. P.

To full satiety of grief she mourns,
 Then silent, to the joyous hall returns, 60
 To the proud Suitors bears in pensive state
 Th' unbended bow, and arrows wing'd with
 Fate.

Behind, her train the polish'd coffer brings,
 Which held th' alternate bras and silver rings,
 Full in the portal the chaste queen appears, 65
 And with her veil conceals the coming tears :

On either side awaits a virgin fair ;
 While thus the matron, with majestick air.

Say you, whom these forbidden walls inclose,
 For whom my victims bleed, my vintage flows ; 70
 If these neglected, faded charms can move ?
 Or is it but a vain pretence, you love ?

If I the prize, if me you seek to wife,
 Hear the conditions, and commence the strife.

Who first Ulysses' wond'rous bow shall bend, 75
 And thro' twelve ringlets the fleet arrow send,
 Him will I follow, and forsake my home,
 For him forsake this lov'd, this wealthy dome,
 Long, long the scene of all my past delight,
 And still to last, the vision of my night ! 80

Ver. 66.] This misrepresents his author, who says only,
 Before her cheeks she held the splendid veil :
 to conceal her *blushes*, not her *tears*.

Ver. 75.] The reader may amuse himself with a comparison
 of Fenton's translation of this passage in book xix. verse 668.

Graceful she said, and bade Eumæus show
 The rival peers the ringlets and the bow.
 From his full eyes the tears unbidden spring,
 Touch'd at the dear memorials of his king.
 Philæti^{us} too relents, but secret shed
 The tender drops. Antinous saw, and said.

Hence to your fields, ye rusticks ! hence away,
 Nor stain with grief the pleasures of the day ;
 Nor to the royal heart recall in vain
 The sad remembrance of a perish'd man. 90
 Enough her precious tears already flow—
 Or share the feast with due respect, or go
 To weep abroad, and leave to us the bow :
 No vulgar task ! Ill suits this courtly crew
 That stubborn horn which brave Ulysses drew. 95
 I well remember (for I gaz'd him o'er
 While yet a child) what majesty he bore !
 And still (all infant as I was) retain
 The port, the strength, the grandeur of the
 man.

He said, but in his soul fond joys arise, 100
 And his proud hopes already win the prize.

Ver. 85.] I do not discover, whence our poet derived this erroneous acceptation of the word *αλλοθε*, which has no relation to *secrecy* in this place. Dacier's translation is perfectly proper :
 “ Philoetius pleur aussi *de son côté*.”

Ver. 98.] These rhymes are very vicious ; to which similar recurred above. Thus ?

Still, infant as I was, in *fancy scan*—

To speed the flying shaft thro' every ring,
 Wretch ! is not thine : the arrows of the king
 Shall end those hopes, and Fate is on the wing !

Then thus Telemachus. Some God I find 105
 With pleasing phrenzy has possess'd my mind ;

Ver. 102.] This triplet has but little correspondence to it's original, of which the following attempt is a faithful copy :

He first was doom'd to taste the fatal shaft
 From great Ulysses' hand, whose house he stain'd.
 Embold'ning all his comrades there to stay.

Compare our poet's translation of the same passage below, ver. 171.

Ver. 105. *Then thus Telemachus. Some God I find, &c.*] This speech is not without greater obscurity than is usual in so clear a writer as Homer. M. Dacier has done it justice, and clearly opened the sense of it in her paraphrase. " Surely, says Telemachus, Jupiter has disordered my understanding: I see my mother, wise as she is, preparing to leave the palace, and enter upon a second marriage; and yet in these melancholy circumstances, I think of nothing but diverting myself, and being an idle spectator of this exercise of the bow: no, no, this is not to be suffered: you (the Suitors) use your utmost efforts to rob me of Penelope, I will therefore use mine to retain her: a woman the most excellent in any nation. But why do I praise her? you know her worth; use therefore no pretext to defer the trial of the bow, that we may come to an issue; I will try the bow with you; and if I succeed, then I will retain her as the prize of the conquest; then she shall not be obliged to second nuptials: nor will Penelope abandon a son, who emulating his father, is (like him) able to bear the prize from so many antagonists."

This is the true meaning of the words of Telemachus; the diction indeed is somewhat embarrassed, and the connexion a little obscure; but this is done by the Poet, to express the disorder and hurry of mind in Telemachus, who fears for the fate of Penelope: therefore the connexion of the periods is interrupted, to represent Telemachus starting through eagerness of spirit from thought to thought, without order or regularity. P.

Ver. 106.] *Pleasing phrenzy, amabilis insania: Horace.*

When a lov'd mother threatens to depart,
 Why with this ill-tim'd gladness leaps my heart?
 Come then, ye Suitors! and dispute a prize
 Richer than all th' Achaian state supplies, 110
 Than all proud Argos, or Mycæna knows,
 Than all our isles or continents enclose:
 A woman matchless, and almost divine,
 Fit for the praise of ev'ry tongue but mine.
 No more excuses then, no more delay; 115
 Haste to the trial—Lo! I lead the way.
 I too may try, and if this arm can wing
 The feather'd arrow thro' the destin'd ring,
 Then if no happier knight the conquest boast,
 I shall not sorrow for a mother lost; 120
 But blest in her, possess these arms alone,
 Heir of my father's strength, as well as throne.
 He spoke; then rising, his broad sword un-
 bound,
 And cast his purple garment on the ground.
 A trench he open'd; in a line he plac'd 125
 The level axes, and the points made fast.
 (His perfect skill the wond'ring gazers ey'd,
 The game as yet unseen, as yet untry'd.)

Ver. 125.] Poetry, I think, would well endure a term, that renders the rhyme exact:

— — — — in a line he *cast*
 The level axes.

Then, with a manly pace, he took his stand ; 129
 And grasp'd the bow, and twang'd it in his hand.
 Three times, with beating heart, he made essay ;
 Three times, unequal to the task gave way :
 A modest boldness on his cheek appear'd ;
 And thrice he hop'd, and thrice again he fear'd.
 The fourth had drawn it. The great fire with
 joy 135
 Beheld, but with a sign forbade the boy.

Ver. 130.] Ogilby has,

Then standing forth, he *twangs* the string.

Ver. 135. *The fourth had drawn it. The great fire with joy*

Beheld, but with a sign forbade—]

It is not apparent at the first view why Ulysses prohibits Telemachus from drawing the bow ; but Eustathius gives sufficient reason for this conduct : it would have defeated his whole design, and rendered the death of the Suitors impracticable ; for Telemachus has declared that he would retain Penelope, if he succeeded in the exercise of the bow ; and this of necessity would create an immediate contest between that hero and the Suitors, and bring matters unseasonably to extremity. The same author assigns a second reason : Ulysses fears lest Telemachus, by bending the bow, should make it more supple and flexible, and therefore commands him to desist, lest it should be drawn by the Suitors ; besides, if he had drawn it, it would have raised an emulation amongst them, and they would have applied the utmost of their abilities not to be outdone by so young a person as Telemachus ; but his despair to effect it, makes them less solicitous, the trial being equally unsuccessful to them all.

It may also be observed, that there is a very happy address made to Telemachus by Homer ; he shews us that he could have drawn it, but desists in obedience to Ulysses : thus the Poet has found out a way to give Telemachus the honour of the victory without obtaining it ; and at the same time shews the superior

His ardour straight th' obedient prince suppress,
And artful, thus the suitor-train address.

Oh lay the cause on youth yet immature !
(For heav'n forbid, such weakness should en-
dure) 140

How shall this arm, unequal to the bow,
Retort an insult, or repel a foe ?

But you ! whom heav'n with better nerves has
blest,

Accept the trial, and the prize contest.

He cast the bow before him, and apart 145
Against the polish'd quiver propt the dart.
Resuming then his seat, Epitheus' son
The bold Antinous to the rest begun.

“ From where the goblet first begins to flow,
“ From right to left, in order take the bow ; 150

wisdom of Ulysses, who restrains his son in the heat of his attempt ; and makes him, by a happy presence of mind, at once foresee the danger, and prevent it. P.

Ver. 139.] More properly, I think,
— — — — on age yet immature.

Ver. 145.] Thus his author, with an additional verse :
He spake, and grounds the bow, laid sidelong down
Against the well-constructed polish'd wall.

Ver. 149. *From where the goblet first begins to flow,
From right to left, &c.*]

Antinous makes this proposition, that every person may try his skill without confusion. Perhaps it is proposed by Antinous by way of omen, the right hand being reckoned fortunate : but however that be, it is very evident that in the entertainments of the

“And prove your several strengths”—The
princes heard,
And first Leiodes, blameless priest, appear'd:

antients the cup was delivered towards the right hand: hence
δεξιῶσις came to signify to drink towards the right hand; and
Athenæus thus interprets this passage in the first of the Iliad.

— — — χρυσείοις δεπάεσσιν

Δειδέχατ' ἀλλήλους. — —

Which, remarks that author, signifies ἐδεξιῶντο προπίνοντες ἑαυτοῖς ταῖς
δεξιαῖς. And there is express mention made of this practice, lib. i.
ver. 597. of the Iliad.

— — — θεοῖς ἐνδεξία πᾶσιν

Ωἶνοχοῖ — — —

That is, *beginning from the right hand*, as the scholiast rightly
interprets it, *Vulcan delivered the bowl to all the Gods*.

This observation explains various passages in many antient
authors, as well as in the Iliad and Odyssey: the custom indeed is
not of any great importance, but is at least a curiosity, and valu-
able because antient. I doubt not but the bowl out of which
these persons drank, would by antiquaries be thought inestimable;
and the possession of an antient bowl is not quite so valuable as
the knowledge of an antient custom. P.

Ver. 152. — — *Leiodes, blameless priest.*] The word in the
original is θυοσκόε, a person who makes predictions from victims
or from the smoke of the sacrifice. This Leiodes, the Poet tells
us, sat next to the bowl; the reason of it, saith Eustathius, was
because the Suitors feared lest poison should be mixed in it, and
they thought themselves safe through his care and inspection: but
it may perhaps be a better reason to say, that he sat there in dis-
charge of his office as a prophet, to make libations to the Gods;
as was customary at the beginning and end of all entertainments.

The Poet adds, that this prophet was placed at the extremity of
the apartment; the reason may be because he was an enemy to
the insolence of the Suitors, and therefore withdrew from their
conversation; or perhaps the word is inserted only to shew that
his place was the first (for Eustathius explains μυχότατε by πρῶτος
and ἐνδύτατος) and therefore he was the most proper person to

The eldest born of Oenops' noble race,
 Who next the goblet held his holy place :
 He, only he, of all the suitor-throng, 155
 Their deeds detested, and abjur'd the wrong.
 With tender hands the stubborn horn he strains,
 The stubborn horn resisted all his pains !
 Already in despair he gives it o'er :
 Take it who will, he cries, I strive no more. 160
 What num'rous deaths attend this fatal bow ?
 What souls and spirits shall it send below ?

begin the experiment, that the rest might make trial according as they were seated, successively : and what makes this the more probable is, that the propination always began from the most honourable person. P.

Ver. 161. *What num'rous deaths attend this fatal bow ?*

What souls and spirits, &c.]

There is in these words a full and clear prediction of the destruction of the Suitors by the bow of Ulysses : but what follows, when the prophet comes to explain himself, renders it ambiguous. *Better indeed to die, &c.* The next line is very remarkable for the distinction it makes between *Συμὸς* and *Ψυχὴ*, *soul* and *spirit* : the reader may turn to the note on lib. xxiii. ver. 92, 124. of the Iliad ; and that on lib. xi. ver. 743. of the Odyssey, where an account is given of the notion of the antients concerning this division. I shall only here add a passage in St. Paul to the Hebrews, which did not then occur to me, that remarkably falls in with it. *The word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit.* Heb. iv. 12.

This Leiodes falls by the sword of Ulysses in the next book : but is it not injustice to take away the life of a person who is here described as a man of virtue, detesting the actions of the Suitors, and dignified with prophecy ? It is easy to answer this objection ;

Better indeed to die, and fairly give
 Nature her debt, than disappointed live,
 With each new fun to some new hope a prey, 165
 Yet still to-morrow falser than to-day.
 How long in vain Penelope we fought?
 This bow shall ease us of that idle thought,
 And send us with some humbler wife to live,
 Whom gold shall gain, or destiny shall give. 170

Thus speaking, on the floor the bow he plac'd,
 (With rich inlay the various floor was grac'd)
 At distance far the feather'd shaft he throws,
 And to the seat returns from whence he rose.

To him Antinous thus with fury said. 175
 What words ill-omen'd from thy lips have fled?
 Thy coward-function ever is in fear;
 Those arms are dreadful which thou can'st not
 bear.

he is one of the Suitors to Penelope, as appears from his trying the bow amongst the rest of them, in order to obtain her in marriage, and consequently he is involved in the general crime: this distinguishes his case from that of Medon and Phemius, whom Ulysses spares; it appearing that they made no pretensions to the bed of Penelope; whereas Leiodes endeavours to marry the queen, which single act would exclude Ulysses from his own bed and dominions. Besides, if we would escape the punishment of wicked men, we must not only detest their crimes, but conversation. P.

Ver. 168.] This line is an improvement from one in Ogilby:

But this bow try'd will finish all dispute.

And I cannot let this opportunity pass by, of commending the very happy execution of the speech before us.

Why should this bow be fatal to the brave?
 Because the priest is born a peaceful slave. 180
 Mark then what others can—He ended there,
 And bade Melanthius a vast pile prepare;
 He gives it instant flame: then fast beside
 Spreads o'er an ample board a bullock's hide.
 With melted lard they soak the weapon o'er, 185
 Chafe ev'ry knot, and supple ev'ry pore.

Ver. 182.] In this passage our translator consolidates, and very pardonably, the speech of Antinous and the subsequent narrative of the execution of his directions, which are a mere repetition of each other in the original.

Ver. 186. *Chafe ev'ry knot, and supple ev'ry pore.*] This passage has been egregiously misunderstood, and it has been imagined that this unguent is to anoint the limbs of the Suitors to make them more supple, after the manner of the wrestlers who observed that custom; but it is very evident that τόξον is to be understood in the Greek, and that it is the bow, not the limbs of the Suitors, that is to be anointed. Eustathius thus fully explains it: the lard is brought to make the bow pliant, they chafe it before the fire that the particles of it may enter the pores of the bow, and render it flexible. But Eustathius falls into an error about the seat that is brought by Melanthius: he imagines the Suitors sat while they drew the bow, that they might be upon a level with the ringlets which were fixed upon the ground; whereas in reality the seat is brought, that they may sit while they chafe the bow. Homer himself says, when Leiodes endeavours to draw it, that he stood up, ἀνίστατο, and again,

He stood, and stepping forward try'd the bow.

Στῆ δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' ἐδὼν ἰὼν, καὶ τόξον πειρήτιζεν.

But how is this to be reconciled with the conduct of Ulysses, who is directly affirmed to sit while he draws it.

— — — εἶλκεν νευρὴν γλυφίδασει

Αὐτόθεν ἐκ δίφρου καθήμενος — —

Vain all their art, and all their strength as vain;
 The bow inflexible resists their pain.
 The force of great Eurymachus alone
 And bold Antinous, yet untry'd, unknown: 190
 Those only now remain'd; but those confess
 Of all the train the mightiest and the best.

Then from the hall, and from the noisy crew,
 The masters of the herd and flock withdrew.

That circumstance is inserted to shew the great strength and dexterity of Ulysses, who is able to draw it in that disadvantageous posture: the Poet in every incident maintains his superiority. P.

Ver. 193. *Then from the hall, and from the noisy crew,*

The masters of the herd and flock withdrew.]

It is wonderful how exactly the Poet observes the distribution of time; he distinctly marks the action of every day, and allots a proper space to every action. In this place the poem goes forward while Ulysses withdraws to engage the assistance of Philætius and Eumæus. The Suitors are amused and employed about the bow, while Ulysses steals away from their observation, and returns without raising their jealousy. The Poet likewise manages the time of the discovery of Ulysses very judiciously; though he knew the fidelity of Eumæus and Philætius, yet he trusts them not with the knowledge of his person, till the very hour of execution; agreeable to the general character of his cautious nature and profound secrecy. But then is not this an imputation to Penelope, that he should chuse to discover himself to these two persons, rather than to his queen? The answer is, There was a necessity for his discovery to the former, but none to the latter; he wants their assistance in the future engagement, and makes good use of it; whereas a discovery made to the queen could have been of no advantage, and might possibly have proved detrimental; besides, this is a season that requires expedition; and we find Ulysses complies with it, and is very concise in the discovery and interview with Philætius and Eumæus. The Poet therefore reserves the discovery of Ulysses to Penelope to a time of more

The king observes them : he the hall forsakes,
 And, past the limits of the court, o'ertakes, 196
 Then thus with accent mild Ulysses spoke :
 Ye faithful guardians of the herd and flock !
 Shall I the secret of my breast conceal,
 Or (as my soul now dictates) shall I tell ? 200
 Say, shou'd some fav'ring God restore again
 The lost Ulysses to his native reign ?
 How beat your hearts ? what aid wou'd you
 afford ?

To the proud Suitors, or your antient Lord ?
 Philætius thus. Oh were thy word not vain !
 Wou'd mighty Jove restore that man again ! 206
 These aged sinews with new vigour strung
 In his blest cause should emulate the young.
 With equal vows Eumæus too implor'd
 Each pow'r above, with wishes for his Lord. 210

He saw their secret souls, and thus began.
 Those vows the Gods accord : behold the man !

leisure, that he may dwell upon it more largely, and beautify his poem with so essential an ornament with greater solemnity. P.

Ver. 197.] Neither this nor the following couplet has rhymes, that can be conceded. We may thus substitute in this view :

Then *accents* mild Ulysses thus *preferr'd* :
 Ye faithful guardians of the flock and herd !
 Shall I the secret of my breast conceal,
 Or, *what* my soul now dictates, *here reveal* ?

Ver. 205.] Compare the same passage at verse 294 of the foregoing book.

Your own Ulysses ! twice ten years detain'd
 By woes and wand'rings from this hapless land :
 At length he comes ; but comes despis'd, un-
 known, 215

And finding faithful, you, and you alone.
 All else have cast him from their very thought,
 Ev'n in their wishes, and their pray'rs, forgot !
 Hear then, my friends ! If Jove this arm suc-
 ceed, 220

And give yon' impious revellers to bleed,
 My care shall be, to bless your future lives
 With large possessions, and with faithful wives ;
 Fast by my palace shall your domes ascend,
 And each on young Telemachus attend,
 And each be call'd his brother, and my friend. }

To give you firmer faith, now trust your eye : 226
 Lo ! the broad scar indented on my thigh,
 When with Autolychus's sons, of yore,
 On Parnass' top I chas'd the tusky boar.

His ragged vest then drawn aside disclos'd 230
 The sign conspicuous, and the scar expos'd ;

Ver. 213.] Thus may the rhymes be superseded :

Your own Ulysses, *whom* at length restore
 Twice ten years' suff'rings to his native shore,
 Is come at last ! but come despis'd, unknown.

Ver. 217.] Or thus ? from an obvious motive :

All else have cast him from their very *minds* :
 E'en in their pray'rs *no place their monarch finds*.

Ver. 231. — — and the scar expos'd.] Aristotle treating of

Eager they view'd ; with joy they stood amaz'd ;
With tear-full eyes o'er all their master gaz'd :

the different sorts of Remembrances, chap. xvii. of his Poeticks, divides them into two kinds, *natural* or *adventitious* ; the former sort is simple and without art, which Poets use for want of invention ; as for instance, when they bring about the discovery of a person by some natural mark or token upon the body : the latter are either marks upon the body, or scars occasioned by some accident, or token distinct from the body, such as the casket, &c. which Plautus and Terence use in the discovery of several persons in their comedies : of this latter kind is this scar of Ulysses ; it is an adventitious remembrance, and these remembrances (continues Aristotle) may be used with more or less art : thus in the case of this wound of Ulysses, it is used by Homer in a different way : Euryclea, lib. xix. descrites it accidentally ; Ulysses here shews it to Eumæus and Philætius voluntarily ; and it is certain that all those marks which a Poet designedly and deliberately uses to establish any verity, have less ingenuity than those which produce their effects undesignedly and casually, and consequently the remembrance in the nineteenth Odyssy is more ingenious than the second discovery. The reason is, it shews no ingenuity to have recourse to such marks, when we have an intention to make the discovery : it causes no surprise nor variety, neither is it produced by any art or invention : on the contrary, the other in the nineteenth book arises from the subject, and not from the fancy of the Poet only. But, says Dacier, when Aristotle affirms that this present remembrance wants ingenuity, we are not yet to imagine that he condemns it ; for it is a remembrance made by necessity. Ulysses has not opportunity to wait till the discovery is made accidentally, as in the nineteenth book ; he is absolutely compelled to make it designedly, to engage Eumæus and Philætius in his cause, by plainly proving to them that he was the real Ulysses. If therefore that hero shews less art in the manner of the remembrance, he shews more wisdom in accommodating his conduct to the opportunity, and using the present conjuncture advantageously, to bring about his own re-establishment. I will only further observe the judgment of Homer in making this discovery with the utmost brevity, concluding it in the compass of two verses : he had before enlarged upon the wound, and the reader is already fully

Around his neck their longing arms they cast,
His head, his shoulders, and his knees embrac'd :
Tears follow'd tears ; no word was in their
pow'r,

In solemn silence fell the kindly show'r.

The king too weeps, the king too grasps their
hands,

And moveless, as a marble fountain, stands.

Thus had their joy wept down the setting
fun,

But first the wise man ceas'd, and thus begun.

Enough—on other cares your thought employ,

For danger waits on all untimely joy.

Full many foes, and fierce, observe us near ;

Some may betray, and yonder walls may hear.

instructed in the story : there is likewise another reason that requires conciseness ; the urgency of the time demands it, for Ulysses and Eumæus could not be long in conference without observation, and raising the jealousy of the Suitors.

Ver. 234.] Bad rhymes from Chapman :

— — — — — which made them *cast*

Their armes about him ; his broadest breast *embrac't*,

His necke and shoulders kist.

Ver. 236.] This couplet, of which the *second* verse is extremely beautiful, the translator has interpolated.

Ver. 239.] We have another interpolation in this line, which seems to border on extravagance.

Ver. 242.] These *four* verses represent the following thought and portion of his author :

Cease from your tears and grief : lest some descry

As from the house they pass ; and tell within.

Re-enter then, not all at once, but stay 246
 Some moments you, and let me lead the way.
 To me, neglected as I am, I know
 The haughty suitors will deny the bow;
 But thou, Eumæus, as 'tis borne away, 250
 Thy master's weapon to his hand convey.
 At ev'ry portal let some matron wait,
 And each lock fast the well-compacted gate:
 Close let them keep, whate'er invades their ear;
 Tho' arms, or shouts, or dying groans they hear.
 To thy strict charge, Philæti^{us}! we consign 256
 The court's main gate: to guard that pass be
 thine.

This said, he first return'd: the faithful swains
 At distance follow, as their king ordains.
 Before the flame Eurymachus now stands, 260
 And turns the bow, and chafes it with his hands:

Ver. 252. *At ev'ry portal, &c.*] This is a very necessary injunction; Ulysses fears not only lest any of the Suitors should make his escape, but also lest any of the women who were friends to the Suitors should give information to their partisans abroad, and introduce them to their assistance. *Eustatbius.* P.

Ver. 256.] This couplet is constructed from one in his Rape of the Lock, ii. 113.

The drops to thee, Brillante! we consign;
 And, Momentilla! let the watch be thine.

Ver. 258.] Thus his author:

He spake, and enter'd straight the pompous dome;
 Then on his former seat his station took:
 Nor the two faithful swains stay'd long behind.

Still the tough bow unmov'd. The lofty man
Sigh'd from his mighty soul and thus began:

I mourn the common cause; for, oh my
friends!

On me, on all, what grief, what shame attends!

Not the lost nuptials can affect me more,

(For Greece has beauteous dames on ev'ry shore)

But baffled thus! confess'd so far below

Ulysses' strength, as not to bend his bow!

How shall all ages our attempt deride?

Our weakness scorn?—Antinous thus reply'd.

Not so, Eurymachus: that no man draws

The wond'rous bow, attend another cause.

Sacred to Phœbus is the solemn day,

Which thoughtless we in games would waste

away:

—————

Ver. 266. *Not the lost nuptials — —*] No doubt but Eurymachus misrepresents his real sentiments, when he makes the loss of Penelope of little importance; but his conduct is an exact picture of human nature: when we have used our utmost endeavours to obtain our desires, and have failed in the attempt, the object immediately loses its value, and we would be thought to despise it. To be easy under any disappointment is the result of reason; but to seem to despise what we have been very solicitous to obtain, arises from the pride of our natures, which persuades us to endeavour to cheat the world into an opinion that we have not been disappointed: the remedy for this disease of our minds, is a regular conduct, and to hold the ballance even in all our affairs, that the scale be not raised too high or depressed too low. P.

Ver. 274. *Sacred to Phœbus is the solemn day.*] Antinous in this reply, speaks, as well as Eurymachus, with dissimulation; he

'Till the next dawn this ill-tim'd strife forego,
 And here leave fixt the ringlets in a row.
 Now bid the few'r approach, and let us join
 In due libations, and in rites divine;
 So end our night: before the day shall spring,
 The choicest off'rings let Melanthius bring: 281

is unwilling to give a true reason, and therefore invents a false one: the true reason why he defers the trial of the bow is, because he fears his inability to draw it: the feigned reason is a pretended piety paid to the day: it was a day to be observed religiously, and he insinuates that all sports upon it are a profanation of it; and consequently, Apollo being provoked, disables them from drawing the bow, of which he is the patron. This is the reason why he proposes to offer a libation, to atone for the abuse of the day by their diversions. But perhaps the reason why Antinous defers the exercise of the bow to the following day, is not because he thought it unlawful to proceed in it, on the festival of Apollo; for why should an exercise which was instituted in honour of that deity, be thought a profanation of the day? I should therefore rather conclude, that the impiety intended by Antinous, was their omission in not offering a sacrifice to that God before they begun the trial, that he might prosper their endeavours: the conclusion of his speech makes this opinion probable: "Let us
 " now defer the experiment, and offer sacrifice in the morning
 " to Apollo, that he may give us success in drawing the bow;" which implies that they were unsuccessful because they had forgot to sacrifice. I will only add, that Antinous mentions a goat as an offering to Apollo; we have before seen bulls, sheep and bullocks offered to that deity; the reason why a goat is a proper victim, I suppose is because he is a rural God, and patron of shepherds, and therefore all kinds of beasts were offered to him promiscuously. P.

Ver. 280.] Thus? with correcter rhymes:

Now bid the few'r *prepare the genial wine*
 For due libation, and the rites divine.

Let then to Phœbus' name the fatted thighs
 Feed the rich smokes, high-curling to the skies.
 So shall the patron of these arts bestow
 (For his the gift) the skill to bend the bow. 285

They heard well-pleas'd: the ready heralds
 bring

The cleansing waters from the limpid spring:
 The goblet high with rosy wine they crown'd,
 In order circling to the peers around.

That rite compleat, up-rose the thoughtful man,
 And thus his meditated scheme began. 291

If what I ask your noble minds approve,
 Ye peers and rivals in the royal love!

Chief, if it hurt not great Antinous' ear,
 (Whose sage decision I with wonder hear) 295

And if Eurymachus the motion please;
 Give heav'n this day, and rest the bow in peace.

To-morrow let your arms dispute the prize,
 And take it he, the favour'd of the skies!

But since 'till then, this trial you delay, 300
 Trust it one moment to my hands to-day:

Fain would I prove, before your judging eyes,
 What once I was, whom wretched you despise;

Ver. 292.] The same rhymes are in Chapman.

Ver. 296.] Or thus:

If wills Eurymachus, your efforts cease:
 for the present terminations cannot be deemed rhymes.

If yet this arm its antient force retain ;
 Or if my woes (a long-continued train) 305 }
 And wants and insults, make me less than man ? }

Rage flash'd in light'ning from the suitors eyes,
 Yet mix'd with terrour at the bold emprize.
 Antinous then : O miserable guest !
 Is common sense quite banish'd from thy breast ?
 Suffic'd it not within the palace plac'd 311
 To sit distinguish'd, with our presence grac'd,
 Admitted here with princes to confer,
 A man unknown, a needy wanderer ?
 To copious wine this insolence we owe, 315
 And much thy betters wine can overthrow :
 The great Eurytion when this frenzy stung,
 Pirithous' roofs with frantick riot rung ;

Ver. 306.] Or thus, for a better rhyme :

And wants and insults, make *my wishes vain*.

Ver. 318. *Pirithous' roofs, &c.*] The story of the Centaur is this: Pirithous, a Lapithite, marrying Hippodamia the daughter of Adrastus, invited the Centaurs and Lapithæ to his nuptials; the Centaurs drinking to great excess, and offering violence to the bride, engaged them in a quarrel; Eurytion was the person who began the disorder, and the war that ensued became fatal to the whole nation of the Centaurs. Horace alludes to this history.

“ At nequis modici transfiliat munera liberi,

“ Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa super mero

“ Debellata” — —

The Lapithites were a people of Thessaly inhabiting the mountains Pindus and Othrys; the Centaurs were their neighbours, and dwelt in mount Pelion. This war between the Lapithites and the Centaurs probably lasted about a year: for it began on the day of the nuptials of Pirithous, and on the day that his son Polypætes

Boundless the Centaur rag'd; 'till one and all
The heroes rose, and dragg'd him from the
hall; 320

His nose they shorten'd, and his ears they slit,
And sent him sober'd home, with better wit.
Hence with long war the double race was curst,
Fatal to all, but to th' aggressor first.

Such fate I prophesy our guest attends, 325
If here this interdicted bow he bends:

Nor shall these walls such insolence contain;
The first fair wind transports him o'er the main;

was born, he obtained a decisive victory over the Centaurs, and drove them from mount Pelion. Thus lib. ii. ver. 896. of the Iliad.

Thy troops Argissa, Polypætes leads
And Eleon, shelter'd by Olympus' shades;
Sprung from Pirithous of immortal race,
The fruit of fair Hippodamé's embrace,
That day when hurl'd from Pelion's cloudy head
To distant dens the shaggy Centaurs fled.

This history is at large related by Ovid, Metam. xii. He calls Eurytion by the name of Eurytus, and describes the nuptial feast in a cave, and not in the palace of Pirithous. Thus Mr. Dryden,

In a cool cave's recess the treat was made,
Whose entrance trees with spreading boughs o'ershade:
There one more brutal of the brutal brood,
Or whether wine or beauty fir'd his blood,
Or both at once; beheld with lustful eyes
The bride, at once, resolv'd to make his prize:
Down went the board; and fast'ning on her hair
He seiz'd with sudden force the frightened fair:

'Twas Eurytus began. — —

Ver. 321.] Thus Ogilby:
Cropt both his ears, and up his nostrils slit.

Where Echetus to death the guilty brings,
 (The worst of mortals, ev'n the worst of kings.)
 Better than that, if thou approve our chear, 331
 Cease the mad strife, and share our bounty here.

To this the queen her just dislike exprest :
 'Tis impious, prince ! to harm the stranger-guest,
 Base to insult who bears a suppliant's name, 335
 And some respect Telemachus may claim.
 What if th' Immortals on the man bestow
 Sufficient strength to draw the mighty bow ?
 Shall I, a queen, by rival chiefs ador'd,
 Accept a wand'ring stranger for my lord ? 340
 A hope so idle never touch'd his brain :
 Then ease your bosoms of a fear so vain.
 Far be he banish'd from this stately scene
 Who wrongs his princess with a thought so mean.

O fair ! and wisest of so fair a kind ! 345
 (Respectful thus Eurymachus rejoin'd)
 Mov'd by no weak surmise, but sense of shame,
 We dread the all-arraigning voice of Fame ;

Ver. 330.] The reader, who recollects some former remarks on the Iliad respecting the satirical propensity of our translator, when *kings* presented themselves to his imagination, will not wonder at the boldness of the climax in the verse before us.

Ver. 332.] Ogilby has a neat line :
 With us sit still, but not with us compare.

Ver. 337.] This thought is foreign to his author. There is nothing unsuitable to the Greek in the following substitution :

What, if the *stranger's sturdy hands* should shew—.

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We dread the censure of the meanest slave,
 The weakest woman : all can wrong the brave.
 “ Behold what wretches to the bed pretend 351
 “ Of that brave chief whose bow they cou’d not
 “ bend !
 “ In came a beggar of the strolling crew,
 “ And did what all those princes could not do.”
 Thus will the common voice our deed defame,
 And thus posterity upbraid our name. 356
 To whom the queen. If Fame engage your
 views,
 Forbear those acts which infamy pursues ;

Ver. 354.] This is feeble, and not accurate. Perhaps, the following substitution is not liable to either censure :

He strung the bow, and sent an arrow through.

Ver. 357. — — — *If Fame engage your views,
 Forbear those acts which infamy pursues.*]

This answer of Penelope is very severe and very just. Eurymachus (observes Dacier) had said, If this beggar draws the bow, we shall lose our reputation: Penelope answers, It is in vain to be solicitous about your reputation, when your lives are a series of infamous actions : fame is the reward of good, and shame the portion of base and unworthy deeds : it is no dishonour to a prince to be surpassed by a beggar in strength, but a prince is more infamous than a beggar, if his actions betray him to be a worse man ; a base action sinks him into contempt, and taints his nobility. The words in Homer are, τὸ ἐλέγχεα ταῦτα τίθεις; which Eustathius thus explains ; Why do you overlook the greater dishonour, and are thus afraid of trifles ? and, adds Dacier, the sentiment is just and happy : these princes place disgrace where it is not ; they think it a shame to yield in strength to this stranger, which is really no shame ; mere strength is the praise of a beast, not of a prince : on the contrary, what is really a shame, they

Wrong and oppression no renown can raise;
 Know, friend! that virtue is the path to praise.
 The stature of our guest, his port, his face, 361
 Speak him descended from no vulgar race.
 To him the bow, as he desires, convey;
 And to his hand if Phoebus give the day,
 Hence, to reward his merit, he shall bear 365
 A two-edg'd falchion, and a shining spear,
 Embroider'd sandals, a rich cloak and vest,
 And safe conveyance to his port of rest.

O royal mother! ever-honour'd name!
 Permit me (cries Telemachus) to claim 370
 A son's just right. No Grecian prince but I
 Has pow'r this bow to grant, or to deny.

think to be none; they prey upon a king, who was a friend to all mankind; they act a thousand insolent and base deeds, and yet apprehend no discredit. This is an unhappy, and I wish it were an unjust, picture of human nature; we deceive ourselves with false notions both of shame and glory, and we may apply the words of Terence to this purpose:

— — — — — “ Hic, ubi opus est,

“ Non verentur: illic ubi non opus est, ibi verentur.

Praise is only to be obtained by virtue, and fame is the certain reward of it: ill-nature or envy may eclipse it, but it will prevail and break out into glory. P.

Ver. 366.] This speech is excellently done: but the reader may see a simple thought, omitted by our translator, in Ogilby:

A sword, a pair of sandals, and a spear,
 That he nor dogs nor men shall need to fear.

Ver. 372.] Thus Hobbes:

Mother, to give the bow, or to deny't
 Is in my pow'r.

Of all that Ithaca's rough hills contain,
 And all wide Elis' courser-breeding plain,
 To me alone my father's arms descend ; 375
 And mine alone they are, to give or lend.
 Retire, oh queen ! thy household task resume,
 Tend, with thy maids, the labours of the loom ;

Ver. 377. *Retire, oh queen ! &c.*] This speech has been accused of too great a liberty, and as wanting in respect from a son to a mother: Telemachus speaks with authority, when he ought to have shewed obedience and filial duty. But these criticks mistake the design and intention of Telemachus; he speaks directly to Penelope, but obliquely and intentionally to the Suitors: it is for this reason that he says he is supreme in the palace, viz. to let them know that he will not give up the sway into their power. He tells Penelope that the bow shall be used as he directs; this is done to intimidate the Suitors, and prepare the way for the delivery of it to Ulysses, contrary to their injunctions to Eumæus.

The verses are the same with those in the sixth of the Iliad. There Hector speaks to Andromache, a tender husband to a fond wife, and the speech was never taxed with any want of love and kindness. In that place Hector remembers that he is an husband, yet forgets not that he is an hero. In this Telemachus deviates not from the duty of a son, yet speaks in the character and style of a prince.

Eustathius excellently enlarges upon the words of Telemachus. There is an absolute necessity that Penelope should withdraw, that she might not be present at the scene of blood and slaughter. It is for the same reason that the Poet introduces Minerva casting her into a profound sleep, that she might be entirely ignorant of the death of the Suitors: this is absolutely necessary; for if she had been acquainted that Ulysses was returned, and the Suitors slain by his hand, there could have been no room for the interview between Ulysses and Penelope in the succeeding parts of the Odyssey.

But is not Minerva introduced upon too small an occasion, only to cast Penelope into a slumber? Would not nature have worked

The bow, the darts, and arms of chivalry,
These cares to man belong, and most to me. 380

Mature beyond his years, the queen admir'd
His sage reply, and with her train retir'd :
There in her chamber as she sat apart,
Revolv'd his words, and plac'd them in her
heart.

On her Ulysses then she fix'd her soul, 385
Down her fair cheek the tears abundant roll,

the same effect without the assistance of the Goddess? I have already remarked, that machines are not always used out of necessity, but frequently for ornament, to dignify the poetry and create surprise by the appearance of a deity. But here the Poet brings down Minerva, to give credibility to the story; for though it be true that nature is sufficient to produce this effect, yet that it should operate in the critical and exact moment, when the Poet has occasion for it, is in some degree incredible: the Poet therefore to reconcile the relation to probability, introduces a præternatural sleep, occasioned by the immediate operation of a Goddess. P.

Compare Fenton's version of the same lines in book i. ver. 455.

Ver. 381. — — — *the queen admir'd*

His sage reply — —]

Penelope is amazed at the free remonstrance of Telemachus; she is ignorant of the reason of it, yet immediately retires, not doubting but his words flowed from a just cause, and not from a want of filial duty: she is therefore said by the Poet to lodge his words in her memory, waiting till time should unfold the mystery. Dacier. P.

In much the same manner Ogilby proceeds:

The queen her son's direction much admires,
And straight to her apartment thence retires.

'Till gentle Pallas, piteous of her cries,
In slumber clos'd her silver-streaming eyes.

Now thro' the press the bow Eumæus bore,
And all was riot, noise, and wild uproar. 390
Hold, lawless rustick ! whither wilt thou go ?
To whom, insensate, dost thou bear the bow ?
Exil'd for this to some sequester'd den,
Far from the sweet society of men,
To thy own dogs a prey thou shalt be made ; 395
If heav'n and Phœbus lend the Suitors aid.

Thus they. Aghast he laid the weapon down,
But bold Telemachus thus urg'd him on.

Proceed, false slave, and flight their empty
words ;

What ? hopes the fool to please so many lords ? 400
Young as I am, thy prince's vengeful hand
Stretch'd forth in wrath, shall drive thee from
the land.

Oh ! could the vigour of this arm as well
Th' oppressive Suitors from my walls expell !

Ver. 387.] The word cries is without authority, and has no
use but to facilitate the rhyme. Thus ?

'Till gentle Pallas, piteous of her *woes*,
O'er her *pin'd* eyes the *veil* of slumber *throws*.

Ver. 390.] Thus Milton, Par. Lost, ii. 541.
— — — Hell scarce holds the *wild uproar*.

Ver. 398.] Might we substitute
— — — — thus urg'd the *clown* ?

Then what a shoal of lawless men should go 405
To fill with tumult the dark courts below?

The Suitors with a scornful smile survey
The youth, indulging in the genial day.
Eumæus, thus encourag'd, hastes to bring
The strife-full bow, and gives it to the king. 410
Old Euryclea calling then aside,
Hear what Telemachus enjoins (he cry'd)

Ver. 405.] This is not agreeable to his author. Ogilby does not want fidelity:

I with a mischief soon would send them hence,
Who act with so much pride and insolence.

Ver. 407. *The Suitors with a scornful smile, &c.*] Spondanus believes they laugh out of contempt of Telemachus; Dacier, because they believe the time come which is to end all their doubts by the marriage of Penelope; they hope to draw the bow, and this hope mollifies their anger. But all these reasons (as well as those of Eustathius) seem to be rather invented than natural: we may find a sufficient reason of their laughter, from the sharpness of Telemachus towards Eumæus; they rejoice to see an enemy (for such they esteem Eumæus) misused, and this will likewise give a reason why the Poet adds, that they ceased their anger against Telemachus, namely, because he gratifies their ill-will by threatening Eumæus. P.

Ver. 412. *Hear what Telemachus enjoins, &c.*] It is very evident that this command proceeds not from Telemachus but Ulysses: it was Ulysses who gave directions to shut the door of the womens apartment; but Eumæus is ignorant that Euryclea was acquainted with the return of Ulysses, and therefore speaks as from Telemachus. He knew very well that she would obey the orders of Telemachus, but if she had not been acquainted with the return of Ulysses, she would have made some hesitation, believing the beggar to be really a stranger and not Ulysses. *Eustathius.* P.

At ev'ry portal let some matron wait,
 And each lock fast the well-compacted gate;
 And if unusual sounds invade their ear, 415
 If arms, or shouts, or dying groans they hear,
 Let none to call or issue forth presume,
 But close attend the labours of the loom.

Her prompt obedience on his order waits;
 Clos'd in an instant were the palace gates. 420
 In the same moment forth Philæti^{us} flies,
 Secures the court, and with a cable ties
 The utmost gate; (the cable strongly wrought
 Of Byblos' reed, a ship from Ægypt brought)
 Then unperceiv'd and silent at the board 425
 His seat he takes, his eyes upon his lord.

And now his well-known bow the master bore,
 Turn'd on all sides, and view'd it o'er and o'er:

Ver. 413.] See above, verse 252.

Ver. 417.] The rhyme might be mended thus:

Let none call *out*, or issue *from the room*.

Ver. 423. — — — (*the cable strongly wrought*
Of Byblos' reed, — — —)

The word in the Greek is βύβλινον, which we are not to understand of the Ægyptian Papyrus, but it is derived from βίβλος or βύβλος, a plant growing in the marshes of Ægypt, βοτάνης ἐμφορῆς παπύρω, that bears the resemblance of the Papyrus, as Eustathius explains it. Of this plant the antients made their cordage; on the top of it there grew fibrous threads resembling hair, and thus Strabo describes it, ψιλή ῥάβδος ἐπ' ἅκρῳ ἔχουσα χ αίτην, a slender twig, bearing, as it were, hair on the top of it. P.

Ver. 428. Turn'd on all sides, and view'd it o'er and o'er.] This little particularity is not inserted in vain: Ulysses is ready to

Lest time or worms had done the weapon wrong,
Its owner absent, and untry'd so long. 430

While some deriding—How he turns the bow!

Some other like it sure the man must know,

Or else wou'd copy; or in bows he deals;

Perhaps he makes them, or perhaps he steals.—

Heav'n to this wretch (another cry'd) be kind!

And bless, in all to which he stands inclin'd, 436

With such good fortune as he now shall find.

Heedless he heard them; but disdain'd reply;
The bow perusing with exactest eye.

engage in a terrible combat; it is therefore very necessary to be curious in the examination of the bow, to be certain that he might depend upon it: if he had observed that it had been decayed through time, his prudence would have furnished him with some other instrument. Eustathius is of opinion that this whole bow was made of horn, because *ἰνέες* denotes worms that breed in horn: the bow, says that author, was made of horn, and not of wood, like the Scythian bows. This, it must be confessed, is not entirely satisfactory, because the bows were antiently tipt or pointed at the extremities with horn; and to this horn Ulysses may refer. But the other opinion is most probable, and Ovid thus understood it:

“ Penelope vires juvenum tentabat in arcu,

“ Qui latus argueret *corneus arcus* erat.”

P.

Ver. 434.] There is more drollery, than good faith, in this translation. Chapman keeps closer to his author's words:

A cunning rogue he is at any ill.

Ver. 435.] Ogilby is not unsuccessful:

May Fortune him a special favour send,

And not before, until this bow he bend.

Ver. 439.] An elegant expression; adopted, I presume, from Ogilby:

Then, as some heav'nly minstrel, taught to
 sing
 High notes responsive to the trembling string, 441
 To some new strain when he adapts the lyre,
 Or the dumb lute refits with vocal wire,
 Relaxes, strains, and draws them to and fro;
 So the great master drew the mighty bow: 445
 And drew with ease. One hand aloft display'd
 The bending horns, and one the string essay'd.

Thus jeer'd the suitors, whilst Ulysses bore
 The able bow, *perusing* it all o're.

With no less elegance Milton, *Par. Lost*, viii. 267.
 Myself I then *perus'd*, and limb by limb
 Survey'd.

Ver. 440. *Then, as some heav'nly minstrel, &c.*] Eustathius confesses himself to be greatly pleased with this comparison; it is very just, and well suited to the purpose; the strings of the lyre represent the bow-string, and the ease with which the lyrist stretches them, admirably paints the facility with which Ulysses draws the bow. When similitudes are borrowed from an object entirely different from the subject which they are brought to illustrate, they give us a double satisfaction, as they surprise us by shewing an agreement between such things in which there seems to be the greatest disagreement. P.

Ver. 444.] Our translator had not a clear perception of his author's meaning in this passage. I shall give Mr. Cowper's version:

As when, in art and song adept, a bard
 Unlab'ring strains the chord to a new lyre,
 The twisted entrails of a sheep below
 With fingers nice inserting, and above;
 With such facility Ulysses bent
 His own huge bow.

From his essaying hand the string let fly
Twang'd short and sharp, like the shrill swallow's
cry.

A gen'ral horror ran thro' all the race, 450
Sunk was each heart, and pale was ev'ry face.
Signs from above ensu'd: the unfolding sky
In light'ning burst; Jove thunder'd from on high.

Ver. 448. — — — *the string let fly*

Twang' short and sharp, like the shrill swallow's cry.]

The comparison is not intended to represent the sweetness of the sound, but only the quality and nature of it; and means a harsh or jarring sound, or somewhat rough, *ὑπότραχυν*, as Eustathius interprets it; such a sound as the swallow makes when she sings by starts, and not in one even tenour. The swallow is inharmonious, and Aristophanes uses *χελιδόνων μασεῖα* in his frogs, to signify those who are enemies to the Muses; and here the Poet uses it to denote a shrill, harsh, or jarring sound. P.

Ver. 449.] Thus Ogilby:

Then taking up, he *twangs* the well-stretch'd string,
Which like a swallow's *shriller* voice did ring.

Ver. 452. *Signs from above ensu'd—]* The signal of battle is here given in thunder by Jupiter, as in the eleventh book of the Iliad.

Ev'n Jove, whose thunder spoke his wrath, distill'd
Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field.

And again,

That instant Juno and the martial maid
In happy thunders promis'd Greece their aid.

This prepares us for the greatness of the following action, which is ushered in with thunder from heaven: and we are not surprised to see Ulysses defeat his enemies, when Jupiter declares himself in his favour. Homer calls this thunder a sign and a prodigy: it is a sign, because it predicts the event; and a prodigy, because the thunder proceeds from a serene sky. *Eustathius.* P.

So Chapman:

Fir'd at the call of Heav'n's almighty lord,
 He snatch'd the shaft that glitter'd on the board :
 (Fast by, the rest lay sleeping in the sheath, 456
 But soon to fly the messengers of death.)

Now sitting as he was, the cord he drew,
 Thro' ev'ry ringlet levelling his view ;
 Then notch'd the shaft, releas'd, and gave it }
 wing ;

The whizzing arrow vanish'd from the string, 461 }
 Sung on direct, and threaded ev'ry ring.

The solid gate its fury scarcely bounds ;
 Pierc'd thro' and thro', the solid gate resounds.

Then to the prince. Nor have I wrought thee
 shame ; 465

Nor err'd this hand unfaithful to its aim ;
 Nor prov'd the toil too hard ; nor have I lost
 That antient vigour, once my pride and boast.

— — — — — And then, Jove rent
 The aire with thunder.

Ver. 455.] By the single term *glitter'd*, our poet has very happily and comprehensively expressed his author's word *naked*, or taken out of the quiver.

Ver. 460.] Chapman employs the same term of art :

— — — — — *nockt* it then, and drew.

Ver. 467. — — — *nor have I lost*
 That antient vigour — —]

Ulysses speaks not thus out of vanity, but solely to confirm the courage of Telemachus, and his two friends, Eumæus and Philætius. He sets his vigour before their eyes, that they may have confidence in it in the succeeding engagement. P.

Ill I deserv'd these haughty peers disdain ;
 Now let them comfort their dejected train, 470
 In sweet repast the present hour employ,
 Nor wait 'till ev'ning for the genial joy :
 Then to the lute's soft voice prolong the night ;
 Musick, the banquet's most refin'd delight.

He said, then gave a nod ; and at the word 475
 Telemachus girds on his shining sword.
 Fast by his father's side he takes his stand ;
 The beamy jav'lin lightens in his hand.

Ver. 471. *In sweet repast the present hour employ,
 Nor wait 'till ev'ning — —]*

This circumstance is very necessary ; Ulysses excites the Suitors to supper by day-light, because it would be more easy for him to assault them while they sat at table ; the posture would give him some advantage ; and he adds *before evening*, because if they had supped by the light of the torch, upon extinguishing it, they had greatly embarrassed him, and perhaps rendered his designs ineffectual through the benefit of the darkness. Neither is it without reason that he proposes singing and musick ; he does it to draw away their thoughts from any jealousy of intended violence ; and by this method he gives the assault unexpectedly, and begins the slaughter before they are prepared to make any opposition. P.

Ill I deliver'd these haughty peers disdain;
Now let them comfort their dejected train,
In sweet repose the present hour employ,
Nor wait till evening for the genial joy;
Then to the late's soft voice prolong the night;
Musk, the bandage's most restful delight.
He said, then gave a nod; and at the word
Telemachus girds on his shining sword.
Fast by his father's side he takes his stand;
The beamy javelin lightens in his hand.

Ver. 471. In sweet repose the present hour employ.
Nor wait till evening — — —

This circumstance is very necessary; Ulysses excites the suitors to sleep by day-light, because it would be more easy for him to assault them while they are asleep; the goddess would give him some advantage; and he adds before evening, because if they had been by the light of the torch, upon extinguishing it, they had greatly embarrassed him, and perhaps rendered his designs ineffectual through the benefit of the darkness. Neither is it to our reason that he proposes fighting and musk; he does it to draw away their thoughts from any jealousy of intended violence; and by this method he gives the assault unexpectedly, and begins the slaughter before they are prepared to make any opposition.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Dead **T H E** Sutors.

TWENTY-SECOND BOOK

O F T H E

O D Y S S E Y.

THE ARGUMENT

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THE HISTORY OF THE

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK

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The Death of the Suitors.

ULYSSES begins the slaughter of the Suitors by the death of Antinous. He declares himself, and lets fly his arrows at the rest. Telemachus assists, and brings arms for his father, himself, Eumæus and Philætius. Melanthius does the same for the wooers. Minerva encourages Ulysses in the shape of Mentor. The Suitors are all slain, only Medon and Phemius are spared. Melanthius and the unfaithful servants are executed. The rest acknowledge their master with all demonstrations of joy.

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NOTE PRELIMINARY.

WE are now come to the great event or catastrophe of the *Odyssey*, which is the destruction of the Suitors. The manner by which the Poet conducts it, has been praised and censured, by some as noble and heroick, by others as romantick and incredible: it is therefore highly necessary to vindicate Homer in the chief action of the whole poem, that he may not be found culpable, in the place where he ought to be the most exact, and draw his hero to the best advantage. The objection made against this decisive action is, that the Poet makes Ulysses perform impossibilities; no one person, with such small assistance, being able to destroy above an hundred enemies. It is no answer to say that Pallas descends to aid Ulysses, for it has been already proved, that all incidents which require a divine probability, should be so disengaged from the action, that they may be subtracted from it without destroying it; whereas this action is essential to it. No less a critic than Longinus, chap. vii. condemns Homer; for, enumerating the faults of the *Odyssey*, he thus proceeds: “To these may be added the absurdities he commits, in the account of the destruction of Penelope’s Suitors.” And Scaliger, lib. v. of his *Poeticks*, is of the same opinion: *Ulysses interfecit arcu procos, inter quos & ipsum tantillum esset intervalli: quare omnes simul in eum impetum non fecerunt?* The strength of this objection lies in the omission of the Suitors in not rushing at once upon Ulysses in an united body: now this was impossible, he stood upon the threshold in a narrow pass, and by this advantage he was able to make it good against a great inequality of numbers. It is not difficult to bring instances of a like nature from undoubted history: Cocles alone defended the bridge over the Tyber against the whole army of Porsena, and stood unmoveable till the Romans broke it down behind him. And Leonidas the Spartan general defended the pass of Thermopylæ with a small number, against three millions of Persians led by Xerxes; and if he had not been betrayed, he would have probably defeated his whole army. In both these instances there was a greater inequality of numbers, than between Ulysses and the Suitors. The reader will be reconciled to the probability of these relations, if he considers that the whole business of war was antiently decided by mere strength of body: fire-arms now set all men upon a nearer level; but in these early ages, the strongest person was the greatest hero; a man of superiour and uncommon strength drove his enemies before

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

him like an army of boys, and with as much facility. From this observation it is evident, that Homer scarce transgresses the bounds of historick truth, when he describes Achilles chasing whole squadrons of Trojans: he wrote according to the manners of his times, and drew after the life, though sometimes he improved a feature to give grace to the picture of his hero: thus in the scripture, from the mere advantage of strength, we see a single Goliath defy the whole armies of Israel.

Rapin commends the conduct of Homer in bringing about the destruction of the Suitors. The unravelling the whole *Odyssæy* (says that author) by their deaths, is very great, and very becoming an hero; that whole story is dressed up in colours so decent, and at the same time so noble, that antiquity can hardly match any part of the narration; here Homer has displayed himself to the best advantage. I wish Rapin had given his reasons, and not run into a general commendation: but we shall be sufficiently convinced of the judgment of Homer in describing the Suitors falling chiefly by Ulysses, if we consider the nature of epic poetry. The chief action is to be performed by the hero of the poem: thus Hector falls by Achilles; Turnus by Æneas: the death of the Suitors is the chief action of the *Odyssæy*, and therefore it is necessarily to be executed by Ulysses; for if any other person had performed it, that person would have done an action more noble than the hero of the poem, and eclipsed his glory. It is for the same reason that the Poet refuses all easy methods to re-establish Ulysses: he throws him into difficulties which he is to surmount by his own prowess and magnanimity. Homer might easily have raised an army, and placed Ulysses at the head of it; but the more difficult way being most conducive to his honour, he rejects all easy methods, shews him struggling with infinite hazards, out of which he extricates himself personally by his wisdom and courage. By this means he compleats the character of his hero, leaves a noble image of his worth upon the minds of the spectators, and makes him go off the stage with the utmost applause. P.

And quiver'd deadly, a formidable host;
 Before his feet the rattling show'd the throw;
 And thus terrific, to the dust crew,
 One vent'rous game this hand has won to-day.

THE

TWENTY-SECOND BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

Then fierce the hero o'er the threshold
 strode;

Stript of his rags, he blaz'd out like a God.

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *Then fierce the hero o'er the threshold strode, &c.*] Plato was particularly struck with the beauty of these lines: in his dialogue intitled *Ion*, p. 145. Socrates thus speaks: "When
 " you repeat the verses of Homer emphatically, and ravish the
 " whole audience, whether it be the passage where he sings how
 " Ulysses leaps upon the threshold, discovers himself to the
 " Suitors, and pours his arrows before his feet: or where Achilles
 " rushes upon Hector; or where he paints the lamentations of
 " Hecuba, Priam, or Andromache; tell me, are you any longer
 " master of your own passions? are you not transported? and
 " ravished with divine fury, think yourself present at the very
 " actions, either in Ithaca, or Troy?" It must indeed be

H 3

Full in their face the lifted bow he bore,
 And quiver'd deaths, a formidable store;
 Before his feet the rattling show'r he threw, 5
 And thus terrific, to the Suitor crew.

One vent'rous game this hand has won to-day,
 Another, princes! yet remains to play;
 Another mark our arrow must attain.
 Phœbus assist! nor be the labour vain. 10

allowed, that Homer here paints to the life; we see Ulysses, his motion, his attitude, and the noble fury with which he begins the onset. The Poet interests us in the cause of his hero, and we fight on his side against his enemies.

Eustathius observes, that instead of *ράχος* the Æolians wrote *βράχος*; an observation of too little importance to have been regarded, if he had not given us a fragment of Sappho as a proof of it.

Τὶς δ' ἀγροῖωτις θέλγει νοὸν
 Οὐκ ἐπισαμένη τὰ βράχεια ἔλκειο
 Ἐπὶ τῶν σφυρῶν;

which he thus explains,

What rustic beauty dress'd in aukward charms
 Detains my lover from his Sappho's arms?

The circumstance of throwing the arrows before his feet is not inserted without a reason; Ulysses could reach them from thence with more facility and expedition, than if they had hung at his shoulder in the quiver. P.

Ver. 2.] This comparison is interpolated by the translator. Thus?

Then gain'd the chief the threshold with a bound,
 And threw his tatter'd rayment to the ground.

Ver. 4.] Homer says only, *full of arrows*; but Hobbes in a similar *periphrasis* to that of our poet, with unusual elegance:

With bow in hand and *arrows tipt with death*.

Ver. 10. *Phœbus assist!*] Ulysses addresses a prayer to Apollo to give success to his present enterprise; he directs it to him, be-

Swift as the word the parting arrow fings,
 And bears thy fate, Antinous, on its wings :
 Wretch that he was, of unprophetick soul !
 High in his hands he rear'd the golden bowl ;
 Ev'n then to drain it lengthen'd out his breath ;
 Chang'd to the deep, the bitter draught of death :
 For Fate who fear'd amidst a feastful band ?
 And Fate to numbers by a single hand ?

cause he is the God of Archery ; and he concludes in four words, in compliance with the exigence of the time, which will not permit him to speak at large. This prayer to Apollo confirms my observation, that Penelope proposed the trial of the bow in honour of that deity, and we find that it was customary from a remarkable passage in the Iliad, lib. iv.

But first to speed thy shaft, address thy vow
 To Lycian Phœbus with the silver bow :
 And swear the firstlings of the flock to pay
 On Zelia's altars to the god of day.

It is from the urgency of the time that the speech of Ulysses, as well as the prayer, is concise : it would have been very injudicious, when he was ready to assault his enemies unexpectedly, to have prefaced the onset with a long oration ; this would have given them an alarm, and time to make an opposition. P.

Ver. 11.] This intervening description is supremely elegant in the version of our consummate artist.

Ver. 18. *And Fate to numbers by a single hand ?*] This particular is very artful ; the Poet while he writes, seems to be surpris'd at the difficulty of the enterprise he is about to relate. He is in doubt of the great event, and stands still in admiration of it. This has a double effect ; it sets the courage of Ulysses in a strong point of light, who executes what might be almost thought an impossibility ; and at the same time it excellently contributes to make the story credible ; for Homer appears to be held in suspense by the greatness of the action ; an intimation that nothing

Full thro' his throat Ulysses' weapon past,
And pierc'd the neck. He falls, and breathes his
last. 20

The tumbling goblet the wide floor o'erflows,
A stream of gore burst spouting from his nose;
Grim in convulsive agonies he sprawls:
Before him spurn'd, the loaded table falls,
And spreads the pavement with a mingled flood 25
Of floating meats, and wine, and human blood.
Amaz'd, confounded, as they saw him fall,
Uprose the throngs tumultuous round the hall;
O'er all the dome they cast a haggard eye,
Each look'd for arms, in vain; no arms were
nigh: 30

but the real truth and deference to veracity could extort from him a belief of it: thus by seeming to make the relation improbable, the Poet establishes the probability of it. *Eustathius.* P.

Ver. 22. *A stream of gore burst spouting — —*] The word in the original is αὐλός, which commonly signifies a pipe or musical instrument: the antients (observes Eustathius) used it to denote a fountain; here therefore it implies a flux or fountain of blood; κρηνὸς ἐξακόνισμα αἵματος, the word therefore very happily paints the blood spouting from the nostrils, as from a fountain; and in this sense, it gives us a full image of the nature of the wound; the blood sprung as from a pipe, through the mouth of the wound, or from the veins, through the nostrils. P.

Ogilby renders, with some originality:

A purple fountain conduits from his nose.

Ver. 27.] A rhyme, nearly the same, has too recently occurred. Thus Ogilby:

Up start the suitors as they saw him fall,
And sudden murmur flies about the ball.

Aim'st thou at princes? (all amaz'd they said)
 Thy last of games unhappy hast thou play'd;
 Thy erring shaft has made our bravest bleed,
 And Death, unlucky guest, attends thy deed.
 Vultures shall tear thee — Thus incens'd they
 spoke, 35
 While each to Chance ascrib'd the wond'rous
 stroke,
 Blind as they were; for Death ev'n now invades
 His destin'd prey, and wraps them all in shades.
 Then grimly frowning with a dreadful look,
 That wither'd all their hearts, Ulysses spoke. 40

Ver. 35. — — *Thus incens'd they spoke,*

While each to Chance ascrib'd the wond'rous stroke.]

This passage was look'd upon as spurious by the antients; for they thought it impossible that all the Suitors should speak the same sentiment, as by compact, like a *chorus* in a tragedy: they appealed to the custom of Homer himself, who continually wrote

ὅδε τις εἰπετοχην.

Eustathius answers, that the Poet speaks thus confusedly, to represent the confusion of the Suitors at the death of Antinous. Dacier defends him by saying, that all the Suitors imagined that Antinous was slain by accident, and therefore the whole assembly having the same sentiment, the Poet might ascribe to every member of it the same expression. Either of these solutions explains the difficulty. P.

Ver. 37.] Our poet has a similar couplet in his translation of the fable of Dryope:

I can no more: the creeping rind invades
 My closing lips, and hides my head in shades.

Ver. 40.] *Paradise Lost*, vi. 850.

One Spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
 Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
 Among th' accurs'd, *that wither'd all their strength.*

Dogs, ye have had your day ; ye fear'd no more
 Ulysses vengeful from the Trojan shore ;
 While to your lust and spoil a guardless prey,
 Our house, our wealth, our helpless handmaids
 lay :

Not so content, with bolder frenzy fir'd, 45
 Ev'n to our bed presumptuous you aspir'd :
 Laws or divine or human fail'd to move,
 Or shame of men, or dread of gods above :
 Heedless alike of infamy or praise,
 Or Fame's eternal voice in future days : 50
 The hour of vengeance, wretches, now is come,
 Impending fate is yours, and instant doom.

Ver. 42. *Ulysses vengeful from the Trojan shore.*] The mention of the return of Ulysses from Troy is not inserted casually: he speaks thus to intimidate his enemies, by recalling to their minds all the brave actions that he performed before it. Were not this his intention, he would have varied his expression, for in reality he has been absent from Troy near ten years, and returns from the Phæacian, not the Trojan shores. *Eustathius.* P.

Ver. 47.] The sense of that portion in his original, which corresponds to these *four* verses, is fully and literally comprehended in the subjoined couplet :

Of gods, who dwell high heav'n, no fear your mind
 Sway'd, nor the future vengeance of mankind.

Our poet might be misled by Ogilby :

Nor injur'd men regard, nor *future fame* :

who follows Chapman's acceptation of the passage :

— — — — — your present fame,
 Or any faire fence of your future name.

Dacier and Hobbes are correct.

Thus dreadful he. Confus'd the Suitors stood,
 From their pale cheeks recedes the flying blood ;
 Trembling they sought their guilty heads to hide,
 Alone the bold Eurymachus reply'd. 56

If, as thy words impart, (he thus began)
 Ulysses lives, and thou the mighty man,
 Great are thy wrongs, and much hast thou
 sustain'd.

In thy spoil'd palace, and exhausted land ; 60
 The cause and author of those guilty deeds,
 Lo ! at thy feet unjust Antinous bleeds.

Not love, but wild ambition was his guide ;
 To slay thy son, thy kingdoms to divide,
 These were his aims ; but juster Jove deny'd. 65 }

Ver. 54.] The words *recedes* and *flying*, thus associated, are inelegantly tautologous.

Ver. 59.] Thus we might rectify the rhymes :

Great are thy wrongs *from this unruly band*—.

Ver. 64. *To slay thy son, thy kingdoms to divide.*] This expression is judiciously inserted, and with good reason put into the mouth of one of the Suitors, namely Eurymachus. The Poet is now punishing them for their crimes ; it is therefore very necessary that the reader should be satisfied that they deserve punishment ; for if it be not an act of justice, it is murder. The Poet therefore brings them all confessing themselves guilty by the mouth of Eurymachus ; their crime is the intended murder of Telemachus, and the usurpation of the throne of Ulysses. If this had not been set in a clear light, there might have been room for a suspicion that Ulysses inflicted a punishment too great for the guilt of the Suitors. For was it a crime that deserved death, to aim at the marriage of Penelope ? This is not to be supposed ; for they took her to be a widow, and might therefore without a crime ask

Since cold in death th' offender lies ; oh spare
 Thy suppliant people, and receive their pray'r !
 Brass, gold, and treasures shall the spoil defray, }
 Two hundred oxen ev'ry prince shall pay : }
 The waste of years refunded in a day. 70 }
 'Till then thy wrath is just—Ulysses burn'd
 With high disdain, and sternly thus return'd.

All, all the treasures that enrich'd our throne
 Before your rapines, join'd with all your own,
 If offer'd, vainly should for mercy call ; 75
 'Tis you that offer, and I scorn them all ;
 Your blood is my demand, your lives the prize,
 'Till pale as yonder wretch each suitor lies.

her in marriage. Was death due for the waste and profusion of the riches of Ulysses? This might have been redressed, by a full repayment, and a just equivalent. Homer therefore, to shew that there is a cause for the severity of the punishment, sets their crimes in open view, which are an intentional murder, and an actual treason. The place likewise where he inserts this circumstance is well chosen, viz. in the place where the punishment is related ; and by this method we acknowledge the equity of it. It is true ; Eurymachus throws the guilt upon Antinous as the chief offender ; but all the Suitors have been his associates, and approved of all his violent and bloody designs through the Odyssey, and therefore are justly involved in the same punishment ; so that Ulysses punishes rebellious subjects by the authority of a king. Homer likewise observes justice in the death of Antinous ; he is the first in guilt, and the first that falls by his hero's hands. P.

Ver. 72.] In every instance of this kind, for the preservation of grammatical propriety, I should write, in imitation of the antients,

— — — — — and sternly *these* return'd.

Hence with those coward terms ; or fight, or fly,
 This choice is left ye, to resist or die ; 80
 And die I trust ye shall.—He sternly spoke :
 With guilty fears the pale assembly shook.
 Alone Eurymachus exhorts the train :
 Yon' archer, comrades, will not shoot in vain ;
 But from the threshold shall his darts be sped, 85
 (Who-e'er he be) 'till ev'ry prince lie dead.
 Be mindful of yourselves, draw forth your swords,
 And to his shafts obtend these ample boards,
 (So need compells.) Then, all united strive
 The bold invader from his post to drive ; 90
 The city rous'd shall to our rescue haste,
 And this mad archer soon have shot his last.

Ver. 79.] Thus Ogilby :

All I can grant you now, is, Fight, or Fly.

Ver. 81.] Ogilby gives us the same vicious rhymes :

This said, their knees relax'd, cold agues *shook* ;

When thus Eurymachus to them trembling *spoke*.

Nor otherwise above, at verse 39.

Ver. 88. *And to his shafts obtend these ample boards.*] Eurymachus exhorts the Suitors to make use of the tables to oppose Ulysses in the manner of shields ; from whence observes Eustathius, it may be gathered that every Suitor had a peculiar table. This may be confirmed from this book ; for when Antinous falls, he overturns a table ; which, if there had been but one, would have been too large to be thus overthrown ; besides he speaks in the plural number, *τραπέζας*. P.

Ver. 91. *The city rous'd shall to our rescue haste.*] It is impossible but that the Suitors must have many friends amongst the Ithacans. Interest or ill-humour engages men in faction ; but this

Swift as he spoke, he drew his traitor sword,
 And like a lion rush'd against his lord :
 The wary chief the rushing foe repress't, 95
 Who met the point, and forc'd it in his breast :
 His failing hand deserts the lifted sword,
 And prone he falls extended o'er the board :
 Before him wide, in mix'd effusion roll
 Th' untasted viands, and the jovial bowl. 100
 Full thro' his liver pass'd the mortal wound,
 With dying rage his forehead beats the ground,
 He spurn'd the seat with fury as he fell,
 And the fierce soul to darkness div'd, and hell.

Next bold Amphinomous his arms extends 105
 To force the pass : the god-like man defends.

is not the full import of the sense of Homer: the Ithacans were ignorant that Ulysses was returned, and no wonder therefore if they engaged in defence of the princes of their land, against a stranger and a beggar; for such in appearance was Ulysses. P.

Ver. 94.] Or, faithfully, and without interpolation:

And sprang with dreadful shouts upon his lord.

Ogilby might set our author upon devising a *simile* for the occasion:

And raging *like a tempest* on him set.

Ver. 96.] This is strange indeed. Thus his author:

And wings a previous arrow to his breast.

Ver. 97.] Thus Ogilby:

— — — — — he drops his *sword*,

Water and wine down tumbles with the *board*.

Ver. 103.] Or thus?

He spurns the seat in anguish as he lies;

And gloom eternal settles on his eyes.

Thy spear, Telemachus ! prevents th' attack,
 The brazen weapon driving thro' his back,
 Thence thro' his breast its bloody passage tore ;
 Flat falls he thund'ring on the marble floor, 110
 And his crush'd forehead marks the stone with
 gore.

Ver. 108. *The brazen weapon driving thro' his back.*] Eustathius, and Spondanus from him, interpret this passage very much to the disadvantage of the courage of Telemachus: they observe that he is yet new to the horrors of war, and therefore wanting the heart to meet his enemy in the front, gives him this wound between the shoulders: that as soon as he has given the blow, out of fear he leaves the spear in the wound; an action as disreputable, as to throw away the shield in battle; and lastly, that it is fear that suggests to his mind the expedient to fetch the arms, a pretext to be distant from danger. But it is not difficult to defend Telemachus. Amphinomus was assaulting Ulysses, and consequently his back was turned towards Telemachus, and this occasions the wound in that part. This combat is not a combat of honour, where points of ceremony are observed; Telemachus was therefore at liberty to destroy his enemy by any methods, without any imputation of cowardice; especially considering the inequality of the parties. Neither is it out of fear that he quits his spear; but from a dictate of wisdom: he is afraid lest some of the Suitors should attack him while he is disengaging it, and take him at an advantage, while he has no weapon to use in his own defence; besides, he has no farther occasion for it; he hastes away to provide other arms, not only for himself, but for Ulysses and his friends; and this is so far from being the suggestion of fear, that it is the result of wisdom.

There is some difficulty in the expression προπρήνει τύψας, the meaning of it is, lest he should receive a descending blow: the word is an adjective, and Eustathius tells us, that χειρὶ is to be understood; I should rather chuse φασγάνῳ, which immediately precedes, it being as good sense to say, a wound is given by a descending sword, as a descending hand. P.

Ver. 110.] Thus Ogilby:

He left his jav'lin in the dead, for fear
 The long incumbrance of the weighty spear
 To the fierce foe advantage might afford,
 To rush between, and use the shorten'd sword. 115
 With speedy ardour to his fire he flies,
 And, Arm, great father ! arm (in haste he cries)
 Lo hence I run for other arms to wield,
 For missile jav'lins, and for helm and shield ;
 Fast by our side let either faithful swain 120
 In arms attend us, and their part sustain.

Whilst with his forehead he salutes the floor ;

The spear Telemachus draws blushing with gore.

Ver. 113.] This is an erroneous interpolation of his author, as will appear from Chapman, who is correct :

— — — — — not staying to acquire

His lance again ; in doubt, that while he drew

The fixed pile, some other might renew

Fierce charge upon him ; and his unarm'd head

Cleave with his back-drawne sword.

Ver. 117. — — — *Arm (in haste he cries).*] Homer almost constantly gives the epithet *πτερόεντα* to *ῥήματα* ; *winged words*. Plutarch in his treatise upon Garrulity gives us the meaning of it. A word (says that author) while it remains unspoken is a secret, but being communicated, it changes its name into common rumour ; it is then *flown* from us ; and this is the reason why Homer calls words *winged* : he that lets a bird fly from his hand, does not easily catch it again ; and he that lets a word slip from his tongue cannot recall it ; it flies abroad, and flutters from place to place every moment. It has indeed in some passages a still closer meaning ; when a person speaks with precipitation, the epithet expresses the swiftness of the speech, the words are winged : it is here applied with particular propriety ; Telemachus asks a question in the compass of four lines, and receives an answer in two from Ulysses ; the time not allowing any delay. P.

Haste and return (Ulysses made reply)
 While yet th' auxiliar shafts this hand supply;
 Left thus alone, encounter'd by an host,
 Driv'n from the gate, th' important pass be
 lost. 125

With speed Telemachus obeys, and flies
 Where pil'd on heaps the royal armour lies;
 Four brazen helmets, eight refulgent spears,
 And four broad bucklers, to his fire he bears:
 At once in brazen panoply they shone, 130
 At once each servant brac'd his armour on;
 Around their king a faithful guard they stand,
 While yet each shaft flew deathful from his
 hand:

Chief after chief expir'd at ev'ry wound,
 And swell'd the bleeding mountain on the ground.

Ver. 122.] Our poet evidently treads in the steps of Chapman:
 Run then (said he) and come, before the last
 Of these *auxiliary shafts* are past.

Ver. 128.] Thus Ogilby:

— — — — from thence he loaden *bears*
 Four shields, four helmets, and eight *glittering spears*.

Ver. 130.] Paradise Lost, vi. 527.

— — — — — in arms they stood
 Of *golden panoply*.

Ver. 135.] This part of the translation is excellent. Much
 in the same manner Chapman:

— — — — — Till all, a *bill*
 Had rais'd in th' even floor'd hall.

Soon as his store of flying fates was spent, 136
 Against the wall he set the bow unbent :
 And now his shoulders bear the massy shield,
 And now his hands two beamy jav'ins wield :
 He frowns beneath his nodding plume, that
 play'd 140

O'er the high crest, and cast a dreadful shade.

There stood a window near, whence looking
 down

From o'er the porch, appear'd the subject town.

Ver. 136.] Ogilby might excite our poet's invention to this elegant poetical *periphrasis* :

— — — — — dispensing feather'd storms.

Ver. 137. *Against the wall he set the bow unbent.*] The Poet may be thought too circumstantial in the disposal of the bow ; but there is a reason for it ; he shews Ulysses placed it out of the reach of the Suitors, who, if they had seized the bow, might have furnished themselves with arrows from the dead bodies of their friends, and employed them against Ulysses : this caution was therefore necessary. *Eustathius.* P.

Ver. 142. *There stood a window near, whence looking down,
 From o'er the porch appear'd the subject town.*]

The word in the Greek is ὀροθύρη, *janua superior*, and it is likewise used a little lower. It has given great trouble to the commentators to explain the situation of these two passages. Dacier imagines that by the former there was a descent into the court-yard, and so to the street ; but this cannot be true : for Agelaus exhorting his associates to seize this passage, makes use of the word ἀναβαίω, which signifies to *ascend*, and not to *descend* into the court-yard : besides, he bids them raise the people by *shouting to them*, which seems to imply, that this place overlooked the streets, from whence a shout might be heard by the people. Ὀροθύρη (observes Eustathius) is θύρη εἰς ἣν ὀρυσται τὶς δέλων ἰδεῖν ἐκείθεν, that is, *a door by which a person ascends to obtain a prospect.* This pro-

A double strength of valves secur'd the place,
A high and narrow, but the only pass: 145

bably led to the roof of the porch of the palace fronting the street, from whence a person standing in the open air, and shouting, might raise the city; or as for greater clearness it is here translated a window, which answers all these purposes.

But there is still a difficulty arising from the word *λαύρη*, which is thus solved by Eustathius, *λαύρη ἐστὶν ὁ πρὸς τὴν ὀρθοθύρην ἄγων στενωπός*, that is, a narrow passage leading to this private window or door, and he afterwards interprets it by *στενὴ ὁδός*.

From what has been observed, it appears evidently that there was another passage to the upper apartments of the palace; for this was guarded by Eumæus, and was inaccessible, and consequently Melanthius conveys the arms to the Suitors by some other stair-case. This Homer expresses by *ἀναρρώγας μεγάροιο*; the former word is very well explained by Hesychius, it signifies the passages of the palace leading from chamber to chamber, or the *διόδοι* of the apartments. *Ῥωγὴ* properly denotes a rupture, and here represents the openings of the passages from room to room. The ancients thought this whole passage so obscure, that they drew a plan of these inward passages of the palace, as Eustathius informs us; in this they figured the porch, the higher aperture, the other stair-case, and the room where the arms were laid. But Dacier starts another difficulty: if Melanthius could go up to the room where the arms lay, why could he not go from thence into the courts of the palace, and raise the city? The answer is, because the arms were placed in an inward apartment, and there was no passage from thence into the palace-yards. Her mistake arose from her opinion that there was an entry into the palace by the *ὀρθοθύρη*, which opinion is refuted in the beginning of this annotation. If indeed Telemachus had brought down the arms this way, then there must have been a passage for Melanthius to the place from whence Agelaus bids him raise the city; for if Telemachus had passed to the armoury by it, why might not Melanthius from it? But this is not the case; for this door or window is not mentioned till Telemachus has furnished Ulysses and his friends with armour; and consequently Homer cannot intend that we should understand that Telemachus ascended to the armoury by it. P.

The cautious king, with all preventing care,
 To guard that outlet, plac'd Eumæus there :
 When Agelaüs thus : Has none the sense
 To mount yon' window, and alarm from thence
 The neighbour town ? the town shall force the
 door, 150

And this bold archer soon shall shoot no more.

Melanthius then : That outlet to the gate
 So near adjoins, that one may guard the straight.
 But other methods of defence remain,
 Myself with arms can furnish all the train ; 155
 Stores from the royal magazine I bring,
 And their own darts shall pierce the prince and
 king.

He said ; and mounting up the lofty stairs,
 Twelve shields, twelve lances, and twelve helmets
 bears :

Ver. 145.] He found the word *pass* at the end of a verse in Chapman, and was satisfied with any rhyme to match it.

Ver. 158.] Thus Ogilby :

This said, Melanthius hastens *up the stairs*,
 And thence twelve shields, and plumed *helmets bears*,
 And twice six launces : straight the suitors arm ;
 Ulysses trembled at this fresh alarm :

and this, with a little chastisement, I should prefer to the version before us, too similar in the neighbouring rhymes.

Ver. 159. *Twelve shields, twelve lances, and twelve helmets bears.*] Aristarchus, remarks Eustathius, blamed this description as incredible ; for how could one person be able to carry such a load of armour at one time ? But we are not to make this supposition ; the Poet speaks indefinitely, and leaves us at liberty to

All arm, and sudden round the hall appears 160
A blaze of bucklers, and a wood of spears.

The hero stands oppress'd with mighty woe,
On ev'ry side he sees the labour grow:

Oh curst event! and oh unlook'd-for aid!

Melanthius or the women have betray'd—— 165

Oh my dear son!——The father with a sigh:

Then ceas'd; the filial virtue made reply.

Falseness is folly, and 'tis just to own

The fault committed; this was mine alone;

My haste neglected yonder door to bar, 170

And hence the villain has supply'd their war.

Run good Eumæus then, and (what before

I thoughtless err'd in) well secure that door:

conjecture that Melanthius brought them at several times; thus a little lower we find him going again, for arms to furnish the rest of the Suitors. P.

Ver. 167.] *Paradise Lost*, v. 371,

Whom this *th' angelic virtue* answer'd mild,

Ver. 172. *Run good Eumæus, &c.*] This passage, where Telemachus bids Eumæus go and see who brings the arms, proves that Telemachus did not before absent himself from the battle out of cowardice: here he chuses to partake the danger with Ulysses, and sends Eumæus and Philætiſ to execute his orders; a sign that he does not consult his safety at the expence of his honour. *Eustathius*.

But it may seem extraordinary, that Ulysses and Telemachus should be in doubt to know the person who brought the arms to the Suitors; especially when Agelaus had held a publick conference with Melanthius in order to it; but, answers *Eustathius*, they spoke with a low voice, and at a proper distance from Ulysses.

Learn if by female fraud this deed were done,
Or (as my thought misgives) by Dolius' son. 175

While yet they spoke, in quest of arms again
To the high chamber stole the faithless swain,
Not unobserv'd. Eumæus watchful ey'd,
And thus address'd Ulysses near his side.

The miscreant we suspected takes that way; 180
Him, if this arm be pow'rful, shall I slay?
Or drive him hither, to receive the meed
From thy own hand, of this detested deed?

Not so (reply'd Ulysses) leave him there,
For us sufficient is another care: 185
Within the stricture of this palace wall
To keep inclos'd his masters 'till they fall.

It may also be objected, that Melanthius could not possibly bring the arms without the observation of Ulysses and his friends. To solve this difficulty we must have recourse to the second private door, or *ὀρθόθυρον*, mentioned in a former annotation: by this passage he ascends and descends without a discovery; that passage standing in such a situation, as not to be visible to those who were on the opposite side of the palace. What may seem to contradict this observation is, what Homer afterwards adds, for he directly tells us, that Eumæus observed that the person who brought the arms was Melanthius; but that expression may only imply, that he saw Melanthius going from the rest of the company, and hastening towards that ascent, and therefore justly concludes him to be the person. P.

Ver. 176.] So Chapman:

While these spake thus, Melanthius went *again*
For more faire armes; whom the renowned *swaine*
Eumæus saw.

Ver. 187. *To keep inclos'd his masters — —*] It may be asked,

Go you and seize the felon ; backward bind
 His arms and legs, and fix a plank behind ;
 On this, his body by strong cords extend, 190
 And on a column near the roof suspend ;
 So study'd tortures his vile days shall end.

The ready swains obey'd with joyful haste,
 Behind the felon unperceiv'd they past,
 As round the room in quest of arms he goes: 195
 (The half-shut door conceal'd his lurking foes)
 One hand sustain'd a helm, and one the shield
 Which old Laertes wont in youth to wield,

when Eumæus retires from the guard of the passage, what hinders the Suitors from seizing it, and by it giving notice to the city of their danger? What Ulysses here says obviates this objection. He tells Eumæus, that he and Telemachus will defend it against all the efforts of his enemies ; by this expression he gives us to understand, that Telemachus shall post himself in the place of Eumæus, and make it good till he has executed justice upon Melanthius. P.

Ver. 193.] We might thus supersede these imperfect rhymes:
 The ready swains with joyful haste obey ;
 Steal to the felon, unperceiv'd, their way.

Ver. 197. *One hand sustain'd a helm, and one the shield.*] We see Melanthius after a diligent search finds only one helm and one shield ; and the shield is described as almost spoiled with age : from hence Eustathius gathers that there were no more left in the armoury ; for it is probable that Melanthius would not have returned with so few arms if he could have found more ; nor would he have brought the decayed shield, if he could have supplied himself with a stronger ; so that all the arms of Ulysses were seventeen helmets, twelve at first delivered to the Suitors by Melanthius, one more he was now bringing, and Ulysses and his friends were in possession of four : there were the same number of

Cover'd with dust, with dryness chapt and worn,
 The brass corroded, and the leather torn : 200
 Thus laden, o'er the threshold as he stept,
 Fierce on the villain from each side they leapt,
 Back by the hair the trembling dastard drew,
 And down reluctant on the pavement threw.
 Active and pleas'd, the zealous swains fulfil 205
 At ev'ry point their master's rigid will :
 First, fast behind, his hands and feet they bound,
 Then streighten'd cords involv'd his body round :
 So drawn aloft, athwart the column ty'd,
 The howling felon swung from side to side. 210
 Eumæus scoffing then, with keen disdain ;
 There pass thy pleasing night, oh gentle swain !
 On that soft pillow, from that envy'd height
 First may'st thou see the springing dawn of
 light ;
 So timely rise, when morning streaks the east, 215
 To drive thy victims to the Suitors feast.

shields, and twenty spears, twelve given to the Suitors, and eight to the assistants of Ulysses. This was his private armoury for the defence of his palace : and we are not to conclude, that these were the whole arms of the nation ; there probably was a publick repository for armour for the publick use of their armies against their enemies. P.

Ver. 213.] Our poet seems to have glanced on Chapman :

— — — — — Now you may
 All night keepe watch heere, and the earliest day
 Discerne (*being hung so high*) :
 a reason implied, but not specified, in their original.

This said, they left him, tortur'd as he lay,
 Secur'd the door, and hasty strode away:
 Each breathing death, resum'd his dang'rous post
 Near great Ulysses; four against an host. 220
 When lo! descending to her hero's aid
 Jove's daughter Pallas, War's triumphant maid:
 In Mentor's friendly form she join'd his side;
 Ulysses saw, and thus with transport cry'd.

Come, ever welcome, and thy succour lend; 225
 Oh ev'ry sacred name in one! my friend!
 Early we lov'd, and long our loves have grown:
 Whate'er thro' life's whole series I have done
 Or good, or grateful, now to mind recall,
 And aiding this one hour, repay it all. 230

Thus he; but pleasing hopes his bosom warm
 Of Pallas latent in the friendly form.
 The adverse host the phantom warrior ey'd,
 And first loud threat'ning, Agelaüs cry'd.

Mentor beware, nor let that tongue persuade
 Thy frantick arm to lend Ulysses aid; 236
 Our force successful shall our threat make good,
 And with the fire's and son's commix thy blood.

Ver. 225.] The translator has here expanded into *three* couplets
two verses only of his author; which may be thus exhibited:

Mentor, remember thy kind friend, and ward
 This evil off; our years and souls the same.

Ver. 226.] Eloisa, ver. 154.

And all those tender names in one, they love.

What hop'st thou here? Thee first the sword
shall slay,

Then lop thy whole posterity away; 240

Far hence thy banish'd consort shall we send;

With his, thy forfeit lands and treasures blend;

Thus, and thus only, shalt thou join thy friend. }

His barb'rous insult ev'n the Goddess fires,

Who thus the warrior to revenge inspires. 245

Art thou Ulysses? where then shall we find

The patient body and the constant mind?

That courage, once the Trojans daily dread,

Known nine long years, and felt by heroes dead?

Ver. 246. *Art thou Ulysses? &c.*] Pallas is here an allegorical deity, and represents the courage and wisdom which was exerted by Ulysses in the destruction of the Suitors: the Poet puts the words into the mouth of a goddess, to give ornament and dignity to his poetry; but they are only the suggestions of his own heart, which reproaches him for being so slow in punishing the insolence of his adversaries. If we take them in this sense they will be in the nature of a soliloquy: the Poet indeed was obliged to introduce a deity, to give importance to the decisive action of his whole poem: thus Jupiter assists Æneas in Virgil; Minerva, Achilles in the Iliad, and the same goddess Ulysses here in the Odyssey. I very well know that all these passages have been blamed by some criticks, as derogatory to the courage of these heroes, who cannot conquer their enemies but through the assistance of a deity. The reader may be pleased to look back for a full vindication of Homer and Virgil, to lib. iii. note on ver. 481 of the Odyssey.

We may observe that a deity descends to assist Ulysses, but that the Suitors are left to their own conduct: this furnishes us with a very just and pious moral, and teaches us that heaven guards and assists good men in adversity, but abandons the wicked, and lets them perish for their follies. P.

And where that conduct, which reveng'd the lust
 Of Priam's race, and laid proud Troy in dust? 251
 If this, when Helen was the cause, were done;
 What for thy country now, thy queen, thy son?
 Rise then in combat, at my side attend;
 Observe what vigour Gratitude can lend, 255
 And foes how weak, oppos'd against a friend!

She spoke; but willing longer to survey
 The fire and son's great acts, withheld the day;
 By farther toils decreed the brave to try,
 And level pois'd the wings of Victory: 260
 Then with a change of form eludes their fight,
 Perch'd like a swallow on a rafter's height,
 And unperceiv'd, enjoys the rising fight.

Ver. 256.] Better, perhaps,

— — — — oppos'd *by such* a friend.

Ver. 262. *Perch'd like a swallow* — —] We have seen the deities, both in the Iliad and Odyssey, changing themselves into the shape of birds: thus lib. vii. ver. 67 of the Iliad,

Th' Athenian maid, and glorious God of day
 With silent joy the settling hosts survey,
 In form like vultures, on the beech's height
 They sit conceal'd, and wait the future fight.

This perhaps may be the occasion of all such fictions. The superstition of the heathen world induced the antients to believe that the appearance of any bird in a critical hour was a sign of the presence of a divinity, and by degrees they began to persuade themselves, that the Gods appeared to them in the form of those birds. Hence arose all the honours paid to augurs, and the reliance upon divination drawn from the flight of birds; and almost every deity had a bird sacred to him. The eagle to Jupiter, the peacock to Juno, &c. Pallas here takes the form

Damastor's son, bold Agelaüs, leads
 The guilty war; Eurynomus succeeds; 265
 With these, Pisander great Polyctor's son,
 Sage Polybus, and stern Amphimedon,
 With Demoptolemus: these six survive;
 The best of all, the shafts had left alive.
 Amidst the carnage desp'rate as they stand, 270
 Thus Agelaüs rous'd the lagging band.

The hour is come, when yon' fierce man no
 more
 With bleeding princes shall bestrow the floor:
 Lo! Mentor leaves him with an empty boast;
 The four remain, but four against an host. 275
 Let each at once discharge the deadly dart,
 One sure of six shall reach Ulysses' heart:
 Thus shall one stroke the glory lost regain:
 The rest must perish, their great leader slain.
 Then all at once their mingled lances threw,
 And thirsty all of one man's blood they flew; 281

of a swallow, because it is a domestick bird, and therefore
 may be said to appear within the walls of the palace with most
 probability. P.

The translator might cast an eye on Ogilby:
 Up to a golden beam she takes her flight,
 And like a swallow perch'd, to see the *fight*,
 When Agelaus, old Damastor's son,
 Eurynomus, and young *Amphimedon*—.

Ver. 279.] Or, more faithfully,
 The rest *I reck not*, their great leader slain.
 Ver. 280.] So Chapman:

In vain! Minerva turn'd them with her breath,
 And scatter'd short, or wide, the points of death;
 With deaden'd sound, one on the threshold falls,
 One strikes the gate, one rings against the
 walls; 285

The storm past innocent. The god-like man
 Now loftier trod, and dreadful thus began.
 'Tis now (brave friends) our turn, at once to
 throw

(So speed 'em heav'n) our jav'lines at the foe.
 That impious race to all their past misdeeds 290
 Would add our blood. Injustice still proceeds.

He spoke: at once their fiery lances flew:
 Great Demoptolemus, Ulysses flew;
 Euryades receiv'd the prince's dart;
 The goatherd's quiver'd in Pisander's heart; 295
 Fierce Elatus by thine, Eumæus, falls;
 Their fall in thunder echoes round the walls.

As he then will'd, they all at random *threw*,
 Where they suppos'd he rested; and then *flew*
 Minerva after every dart—.

Ver. 288.] Ogilby, corrected, is not inferiour, in my opinion:
Now, friends! 'tis our's to try: that impious throng
Would add our murders to their former wrong.

Ver. 297.] He might be thinking of a verse in his own
 Eloisa:

And more than echoes talk along the walls.

Chapman is more observant of his author's expression:

— — — all which tore the paved floore
 Up with their teeth.

The rest retreat: the victors now advance,
 Each from the dead resumes his bloody lance.
 Again the foe discharge the steely show'r; 300
 Again made frustrate by the virgin-pow'r.
 Some, turn'd by Pallas, on the threshold fall,
 Some wound the gate, some ring against the wall;
 Some weak, or pond'rous with the brazen head,
 Drop harmless, on the pavement sounding dead.

Then bold Amphimedon his jav'lin cast; 306
 Thy hand, Telemachus, it lightly raz'd:
 And from Ctesippus' arm the spear elanc'd
 On good Eumæus' shield and shoulder glanc'd;
 Not lessen'd of their force (so slight the wound) 310
 Each fung along, and dropp'd upon the ground.

Ver. 298. — — — *the victors now advance,*

Each from the dead resumes his bloody lance.]

The danger beginning to abate by the fall of the chief of the enemy, Ulysses advances from his stand: there was a necessity for this conduct: Ulysses and his three assistants had killed four enemies with their spears; and consequently the Poet was obliged to supply them with fresh weapons, otherwise, if they had discharged their spears once more, they must have been left naked and defenceless, having only two a-piece brought by Telemachus. This observation shews the exactness which Homer maintains in his relation. P.

Ver. 306.] Shocking rhymes! and the whole series seems to have been formed from Ogilby:

Whate're th' attempt, Pallas made fruitless *fall*:

This hits the floor, the gate this, that the *wall*.

Telemachus hand Amphimedons javelin *rac'd*,

The point the skin scarce piercing, over-*past*

Eumæus shoulder; Ctesippus his *lance*,

Flying ore his target, did a little *glance*,

And scarce blood fetching, lighted on the *ground*.

Fate doom'd thee next, Eurydamus, to bear
 Thy death, ennobled by Ulysses' spear.
 By the bold son Amphimedon was slain :
 And Polybus renown'd the faithful swain. 315
 Pierc'd thro' the breast the rude Ctesippus bled,
 And thus Philæti^{us} gloried o'er the dead.

There end thy pompous vaunts and high dis-
 dain ;
 Oh sharp in scandal, voluble and vain !
 How weak is mortal pride ! To heav'n alone 320
 Th' event of actions and our fates are known :
 Scoffer, behold what gratitude we bear :
 The victim's heel is answer'd with this spear.

Ver. 323. *The victim's heel is answer'd with this spear.*] This refers to a passage in the latter end of the twentieth Book of the Odyssey, where Ctesippus throws the foot of a bullock at Ulysses. Philæti^{us} here gives him a mortal wound with his spear, and tells him it is a return for the foot of the bullock. Eustathius informs us, that this became a proverb, τὸ τοῦ ἀντιπαραδοῦς ξεινήιον, to express a return of evil for evil ; the like may be observed of the death of Antinous, who was killed as he lifted the bowl to drink.

Πολλὰ μεταξὺ πείλει κύλιχ' καὶ χεῖλε' ἄκρα.

Which is exactly rendered by our proverb, *Many things happen between the cup and the lip.* Thus likewise the kindness of Cyclops was used proverbially, to denote a severe injury disguised under a seeming civility ; that monster having promised Ulysses mercy, but it was only the mercy to devour him last. These little instances prove the great veneration the antients had for Homer. P.

Ogilby keeps close to his author, and is not contemptible :

Take this return for th' hospitable hoof
 Thou sent'st Ulysses, under his own roof
 Craving thy alms.

Ulysses brandish'd high his vengeful steel,
 And Damastorides that instant fell ; 325
 Fast by Leocritus expiring lay,
 The prince's jav'lin tore its bloody way
 Thro' all his bowels : down he tumbles prone,
 His batter'd front and brains besmear the stone.

Now Pallas shines confess'd ; aloft she spreads
 The arm of vengeance o'er their guilty heads ; 331
 The dreadful ægis blazes in their eye ;
 Amaz'd they see, they tremble, and they fly :
 Confus'd, distracted, thro' the rooms they fling,
 Like oxen madden'd by the breeze's sting, 335
 When sultry days, and long, succeed the gentle
 spring.

Ver. 329.] This exceeds all moderation. His author dictates the following amendment, which is perfectly exact :

Full with his forehead dashing on the stone.

Ver. 332. *The dreadful ægis* -- --] This shield is at large described, lib. v. of the Iliad.

-- round the margin roll'd,

A fringe of serpents, hissing, guard the gold :

Here all the terrors of grim war appear ;

Here rages Force, here tremble Flight and Fear ;

Here storm'd Contention, and here Fury frown'd,

And the dire orb portentous Gorgon crown'd.

We see the terrible effects which the shield causes are created by the Poet into a kind of beings, and animated to fight on the side of his hero. P.

Ver. 335. *Like oxen, &c.*] The fury of the battle being now over ; Homer pauses with the action ; and letting his fancy rove in search of foreign ornaments, beautifies and enlivens the horrors of it with two similitudes, drawn from subjects very distant

Not half so keen, fierce vultures of the chace
Stoop from the mountains on the feather'd race,

from the terrours they are brought to illustrate. The former of an herd of cattle, represents the confusion and affright of the Suitors; the latter of the birds, their weakness and unavailing flight. The gadfly shews the fury and close pursuit of Ulysses and his assistants, the hawks their courage, and superiour power. *Eustathius*. Virgil at large describes this breefe-fly. Georg. iii.

About th' Alburnian groves, with holly green,
Of winged insects mighty swarms are seen:
This flying plague, to mark its quality,
Oestros the Grecians call, *afilus*, we:
A fierce loud buzzing breefe: their stings draw blood;
And drive the cattle gadding thro' the wood,
Seiz'd with unusual pains they loudly cry, &c.

Dryden.

This description shews that it is no ill-chosen similitude; it very well paints the Suitors flying in an herd, and Ulysses wounding them as they fly.

The latter simile from the hawks, affords some curiosity in regard to the antient manner of that sport. It is evident, says *Dacier*, that this passage is an instance, that flying of birds of prey, in the nature of our hawking, was practised by the antients: the nets, called by Homer *νέφεια*, were fixed in the plain ground; the fowlers with their falcons took their station upon the adjoining eminences; when the birds, driven from this rising ground, flew to the plain, they met with the nets, and endeavouring to escape them, crowded into flocks: then the hawk or vulture was loosed, and descending upon his prey, flew them in multitudes; for the birds were incapable of resisting, and at the same time were afraid of the nets, and therefore could not escape: this is the reason why the fowlers are said to rejoice at the sport: a plain indication, that the Poet intended to describe the sportman's flying his bird at the prey. That the word *νέφεια* signifies *nets*, is evident from *Aristophanes*, *μὰ νεφέλας, μὰ δίκτυα*, that is, *I swear by my nets*: *Hesychius* is of the same opinion, *νέφεια*, says that author, signifies the *clouds*, καὶ λίνα θηρατικά, *hunters nets*.

When, the wide field extended snares beset,
With conscious dread they shun the quiv'ring net:

Eustathius directly affirms, that in his time this sport was practised in many countries; and the place where the nets were fixed was called νεφελοσασία. That author construes these words νέφεα πλώσσεσθαι ἱέναι, as if ἱπὶ were to be understood, to express the rushing of the birds against the net; but there is no occasion for this violence to the text, for by joining νέφεα with πλώσσεσθαι, the period will be plain, and signify, that through fear of the net they fly with violence to avoid it. Monsieur Dacier has a pretty observation upon this sport; and shews us that the antients were used to take even deer with nets, by flying at them birds of prey, in conformity to this description of Homer: this is manifest from a passage in Arrian, lib. ii. c. 1. where he speaks of men placing their fears where they have nothing to fear: Λοιπὸν, ἡμεῖς τὸ τῶν ἐλάφῳ πάσχομεν ὅτε φοβῶνται φεύγεσθαι αἱ ἐλαφαὶ τὰ πτηνὰ, πῶς τρέπονται; καὶ πρὸς τινὰ (τόπον) ἀναχωρῶσιν ὡς ἀσφαλῆ; πρὸς τὰ δίκτυα, καὶ ἔτις ἀπόλλυνται, ἐναλλάξασθαι τὰ φοβερά καὶ τὰ θάρραλέα. “ For what remains, we are like deer, for they fearing the birds that are
“ flown at them, what course do they take? To what place of
“ refuge do they run to be in security? To the nets, and so
“ perish, mistaking their danger for their greatest safety.” Minerva, in this similitude, is the bird of prey descending from the mountain; for she it is who scatters the Suitors by displaying her *egis* from the roof of the palace: this is the opinion of Eustathius: but in the winding up of the comparison, Homer plainly by the vulture denotes Ulysses and his assistants (though perhaps not exclusively of the Goddess) for in the application he writes:

Ὡς ἄρα τοὶ μνηστῆρας ἐπισσώμενοι κατὰ δῶμα

Τύπλον. — — —

P.

So Chapman:

The high-fed bullocks flye; whom in the *spring*

(When dayes are long) gadbees, or *breezes sting*.

Ver. 337.] Ogilby gives the best account of this *simile*, but none of the translators appear to me sufficiently to have discerned the purport of the passage; of which I shall, therefore, give a literal and very plain translation:

No help, no flight; but wounded ev'ry way, 341
 Headlong they drop: the fowlers seize the prey.
 On all sides thus they double wound on wound,
 In prostrate heaps the wretches beat the ground,
 Unmanly shrieks precede each dying groan, 345
 And a red deluge floats the reeking stone.

Leiodes first before the victor falls:
 The wretched augur thus for mercy calls.
 O gracious hear, nor let thy suppliant bleed:
 Still undishonour'd or by word or deed 350

When vultures, with curv'd beaks and crooked claws,
 From the tall cliffs soufe down on lesser birds,
 Some skulking rush into the nets thro' fear,
 That spread the plain; some fall a helpless prey
 To their swift foe: the fowlers joy the spoil.

Concerning this sense of the Greek word *νεφεα*, the reader may consult my note on the *Trachiniæ* of Sophocles, ver. 831.

Ver. 347. *Leiodes first before the victor falls:*

The wretched augur — — —]

This Leiodes is the last person who survives of the Suitors; he was an augur and a prophet, and ought therefore to have followed wiser counsels: he tells Ulysses that he endeavoured to restrain the Suitors from their insolence; but he himself aspired to the bed of Penelope, and consequently was an associate in their conspiracies. Leiodes falls without resistance; and indeed it would have been very improper to have represented him encountering Ulysses in a single combat, when above an hundred had not been able to stand before him: besides, fighting is out of the character of Leiodes; he was not a man of the sword, but an augur: it would therefore have been contrary to his function, to have drawn him engaging Ulysses; and consequently it is with great propriety that he is described falling not as a warrior, but as a suppliant. P.

This speech is very well done.

Thy house, for me, remains ; by me repress'd
 Full oft was check'd th' injustice of the rest :
 Averse they heard me when I counsell'd well,
 Their hearts were harden'd, and they justly fell.
 Oh spare an augur's consecrated head, 355
 Nor add the blameless to the guilty dead.

Priest as thou art ! for that detested band
 Thy lying prophecies deceiv'd the land :
 Against Ulysses have thy vows been made ;
 For them, thy daily orisons were paid : 360
 Yet more, ev'n to our bed thy pride aspires :
 One common crime one common fate requires.

Thus speaking, from the ground the sword he
 took
 Which Agelaüs' dying hand forfok ;
 Full thro' his neck the weighty falchion sped : 365
 Along the pavement roll'd the mutt'ring head.

Phemius alone the hand of vengeance spar'd,
 Phemius the sweet, the heav'n-instructed bard.
 Beside the gate the rev'rend minstrel stands ;
 The lyre, now silent, trembling in his hands ; 370

Ver. 365.] Ogilby renders :
 With this he took him on the neck so just,
 His head lop'd off lay *muttering* in the dust.

Ver. 366.] He omits an important clause of his author, which
 I shall give in a correction of Ogilby :

But *minstrel* Phemius, whom against his will
 The Suitors forc't to sing, he *spar'd* to kill.

Ver. 370.] Thus in his *Eloisa* :
 The hallow'd taper *trembling in thy hands*.

Dubious to supplicate the chief, or fly
To Jove's inviolable altar nigh,

Ver. 371. *Dubious — — — if to fly
To Jove's inviolable altar nigh, &c.]*

This altar of Jupiter Hercæus stood in the palace-yard; so called from ἔρκυς, *the out-wall inclosing the court-yard*. It stood in the open air, where they sacrificed to Jupiter the guardian, or protector; and within the palace to Ζεὺς ἐστῆχος.

Jupiter was worshipped under the same name by the Romans. Thus Ovid,

“ Cui nihil Hercæi profuit ara Jovis.”

The altar mentioned by Virgil, *Æneid ii.* was of the same nature: to which Priam fled at the taking of Troy.

Uncover'd but by heav'n, there stood in view
An altar; near the hearth a laurel grew,
Dodder'd with age; whose boughs encompass round
The household Gods, and shade the holy ground.

These altars were places of sanctuary, and by flying to them the person was thought to be under the immediate protection of the Deity, and therefore in some cases inviolable. The same practice prevailed among the Jews, for we find frequently in the scriptures that it was customary to fly to the altar as to a place of refuge, which is evident from the expression of laying hold on the horns of the altar. This is the reason why Phemius entertains an intention to fly to the altar of Jupiter Hercæus. Plutarch, in his treatise upon Musick, informs us, that Demodocus was reported to have wrote a poem, intitled, *The Destruction of Troy*: and Phemius another, called, *The Return of the Grecian Captains*: but by these Poets Homer probably means only himself, who was author of two poems, the *Iliad*, and the *Odyssey*. Homer (remarks Eustathius) plainly shews us the notion he had of the great qualifications that were necessary to form a good Poet. He must sing of men and Gods; that is, be thoroughly acquainted with all things both human and divine; he must be αὐτοδίδακτος, or *self-taught*; that is, as we express it, he must be a genius; he must have a natural ability, which is indeed to be improved, but not capable of being learned by study: he adds, that besides this

Where oft' Laertes holy vows had paid,
 And oft' Ulysses smoking victims laid.
 His honour'd harp with care he first set down,
 Between the laver and the silver throne ; 376

felicity of nature, he must have an heavenly inspiration ; this implies that he must have a kind of enthusiasm, an elevation of soul which is not to be obtained by labour and industry, and consequently is the gift of heaven. Thus Pindar,

— — — σοφὰς ὁ πνυλ-

λὰ εἰδὼς φυᾶ.

Μαθόντες δὲ, λάτροι

Παγλωσσία, κόρακες ὦς,

"Ακρανία γαρεύετον.

The bards, whom true poetick flame inspires,
 Receive from nature more than human fires ;
 In vain from arts alone they tune the voice,
 Like crows they croak, nor is it song, but noise.

This is the *Mens Divinior* of Horace : by industry men may become great scholars and philosophers ; but no man was ever a great poet, without being in the strictest sense a great genius. I will only add, that Aristotle in his *Rhet.* i. 7. quotes this hemistick αὐτοδιδάκτος, &c. as an instance that natural are more excellent than acquired abilities ; he gives the reason of it ; namely, because they are more uncommon, and not to be obtained by human industry. Maximus Tyrius has a criticism upon it. How (objects that author) can it be said that the Poet is self-taught, if the Gods teach him to sing ? The answer is easy, Homer means that he has no human instructor, and only opposes natural to acquired abilities. It is observable that Maximus Tyrius erroneously quotes the verse, *Dissert.* xxii. for he writes, Θεοὶ δὲ μοὶ ᾠπασαν ὁμφὴν, instead of

— — — Θεὸς δὲ μοὶ ἐν φρεσὶν οἶμας

Παντοίας ἀνέφυσεν — — —

He likewise puts the words in the mouth of Demodocus, which are here spoken by Phemius ; he undoubtedly quoted by memory.

What Homer adds after all this, to raise the character of his Poet, is very remarkably moral. That he never turned his talents to flattery, nor was it voluntarily that he served or entertained unworthy men, but was merely compelled to it by their violence. P.

Then prostrate stretch'd before the dreadful man,
Persuasive, thus, with accent soft began.

O king! to mercy be thy soul inclin'd,
And spare the poet's ever-gentle kind. 380

A deed like this thy future fame would wrong,
For dear to Gods and men is sacred song.

Self-taught I sing; by heav'n, and heav'n alone,
The genuine seeds of poesy are sown;

And (what the Gods bestow) the lofty lay, 385

To Gods alone, and god-like worth, we pay.

Save then the poet, and thyself reward;

'Tis thine to merit, mine is to record.

That here I sung, was force and not desire;

This hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire:

And let thy son attest, nor sordid pay, 391

Nor servile flatt'ry, stain'd the moral lay.

The moving words Telemachus attends,

His fire approaches, and the bard defends.

Ver. 383] So Chapman:

I of my selfe am taught: for God *alone*,
All sorts of song hath in my bosome *sowne*.

There are some very delicate touches indeed in our Poet's version of this speech, executed, we may be sure, with peculiar affection.

Ver. 385.] These *two* couplets, of which the latter is faulty in it's rhymes, are expanded from the subjoined portion of his author:

— — — — to thee, as to a God, my office fits
To sing: forbear to shed thy suppliant's blood.

Oh mix not, father, with those impious dead 395
 The man divine; forbear that sacred head;
 Medon the herald too our arms may spare,
 Medon, who made my infancy his care;
 If yet he breathes, permit thy son to give
 Thus much to gratitude, and bid him live. 400

Beneath a table, trembling with dismay,
 Couch'd close to earth, unhappy Medon lay,
 Wrapt in a new slain ox's ample hide:
 Swift at the word he cast his skreen aside,
 Sprung to the prince, embrac'd his knee with
 tears, 405

And thus with grateful voice address'd his ears:

Oh prince! O friend! lo here thy Medon
 stands;

Ah stop the hero's unresisted hands,
 Incens'd too justly by that impious brood,
 Whose guilty glories now are set in blood. 410

Ver. 397.] Thus Ogilby:

— — — — — ah! *spare*;

And Medon too, who still of me took *care*.

Ver. 399.] Ogilby gives his author exactly:

If by Philæti^{us}, or Eumæus, he

Not yet be slain, nor in the charge by thee.

Ver. 407.] Our translator might glance on Hobbes:

— — — — — Oh friend, loe here I *stand*;

Forbear I pray, and to your father be

A means that also he may hold his *band*.

Ver. 410.] This fine verse is added by the translator.

To whom Ulysses with a pleasing eye :
 Be bold, on friendship and my son rely ;
 Live, an example for the world to read,
 How much more safe the good than evil deed :
 Thou, with the heav'n-taught bard, in peace
 resort 415
 From blood and carnage to yon' open court :
 Me other work requires—With tim'rous awe
 From the dire scene th' exempted two withdraw,
 Scarce fure of life, look round, and trembling
 move
 To the bright altars of protector Jove. 420

Ver. 411.] I see no objection to a closer conformity with his author thus :

— — — — — with a *smiling* eye :
 and so our poet himself in his immortal Eloisa :

Those *smiling* eyes, attemp'ring every ray.

Ver. 413. *Live, an example for the world to read,
 How much more safe the good than evil deed.*]

The moral intended to be taught by the fable of the Odysssey is, to shew virtue, though long in distress, at length triumphant ; and vice, though long successful, unfortunate in the conclusion : it is to this effect that Ulysses here speaks ; and to give his words more weight, he throws them into a sentence. It is with excellent judgment that it is here placed by Homer : the punishment is no sooner over but Ulysses declares the equity of it ; he speaks to all mankind, and lays it down as an universal truth, that virtue is to be preferred before vice, and invites us to the practice of the former, by shewing the success of it in his own victory ; and deters us from the latter, by representing the ill consequences of it in the destruction of the Suitors. P.

Ver. 420.] Or rather, with more specification :
 To the bright altars of *domestic* Jove.

Meanwhile Ulysses search'd the dome, to find
 If yet there live of all th' offending kind.
 Not one ! compleat the bloody tale he found,
 All steep'd in blood, all gasping on the ground.
 So, when by hollow shores the fisher train ⁴²⁵ }
 Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main, }
 And scarce the meshy toils the copious draught }
 contain,

Ogilby, with slight alteration, is very correct:

*Then by the altar of great Jove they sat,
 And look about, and still expect their fate.*

Ver. 423.] Here our translator uses *tale* for *number*, as Milton, I suppose, in his Allegro :

*And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.*

And hence arises, I apprehend, an easy explanation of a passage in Macbeth, i. 3.

— — — — — As thick as *tale*
 Come post with post :

i. e. come *numerous* : as close together as a row of numbers, in a continued line. See my Silva Critica, part ii. page 16.

Ver. 425. *So when by hollow shores the fisher train
 Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main.*]

The antients, remarks Eustathius, observe that this is the only place where Homer manifestly speaks of catching fish with nets: for those words, lib. v. ver. 595. of the Iliad,

— — — — — and sweep away
 Sons, fires, and wives, an undistinguish'd prey ;

which in the Greek is expressed by ἀψῖσι λίνα ἀλόντε πανάγρη, may be applied to the taking of beasts or birds by nets, and consequently ought not to be appropriated to fishing. Thus it is evident that this art was practised very antiently amongst the Grecians ; it was likewise known early to the Hebrews and Ægyptians. Thus Isaiah xix. 8. *The fishers (of Ægypt) shall mourn, all they that cast the angle into the brook shall lament, and they that*

All naked of their element, and bare,
 The fishes pant, and gasp in thinner air;
 Wide o'er the sands are spread the stiff'ning
 prey, 430

'Till the warm sun exhales their soul away.

And now the king commands his son to call
 Old Euryclea, to the deathful hall:

The son observant not a moment stays;

The aged governess with speed obeys: 435

The founding portals instant they display;

The matron moves, the prince directs the way.

spread nets upon the waters shall languish. And that they fished the seas with nets is evident from Ezekiel xxvi. 5. *It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea.* The comparison is very just; and the last line of it gives a peculiar honour and distinction to Ulysses: that hero is the sun who kills the Suitors, in application of the similitude. P.

Ver. 431.] Thus Chapman:

— — — — But th' al-seeing beam

The sun *exhales*, hath *suckt their lives* from them.

Ver. 432.] The original stands in the form of speeches, thus:

Then the sage heroe thus bespake his son:

Go, son! and Euryclea hither call,

That she may hear the word my heart suggests.

He spake: his sire belov'd the son obeys:

He shook the door, and thus the nurse address:

Haste hither, ancient dame! whose eye inspects

The female servants of our house. Come forth:

My father calls you to receive his charge.

Straight, as he spake, the word obedience found:

all which, and, perhaps, not injudiciously, our poet has comprised in *three* lines only.

Ver. 435.] This open vowel displeases. Rather,

Their aged governess—.

On heaps of death the stern Ulysses stood,
 All black with dust, and cover'd thick with blood.
 So the grim lion from the slaughter comes, 440
 Dreadful he glares, and terribly he foams,
 His breast with marks of carnage painted o'er,
 His jaws all dropping with the bull's black gore.

Soon as her eyes the welcome object met,
 The guilty fall'n, the mighty deed compleat; 445

Ver. 439.] There was no room for such an exhibition of *dust* here; but our poet follows Ogilby, and adopts his rhymes below:

Where 'mongst the dead the king she found, all ore
 Besmear'd with blood, sprinkled *with dust and gore*.

Chapman is good and faithful:

— — — — But there the king she view'd
 Amongst the slaine, with blood and gore embrew'd.

Ver. 440. *So the grim lion, &c.*] Eustathius agrees with an observation which has been made concerning the similitudes of the *Odyssey*, lib. xvi. He here remarks that comparisons are as rare in the *Odyssey* as they are frequent in the *Iliad*; and that the difference arises from the difference of the subjects: the subject of the *Iliad* is great, and therefore properly illustrated by noble images, and a variety of sublime comparisons: the subject of the *Odyssey* requires to be related in a less exalted style, and with greater simplicity. This book is an undeniable testimony of the truth of this observation: the story of it approaches nearer to the nature of the *Iliad* than any other book of the *Odyssey*, and we find it is more adorned with comparisons than almost all the rest of the poem. P.

Ver. 442.] This novelty of expression might be suggested by Chapman:

— — — — all his hands and feete
Freckl'd with purple.

The rhymes of the preceding couplet, and of the following, are not to be approved.

A scream of joy her feeble voice essay'd:
The hero check'd her, and compos'dly said.

Woman, experienc'd as thou art, controul
Indecent joy, and feast thy secret soul.

T' insult the dead is cruel and unjust; ⁴⁵⁰
Fate, and their crime, have sunk them to the dust.
Nor heeded these the censure of mankind,
The good and bad were equal in their mind.

Ver. 447.] So Chapman:

— — — — and thus her plaints composd.

Ver. 450. *T' insult the dead is cruel and unjust.*] The word in the original is *ὀλόλυζα*, and here signifies a voice of joy. In other places it is used to denote a sorrowful lamentation. See note on ver. 573 of the third Odyssey. I am wonderfully pleased with the noble sentiment of Ulysses contained in these lines. It is full of piety and humanity: good nature feels for the sufferings of any of its fellow-creatures. Even in punishment we are to remember, that those we punish are men, and inflict it as a necessary justice, not as a triumph. Such here is the conduct of Ulysses; he is so far from rejoicing in his success, that he restrains others from it; and seems to be a mourner at the funeral of his enemies. He falls into the same thought with Job xxxi. 29. *If I rejoiced at the destruction of him that hated me, or lifted up myself when evil found him: if I suffered my mouth to sin, by wishing a curse to his soul, &c.*

Were a prince, who makes war for glory, to stand upon a field of battle immediately after victory, amidst the horrors of the dead, and the groans of the dying; it would surely mortify his ambition to see such horrible monuments of his glory. If the death of thousands of brave men were weighed in a scale against a name, a popular empty breath of a multitude, and if reason held the ballance, how easily would the disproportion be discovered? P.

Or thus?

To scoff the dead—.

Ver. 453. *The good and bad were equal in their mind.*] There

Justly the price of worthlessness they paid,
And each now wails an unlamented shade. 455

But thou sincere ! Oh Euryclea, say,
What maids dishonour us, and what obey ?

Then she. In these thy kingly walls remain
(My son) full fifty of the handmaid train,
Taught by my care to cull the fleece, or
weave, 460

And servitude with pleasing tasks deceive ;
Of these, twice six pursue their wicked way,
Nor me nor chaste Penelope obey ;

is some obscurity in these words, *they neither respected the good nor the bad man* ; or as Homer expresses it,

Οὐ κακὸν ἐδὲ μὲν ἐσθλόν.

A reverence is due to a good man, and consequently it is a crime to deny it ; but why should it be objected to the Suitors as a fault that they despised the bad man, whose actions deserved to be despised ? Eustathius answers, κακὸς may signify ταπεινὸς, or a person of a low condition, the poor man, or the stranger ; and this justifies the assertion : but perhaps the person uses it to shew that they despised and outraged all men universally without distinction, whether persons of probity or dishonesty ; they considered not the condition of others, but were insolent to all mankind. P.

Ver. 462. *Of these, twice six pursue their wicked way.*] It is remarkable, observes Monsieur Bayle, that of fifty women, so few as twelve only should yield to the desires of the Suitors. But it is not indeed affirmed that the rest were ever tempted by any importunities. Plutarch, in his treatise of Education, informs us, that Bion wittily applied this passage to the study of the sciences : when the Suitors failed in their attempts upon Penelope, they condescended to address her maids : so men who are not capable of understanding philosophy, busy themselves with studies of no value. P.

Nor fits it that Telemachus command
 (Young as he is) his mother's female band. 465
 Hence to the upper chambers let me fly,
 Where slumbers soft now close the royal eye;
 There wake her with the news—The matron
 cry'd;
 Not so (Ulysses more sedate reply'd)

Ver. 464. *Nor fits it that Telemachus command*

(Young as he is) his mother's female band.]

This, remarks Eustathius, is an instance of the maternal wisdom of Penelope; and at the same time a vindication of Telemachus for not restraining the insolence and immodesty of these female servants; they were out of his jurisdiction, and immediately under the protection of Penelope. But is not this removal of the fault from Telemachus, an imputation upon the queen? and if the son wanted an excuse for not punishing their crimes, is the mother unblameable, who not only permits the disorder of their lives, but forbids Telemachus to redress it? Is it to be supposed that this chaste matron was more indulgent to female frailty than Telemachus? The true reason is, Telemachus could not, and Penelope durst not, shew a just resentment against these criminals: they had too great an interest in the chief of the Suitors to stand in awe of the queen, or fear her vengeance. This is evident, for Penelope herself was in a great measure in their power, and the same authority that supported the Suitors in their insolence against the queen, would support these females against her revenge for their immodesty. P.

Ver. 467.] Thus his author:

Some god in slumber seals the royal eye.

Ver. 469. *Not so (Ulysses more sedate reply'd)].* Ulysses gives this injunction, because he is unwilling to wound the eyes of Penelope with a spectacle of such horror as the dead bodies and blood of the Suitors. It was indeed necessary to find some reasonable pretext for not introducing the queen immediately; this might be expected from the fondness and affection of an husband towards a beloved wife, and therefore Ulysses makes even his

Bring first the crew who wrought these guilty
deeds. 470

In haste the matron parts : the king proceeds.

Now to dispose the dead, the care remains
To you, my son, and you, my faithful swains ;
Th' offending females to that task we doom,
To wash, to scent, and purify the room. 475
These (ev'ry table cleans'd, and ev'ry throne,
And all the melancholy labour done)

fondness for her a reason why he delays his discovery, namely, his care not to grieve her with such a terrible scene of slaughter : besides, the death of the female servants is to succeed, and it would have been indecent to have made her assisting or present at their execution. The Poet reaps a further advantage from this conduct ; for by it he introduces the discovery to Penelope, in a time of leisure, and finds an opportunity to describe at large that surprising and tender incident. P.

Ver. 476.] So Chapman :

— — — — Clense each boord and *throne*
With wetted sponges ; which, with fittest, *done*,
He bad take all the strumpets, 'twixt the *wall*
Of his first court—.

Ver. 477. — — — *the melancholy labour done*

Drive to yon' court — — —]

It would in these ages, observes Dacier, be thought barbarous in a king to command his son to perform an execution of so much horror : but antiently it was thought no dishonour : thus in the scriptures, Gideon having taken Zeba and Salmana, two Midian kings, commands his son to kill them with the sword in his presence : but, continues that author, I wish Homer had deviated from this custom, that he had given both Ulysses and Telemachus sentiments of more humanity, and spared his reader a description of such a terrible execution. I am not delighted with any thing that has a tendency to inhumanity more than that lady ; but it may be answered, that Homer was obliged to write according to

Drive to yon' court, without the palace-wall,
 There the revenging sword shall smite them all;
 So with the Suitors let them mix in dust, 480
 Stretch'd in a long oblivion of their lust.

He said: the lamentable train appear,
 Each vents a groan, and drops a tender tear;
 Each heav'd her mournful burthen, and beneath
 The porch, depos'd the ghastly heaps of death. 485
 The chief severe, compelling each to move,
 Urg'd the dire task imperious from above.

the custom of the age. Virgil has ascribed an act more cruel to the pious Æneas, who sacrifices several unfortunate young men who were his captives. Æn. xi. ver. 15.

Then, pinion'd with their hands behind appear
 Th' unhappy captives marching in the rear;
 Appointed off'rings in the victor's name,
 To sprinkle with their blood the funeral flame.

Dryden.

This act is to be ascribed to the manner of the age, and the customs of war in the days of Æneas, and not to his inhumanity: but here it may seem essential to the very nature of epick poetry to relate this act of justice: the moral of it is, to see the good rewarded and the wicked punished, in the conclusion of the fable. These criminals had been as guilty in their several capacities as the Suitors themselves; it was therefore necessary that their punishment should be set before the reader, as well as that of the Suitors. P.

Ver. 482.] Thus Ogilby:

By this the faulty female-troop *appears*,
 Aloud complaining, drown'd in trickling *tears*.

Ver. 484.] Nor otherwise Chapman:

— — — — — all which, *beneath*
 The portico, they stow'd, where death on death
 They heap't together.

With thirsty sponge they rub the tables o'er,
 (The swains unite their toil) the walls, the floor
 Wash'd with th' effusive wave, are purg'd of
 gore.

Once more the palace set in fair array, 491
 To the base court the females take their way;
 There compass'd close between the dome and
 wall,
 (Their life's last scene) they trembling wait their
 fall.

Then thus the prince. To these shall we
 afford 495

A fate so pure, as by the martial sword?
 To these, the nightly prostitutes to shame,
 And base revilers of our house and name?

Thus speaking, on the circling wall he strung
 A ship's tough cable, from a column hung; 500
 Near the high top he strain'd it strongly round,
 Whence no contending foot could reach the
 ground.

Their heads above, connected in a row,
 They beat the air with quiv'ring feet below:
 Thus on some tree hung struggling in the snare,
 The doves or thrushes flap their wings in air. 506

Ver. 502.] Much in the same manner Ogilby:

High, lest their dangling feet should touch the ground.

Ver. 505. *Thus on some tree hung struggling in the snare.*] No-
 thing can better represent to us the image of these sufferers than

Soon fled the soul impure, and left behind
The empty corse to waver with the wind.

Then forth they led Melanthius, and began
Their bloody work : they lopp'd away the man,
Morsel for dogs ! then trimm'd with brazen
sheers 511

The wretch, and shorten'd of his nose and ears ;
His hands and feet last felt the cruel steel :
He roar'd, and torments gave his soul to hell—

this similitude of a bird taken by the neck in a gin or snare. Hobbs, in his version, has omitted it ; and Dacier has abridged the whole description.

Eustathius is pleasant upon the death of these wantons. What a certain person, says he, once spoke of a fig-tree, on which his clamorous wife had hanged herself, viz. *I wish all trees bore such fruit*, may be applied to these ropes, *It were to be wished that all nooses could catch such birds*. This remark has escaped the notice of madam Dacier ; because the race of clamorous women has been long extinct, and therefore there was no occasion to prescribe a remedy for a disease unknown to these happy ages. P.

The proper application of this *simile* is more distinctly seen in Mr. Cowper :

So they, suspended by the neck, expired
All in one line together.

Ver. 508.] This open vowel is occasioned by an useless word. Thus ?

The corse to waver with the *shifting* wind.

Ver. 510.] Compare book xviii. verse 99. but who can dwell upon this horrid and abominable passage ?

Ver. 512.] So Dryden, at *Æn.* vi. 668.

Dishonest, with *lopp'd* arms, the youth appears,
Spoil'd of his nose, and *shorten'd* of his ears.

Ver. 514.] This illaudable line is added by the translator.

They wash, and to Ulysses take their way, 515
So ends the bloody business of the day.

To Euryclea then address the king:
Bring hither fire, and hither sulphur bring,
To purge the palace: then the queen attend,
And let her with her matron-train descend; 520
The matron-train with all the virgin band
Asssemble here, to learn their lord's command.

— Then Euryclea: Joyful I obey,
But cast those mean dishonest rags away;
Permit me first thy royal robes to bring: 525
Ill suits this garb the shoulders of a king.

“Bring sulphur straight and fire” (the monarch
cries)

She hears, and at the word obedient flies.

Ver. 525.] Thus Ogilby:

But I'll a robe first, and a mantle *bring*;
Such weeds not fit the person of a *king*.

Ver. 527. *Bring sulphur straight and fire — — —*] The reason why Ulysses orders sulphur to be brought, is, because every thing was thought to be polluted by a dead body, and he uses it by way of purification. The same opinion prevailed amongst the Hebrews as well as Greeks, as the scriptures inform us. Thus also in Job it is said, *Brimstone shall be scattered upon his habitation*, xviii. 15. which is thought to allude to this custom. Livy mentions this practice amongst the Romans, lib. xxx. c. 15. *Habet & in religionibus locum ad expiandas suffitu domus*.

Homer describes the female servants descending with torches; this is done to shew the exact time of the action of this book, which is comprehended in the evening of the fortieth day.

With fire and sulphur, cure of noxious fumes,
 He purg'd the walls and blood-polluted rooms.
 Again the matron springs with eager pace, 531
 And spreads her lord's return from place to place.
 They hear, rush forth, and instant round him
 stand,

A gazing throng, a torch in ev'ry hand. 534
 They saw, they knew him, and with fond embrace
 Each humbly kist his knee, or hand, or face;
 He knows them all; in all such truth appears,
 Ev'n he indulges the sweet joy of tears.

Ulysses forbids Euryclea to bring a better garment: this little particularity is inserted with judgment; for the disguise of Ulysses in the garb of a beggar contributes to increase the incredulity of Penelope, and consequently to all those doubts and fears, and that struggle between the love of a husband and the dread of an impostor, which are the subject of the succeeding book. P.

Ver. 537.] More properly, I think,

— — — — in all such *love* appears—.

With fire and sulphur, cure of noxious fumes;
He purg'd the walls and blood-polluted rooms.
Again the mason springs with eager pace,
And spreads her lord's return from place to place.
They hear, rush forth, and instant round him
stand;
A gazing throng, a torch in ev'ry hand.
They saw, they knew him, and with fond embrace
Each humbly kiss his knee, or hand, or face;
He knows them all; in all such truth appears,
Ev'n he indulges the sweet joy of tears.

Ulysses forbids Euryclides to bring a better garment; this little particularity is inserted with judgment; for the diligence of Ulysses in the guard of a beggar contributes to increase the interest of Penelope, and consequently to all those doubts and fears, and that struggle between the love of a husband and the dread of an impostor, which are the subject of the succeeding book.

Ver. 237.] More properly, I think, than a beggar, it should be, in all such cases appears.

Ulysses forbids Euryclides to bring a better garment; this little particularity is inserted with judgment; for the diligence of Ulysses in the guard of a beggar contributes to increase the interest of Penelope, and consequently to all those doubts and fears, and that struggle between the love of a husband and the dread of an impostor, which are the subject of the succeeding book.

THE
TWENTY-THIRD BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT

THE
ARTICLE
OF THE
TENTH
BOOK
OF THE
LAW
OF THE
LANDS
OF THE
CROWN
OF GREAT
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THE ARGUMENT.

EURYCLEA awakens Penelope with the news of Ulysses's return, and the death of the Suitors. Penelope scarcely credits her, but supposes some God has punished them, and descends from her apartment in doubt. At the first interview of Ulysses and Penelope, she is quite unsatisfied. Minerva restores him to the beauty of his youth; but the queen continues incredulous, till by some circumstances she is convinced, and falls into all the transports of passion and tenderness. They recount to each other all that has past during their long separation. The next morning Ulysses, arming himself and friends, goes from the city to visit his father. P.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

THIS book contains the discovery of Ulysses to Penelope. Monsieur Rapin is very severe upon some parts of it; whose objections I shall here recite.

The discovery of Ulysses to his queen was the most favourable occasion imaginable for the Poet to give us some of the nicest touches of his art; but as he has managed it, it has nothing but faint and weak surprises, cold and languishing astonishments, and very little of that delicacy and exquisiteness which ought to express a conjugal tenderness: he leaves his wife too long in doubt and distrust, and she is too cautious and circumspect; the formalities she observes in being fully assured, and her care to act with security, are set down in number and measure, lest she should fall into any mistake; and this particularity makes the story dull, in a place that so much requires briskness and liveliness. Ought not the secret instinct of her love to have inspired her with other sentiments? and should not her heart have told her, what her eyes could not? Love is penetrating, and whispers more to us than the senses can convey; but Homer understood not this philosophy: Virgil, who makes Dido foresee that Æneas designs to leave her, would have made better advantage of this favourable opportunity.

The strength of this objection consists chiefly in the long incredulity of Penelope, and the slowness she uses to make an undeniable discovery: this Rapin judges to be contrary to the passion of love, and consequently that the Poet writes unnaturally.

There is somewhat of the Frenchman in this criticism. Homer, in his opinion, wants vivacity; and if Rapin had been to have drawn Ulysses, we had seen him all transport and ecstasy. But where there is most fancy, there is often the least judgment. Penelope thought Ulysses to be dead; he had been absent twenty years; and through absence and his present disguise, he was another person from that Ulysses whom she knew, when he sailed to Troy; so that he was become an absolute stranger. From this observation we may appeal to the reader's judgment, if Penelope, without full conviction, ought to be persuaded that this person was the real Ulysses? And how could she be convinced, but by asking many questions, and descending to particularities, which must necessarily occasion delay in the discovery? If indeed Ulysses and Penelope had met after a shorter absence, when one view would have assured her that he was her real husband, then too much transport could not have been expressed by the Poet: but

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

this is not the case, she is first to know her husband, before she could or ought to express her fondness for his return, otherwise she might be in danger of misplacing it upon an impostor: but she is no sooner convinced that Ulysses is actually returned, but she receives him with as much fondness as can be expressed, or as Rapin could require.

While yet he speaks, her pow'rs of life decay,

She sickens, trembles, falls, and faints away:

At length recov'ring, to his arms she flew,

And strain'd him close, as to his breast she grew.

Till this moment the discovery was not evidently made, and her passion would have been unseasonable; but this is no sooner done, but she falls into an agony of affection. If she had here appeared cool and indifferent, there had been weight in Rapin's objections. Besides, Aristotle informs us, there was a play, called, *The False Ulysses*: it was formed upon a story of a person who designed to surprise Penelope, and told her, that he was her husband; and to confirm it, pretended to remember a bow, which he used before he went to the siege of Troy. This shews that Penelope had been in danger from impostors, and it is therefore very prudent in her to be upon the guard, and not to yield without full conviction.

But there is a dispute of a different nature mentioned by Monsieur Bayle; namely, whether if Penelope had yielded to an impostor, believing him to be really Ulysses, she had been guilty of adultery? Monsieur Basnage thus argues: "Let us suppose a wife
" transported with love for an husband, running eagerly to the
" person she mistakes for him: this woman has no design to be
" deceived, one cannot blame her ardour; it is lawful, if he
" proves her real husband: in short, her ignorance is involuntary,
" and occasioned solely by a laudable passion for her husband:
" yet if this person prove an adulterer, is the wife entirely in-
" excusable? ought her eagerness and precipitation to give her
" no uneasiness? Undoubtedly it ought, because she is supposed
" to act precipitately, without a full examination: her passion is
" stronger than her reason, and therefore she is blameable." The author of the *General Critique on Maimbourg* is more indulgent: he judges that if a woman does not refuse a strict examination out of a blameable motive, she is excusable, though she happens to oblige an impostor. "If a wife, deceived by the resemblance
" between her husband and an impostor, shall allow the latter all

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

“ the privileges of the marriage-bed, this action is no stain to her
“ chastity; and the husband would be the most unreasonable
“ creature breathing, should he blame it as a breach of conjugal
“ fidelity, provided she is no way accessory to the imposition.”

So that according to this author, though the wife is betrayed by her precipitation, yet she is to be accounted innocent; because the precipitation is occasioned by a vehemence of love for her husband. But I fear few husbands who should take their wives in such circumstances would excuse them, or believe that they had used due circumspection. In short, Monsieur Bayle rightly decides the question, by saying, that every person who acts precipitately is culpable; and that no person can act rationally, without a full and satisfactory examination. And indeed if this rule were observed, there would scarce be any room for the aforesaid supposition. The resemblance between man and man is never so perfect, but the difference, upon a strict observation, is discernible; we may therefore conclude, that a wife who should suffer such a deceit, was not very unwilling to be deceived; especially when there must be between a man and a wife a thousand particularities, which could only be known to the wife and husband, which upon a due scrutiny would discover the imposture.

I fear I shall be tedious to the reader, by mentioning another difficulty of a similar nature started by Seneca. “ If any person
“ should make an assignation with his own wife in disguise, sup-
“ posing her to be the wife of another person, would he be guilty
“ of adultery?” he answers in the affirmative; though the wife herself would be innocent; for he is guilty intentionally. This may be illustrated by the example of Jacob, who was blameless when he was deceived by Leah, who personated his wife Rachel; but Leah was culpable, though Jacob was innocent, for she very well knew that she was not wife to Jacob. But this is the province of a casuist, not of a commentator. P.

THE

TWENTY-THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THEN to the queen, as in repose she lay,
 The nurse with eager rapture speeds her way;
 The transports of her faithful heart supply
 A sudden youth, and give her wings to fly.
 And sleeps my child? the rev'rend matron cries:
 Ulysses lives! arise, my child, arise! 6

NOTES.

Ver. 6. *Ulysses lives!* — — *Ulysses comes!*] In the Greek it is literally, Ulysses is come, he is at length come to his palace. This last circumstance is not a tautology; for, observes Eustathius, a person may be returned to his country, and yet never arrive at his family: thus Agamemnon reached his dominions in safety, but was assassinated before he came to his palace. We may observe in general, that Euryclea and Penelope, through their whole conference, speak with brevity; Homer was too good a judge of

At length appears the long-expected hour !
 Ulysses comes ! the Suitors are no more !
 No more they view the golden light of day ;
 Arise, and blest thee with the glad survey ! 10
 Touch'd at her words, the mournful queen
 rejoin'd,
 Ah ! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind ?
 The righteous pow'rs who tread the starry skies,
 The weak enlighten, and confound the wise,
 And human thought, with unresisted sway, 15
 Depress or raise, enlarge or take away :
 Truth, by their high decree, thy voice forsakes,
 And Folly, with the tongue of Wisdom speaks.

human nature, to represent them speaking with prolixity. Passion is always in haste, and delivers itself with precipitation; and this is very well painted in this interview: Euryclea is in a transport of joy for the return of Ulysses, and Penelope has all her affections awakened at the news of it. P.

Ver. 7.] The rhymes are bad. I would thus adjust the passage:

*See with thine eyes, thy dear Ulysses come,
 So long expected, to his native home.*

No more the Suitors view the light of day —.

Ver. 13. *The righteous pow'rs who tread the starry skies,
 The weak enlighten, and confound the wise.]*

This is an admirable sentiment: it is consonant to many expressions in the holy scriptures. God is the Lord of spirits, and gives and takes away as seems best to his infinite wisdom. The thoughts of man, as well as his life, are equally in the power of the Almighty. P.

Ver. 17.] The rhymes are bad, and the sentiment much dilated and disguised. Ogilby is full and faithful:

They thus distract thee, who wast once discreet.

Unkind, the fond illusion to impose !
 Was it to flatter, or deride my woes ? 20
 Never did I a sleep so sweet enjoy,
 Since my dear Lord left Ithaca for Troy.
 Why must I wake to grieve ; and curse thy shore,
 O Troy ?—may never tongue pronounce thee
 more !

Be gone : another might have felt our rage, 25
 But age is sacred, and we spare thy age.

To whom with warmth : My soul a lie dis-
 dains ;
 Ulysses lives, thy own Ulysses reigns :
 That stranger, patient of the Suitors wrongs,
 And the rude licence of ungovern'd tongues, 30

Ver. 21. *Never did I a sleep so sweet enjoy, &c.*] Homer, observes Eustathius, very judiciously mentions this profound sleep of Penelope ; for it might have been thought improbable, that she should not wake at the noise and confusion of the battle. It was solely to reconcile it to credibility, that in a preceding book Pallas was introduced to throw her into it : besides, the womens apartment was always in the upper part of the house, and was from thence called ὑπερῶν : and consequently Penelope was at a sufficient distance from the place of the combat, and may be easily supposed not to be waked by it.

The circumstance of Penelope's not being awaked by the cries of the Suitors, furnishes us with a reason why they are not heard by the Ithacans that lived near the palace : for if she who is within the palace is not disturbed by the noise, it is credible enough, that the Greeks who lived at some distance from the palace should not hear it. P.

Ver. 28.] Pope, at the conclusion of his Messiah :

Thy realm for ever lasts, *thy own Messiah reigns.*

He, he is thine ! thy son, his latent guest
 Long knew, but lock'd the secret in his breast ;
 With well-concerted art to end his woes,
 And burst at once in vengeance on the foes.

While yet she spoke, the queen in transport
 sprung 35
 Swift from the couch, and round the matron
 hung ;

Ver. 35. — — *The queen in transport sprung
 Swift from the couch — —*]

We are not to gather from this transport of Penelope, that she is fully convinced of the return of Ulysses : she is yet incredulous ; but she must have been insensible if she had continued unmoved at the mention of the arrival of an husband, whose return has been described through the whole *Odyssey* as the chief object of all her desires. Besides, she receives the death of the Suitors with joy ; she cannot disbelieve the testimony of Euryclea concerning their deaths ; but thinking it impossible that they should be slain by any one person, she ascribes their destruction not to Ulysses, but a Deity. But then is not such a supposition extravagant ? and can it be reconciled to probability, that a God should really be supposed to descend to work their destruction ? It may be answered, that the excess of the assertion ought to be ascribed to the excess of joy in the speaker : Penelope is in a transport, and no wonder if she speaks with amplification : she judges it impossible that such a great event should be wrought by a mortal hand ; and it is therefore very natural, while she is under a surprise, and her thoughts raised above the bounds of calm reason, to ascribe it to a Deity.

It has been believed that all the notions of good and bad dæmons that prevailed among the antients were borrowed from truth, and that they received them by tradition from the offices of good and bad angels : if I might be allowed to make this supposition, then what Penelope here speaks may be reconciled to strict verity ; then we may find a reason why she may without extravagance ascribe the Suitors deaths to a Dæmon, or Deity. Thus,

Fast from her eye descends the rolling tear,
 Say, once more say, is my Ulysses here?
 How could that num'rous and outrageous band
 By one be slain, tho' by an hero's hand? 40

I saw it not, she cries, but heard alone,
 When Death was busy, a loud dying groan.
 The damsel-train turn'd pale at ev'ry wound,
 Immur'd we sat, and catch'd each passing sound;
 When Death had seiz'd her prey, thy son attends,
 And at his nod the damsel-train descends; 46
 There terrible in arms Ulysses stood,
 And the dead Suitors almost swam in blood;
 Thy heart had leap'd the hero to survey,
 Stern as the surly lion o'er his prey, 50
 Glorious in gore!—now with sulphureous fires
 The dome he purges, now the flame aspires;

2 Kings xix. 35. *That night the angel of the Lord went out and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred fourscore and five thousand.* If this supposition be thought disallowable, the former will be a sufficient vindication. I will only add, that the Poet artfully turns the incredulity of Penelope to the praise of Ulysses; the exploit was so great, that no mortal was brave enough to perform it; it must therefore be wrought by a God; but this God is at length discovered to be Ulysses. P.

Ver. 47.] Our translator seems to have consulted Ogilby, who is somewhat closer to his author, and not to be despised:

— — — — — where the king I found
 Hem'd in with heaps of slaughter'd bodies round.
 You had admir'd to see, how there he stood,
 Like a stern lyon smear'd all ore with blood.

Heap'd lie the dead without the palace-walls,—
 Haste, daughter haste, thy own Ulysses calls!
 Thy ev'ry wish the bounteous Gods bestow, 55
 Enjoy the present good, and former woe;
 Ulysses lives his vanquish'd foes to see;
 He lives to thy Telemachus and thee!

Ah no! with sighs Penelope rejoin'd,
 Excess of joy disturbs thy wand'ring mind; 60
 How blest this happy hour, should he appear,
 Dear to us all, to me supremely dear!
 Ah no! some God the Suitors deaths decreed,
 Some God descends, and by his hand they bleed;
 Blind! to condemn the stranger's righteous cause,
 And violate all hospitable laws! 66
 The good they hated, and the Pow'rs defy'd;
 But heav'n is just, and by a God they dy'd.
 For never must Ulysses view this shore;
 Never! the lov'd Ulysses is no more! 70

What words (the matron cries) have reach'd
 my ears?
 Doubt we his presence, when he now appears?
 Then hear conviction: Ere the fatal day
 That forc'd Ulysses o'er the wat'ry way,
 A boar fierce-rushing in the silvan war 75
 Plough'd half his thigh; I saw, I saw the scar,

Ver. 55.] These two couplets concentrate the sense of his author, without diminution, in a manner uncommonly dextrous.

And wild with transport had reveal'd the wound ;
 But ere I spoke, he rose, and check'd the sound.
 Then, daughter, haste away ! and if a lie 79
 Flow from this tongue, then let thy servant die !

To whom with dubious joy the queen replies,
 Wife is thy foul, but errours seize the wife ;
 The works of Gods what mortal can survey ?
 Who knows their motives, who shall trace their
 way !

Ver. 79.] Ogilby has these rhymes, but Broome was much less attentive to his predecessors than Pope :

Come, follow me, and if I tell a *lie*,
 Let me with new-invented tortures *die*.

Ver. 83. *The works of Gods what mortal can survey?*] This assertion is made with great judgment. Euryclea had given almost a demonstrative proof that she was not mistaken in the person of Ulysses : she had instanced in the scar which he received by a boar on mount Parnassus ; and this seemed to be an undeniable evidence of her veracity : what method then could the Poet take to carry on Penelope's incredulity, and give her room to resist such evidence with any appearance of reason ? This is very well explained by Eustathius. Penelope (observes that author) answers with profound wisdom ; her words are short, but contain excellent truth and morality : this is her meaning : “ Euryclea, you appeal to
 “ your senses for the truth of your affirmation ; you saw the
 “ wound, and touched it as you bathed him ; and he forbade you
 “ to make a discovery of his person : from hence you conclude,
 “ that it is Ulysses who has slain the Suitors ; not remembering
 “ that the Gods are able thus to shew themselves to man, and
 “ assume at their pleasure such disguises : how then do you know
 “ but this is a God ? Are you able to know the ways of a Deity ?”
 To this Euryclea makes no reply ; from whence we may gather, that it was believed to be an undeniable truth, that the divine beings sometimes assumed the shape of man, and appeared visibly

But learn we instant how the Suitors trod 85
The paths of death, by man or by a God.

Thus speaks the queen, and no reply attends,
But with alternate joy and fear descends;
At ev'ry step debates, her lord to prove?
Or rushing to his arms, confess her love? 90

upon earth. Such expressions as these might almost persuade us of the reality of a former conjecture, that these notions were borrowed from a tradition of the appearances of angels; they being so consonant to the testimony of the holy scriptures, and so agreeable to the manifestations of those celestial beings. P.

Ver. 89. *At ev'ry step debates, her Lord to prove?*

Or rushing to his arms, confess her love?]

Penelope apprehends that the person mentioned by Euryclea is not Ulysses; yet her apprehensions are not so strong as to exclude all hopes that he is her husband; in this state of uncertainty she descends, doubtful whether to meet him as such, or first to prove him whether he be the real Ulysses; and this explains her conduct in this place: if he evidently were Ulysses, she ought to receive him with transport; but if he be not Ulysses, then all such advances would be acts of immodesty, and a reproach to her prudence. Ladies are best judges of what is decent amongst ladies, and Madam Dacier affirms, that the point of decency is well maintained by Homer through this whole interview; and that antiquity can shew nothing wherein a severity of manners is better observed. And indeed it must be allowed, that in this respect Penelope proceeds with no more than a necessary caution; it would have been very absurd to have described her flying to the embraces of a stranger, merely upon the testimony of Euryclea, without waiting for a personal and ocular demonstration. P.

Ver. 90.] His author says,

Or go and kiss his head, and seize his hand:
so that our Poet probably cast an eye on Ogilby:

Or leap into her dearest lord's embrace.

This part is not executed in so masterly a manner, as the preceding; but is defective both in spirit and correctness.

Then gliding thro' the marble valves in state,
 Oppos'd, before the shining fire she sat.
 The monarch, by a column high enthron'd,
 His eye withdrew, and fix'd it on the ground;

Ver. 93. *The monarch, by a column high enthron'd.*] The circumstance of persons of figure being placed by a column occurs frequently in the *Odyssey*; it may therefore be necessary to explain it: it is mentioned twice in the eighth book, *πρὸς κίονα μακρὸν ἑρείσας*, but being there applied to Demodocus who was blind, it may be thought to mean only that he leaned against the pillar by reason of his blindness; but this is not the full import of the words, they denote dignity; and a seat erected near the column was a seat of distinction. Thus 2 Kings xi. 14. *Behold the king stood by a pillar, ἐπὶ τῇ σύλῃ, as the manner was, and the princes, &c. by the king.* Thus we see the royal station was by some remarkable pillar; Josephus expresses it by *ἐπὶ τῆς σκηνῆς*, which probably is a corruption; it ought to be *ἐπὶ τῆς σήλης*, *juxta columnam*: thus again, 2 Kings xxiii. 3. *And the king stood by a pillar, and made a covenant, &c.* So that by this expression of Ulysses being seated by a column, we are to understand that he received Penelope as a king; he took the royal seat, to convince her that he was the real Ulysses. P.

Ver. 94. — — *withdrew, and fix'd it on the ground;*

Curious to hear his queen the silence break.]

We have all along been vindicating the conduct of Penelope, for not immediately acknowledging Ulysses. Her ignorance of his person is her vindication; but how then is Ulysses to be justified, who is in no doubt about Penelope? Why does he not fly with transport to the wife of his affection? The reason is very evident: he very well knows that Penelope is uncertain about his person; he therefore forbears to offer violence to her modesty by any caresses, while she is in this state of uncertainty, and which decency requires her to refuse, till she is assured that the person who offers them is Ulysses.

Homer tells us, that Ulysses turned his eyes towards the ground. Eustathius imagines, that he does it that Penelope may not imme-

Curious to hear his queen the silence break : 95
 Amaz'd she sat, and impotent to speak ;
 O'er all the man her eyes she rolls in vain,
 Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts
 again,

At length Telemachus—Oh who can find
 A woman like Penelope unkind ? 100
 Why thus in silence ? why with winning charms
 Thus flow, to fly with rapture to his arms ?
 Stubborn the breast that with no transport glows,
 When twice ten years are past of mighty woes :

diately discover him ; but perhaps the Poet intended no more than to draw Ulysses here, as he drew him in the Iliad, lib. iii. and describe him according to his usual behaviour.

— — — — — In thought profound,
 His most modest eyes he fix'd upon the ground.

Thus also he is represented by Ovid. Metam. lib. xiii.

“ Astitit atque oculos paulum tellure moratos
 “ Sustulit.” — —

Then from his seat arose Laertes' son,
 Look'd down awhile, and paus'd ere he begun.

Dryden.

Ver. 95.] Thus Ogilby :

The king, expecting when the queen would *speak* :
 But long she sat, nor once would *silence break*.

Ver. 96. *Amaz'd she sat, and impotent to speak.*] The reader will certainly be curious to know how Penelope accosts Ulysses in this first interview, and the Poet manages it with excellent judgment : she must be supposed to be under a great surprise and confusion of thought ; this surprise takes away her speech ; she is tost between hopes and fears, and consequently it is very natural, before she speaks, to examine him with her eyes. P.

To softness lost, to spousal love unknown, 105

The Gods have form'd that rigid heart of stone!

O my Telemachus! the queen rejoin'd,

Distracting fears confound my lab'ring mind;

Pow'rless to speak, I scarce uplift my eyes,

Nor dare to question: doubts on doubts arise.

Oh deign he, if Ulysses, to remove 111

These boding thoughts, and what he is, to prove!

Pleas'd with her virtuous fears, the king replies,

Indulge, my son, the cautions of the wife;

Time shall the truth to sure remembrance bring:

This garb of poverty belies the king; 116

Ver. 106. *The Gods have form'd that rigid heart of stone.*] It has been objected that Telemachus here makes too free a remonstrance to Penelope; and that he is wanting in reverence towards his mother. Eustathius answers, that he speaks no more than Ulysses says himself, in the process of the story, and consequently he is no more blameable. But the case is not the same, there is a difference between a son and a husband, and what is decent in the mouth of the latter would be irreverent in the former. Spondanus is of opinion, that he offends against decency, *juveniliter nimis insultavit*; and Ulysses seems to repress his ardour.

Indulge, my son, the cautions of the wife — —

No more — —

Dacier answers, that Telemachus being fully assured that it is the real Ulysses, seems shocked at the indifference of Penelope. And indeed the warmth of the expression is to be imputed to the emotion of the speaker; so that we are not to look upon it as an outrage of decency towards Penelope, but a warm expostulation occasioned by his zeal for Ulysses. P.

Ver. 116. *This garb of poverty belies the king.*] This expression furnishes another cause for the incredulity of Penelope; Ulysses imputes it to his disguise, and is far from resenting it as a want

No more.—This day our deepest care requires,
 Cautious to act what thought mature inspires.
 If one man's blood, tho' mean, distain our hands,
 The homicide retreats to foreign lands; 120

of conjugal affection. I must confess, that here may seem to be an unseasonable transition: Homer brings Ulysses and Penelope together, raises our expectations to see a warm and tender description at the discovery of the husband to the wife, and all of a sudden he starts from the subject, and leaves us under an uncertainty equal to that of Penelope. The scene closes too abruptly, and Homer acts like one who invites his guests to an entertainment, and when they were sat down with an eager appetite, takes away their dinner. But then it may be answered, that the occasion presses: Ulysses finds it necessary to provide for his own safety, before the people of Ithaca are informed of the slaughter of the Suitors; this is the dictate of good sense; he first acts the wise man, by guarding against an imminent danger; and then shews the tender husband, by his affection to Penelope: and this is the reason why he adjourns the discovery. Besides, this interval, which is very short, gives time to Penelope to recollect her spirits from surprize, and makes her mistress of her own thoughts. In that view the reader is to look upon this break, like a pause between the acts in a tragedy, and as an artful interruption to introduce the unravelling more naturally, and with greater probability. P.

Ver. 119. *If one man's blood — —*] Ulysses here argues very conclusively: if the person who has shed one man's blood only, and that man of inferior station; if he is yet obliged to fly into banishment, lest he should be slain by any of the dead persons relations or friends; what have they to fear, who have not only slain one man, but above an hundred, and these not plebeians, but princes? They must necessarily have many avengers, who will be ready to pursue our lives.

But it may be objected, that Ulysses is a king, and therefore above apprehensions of punishment. It is true Ulysses is a king, yet subject to the laws: his government was not so despotick, as to have no reason to fear the resentments of the chief families of

By us, in heaps th' illustrious peerage falls,
Th' important deed our whole attention calls.

Be that thy care, Telemachus replies,
The world conspires to speak Ulysses wise;
For wisdom all is thine! lo I obey, 125
And dauntless follow where you lead the way;
Nor shalt thou in the day of danger find
Thy coward son degen'rate lag behind.

Then instant to the bath, (the monarch cries)
Bid the gay youth and sprightly virgins rise, 130
Thence all descend in pomp and proud array,
And bid the dome resound the mirthful lay;

his subjects, whose heirs were slain by his hand. I cannot entirely agree with Dacier in this last sentiment: Ulysses had only done an act of justice upon these offenders, and had transgressed no law by it, and ought therefore to apprehend no vengeance from the law. I should rather ascribe the apprehensions of Ulysses, to a fear of a sudden assault from the friends of the Suitors, before he could discover himself to be the real Ulysses. He is afraid of an assassination, not a legal punishment; the rage of the people, not the justice of the law. P.

Ver. 120.] Or thus, more nearly to his author:

The friendless murd'rer flies to foreign lands.

Ver. 122. *Th' important deed our whole attention calls.*] Ulysses, to prove Telemachus, and to form a judgment of his wisdom, asks his advice upon the present emergence; but the Poet, in his answer, observes a due decency: Telemachus pays a laudable deference to the superiour wisdom of Ulysses, and modestly submits to his judgment. What we are to gather from this conduct is, that no person should be so self-confiding in his own judgment, as to despise that of other men, though those men are inferiour in wisdom. P.

Ver. 126.] Pope, at the end of his Temple of Fame:

And follow still where Fortune leads the way.

While the sweet lyrist airs of rapture fings,
 And forms the dance responsive to the strings.
 That hence th' eluded passengers may say, ¹³⁵
 Lo! the queen weds! we hear the spousal lay!
 The Suitors death unknown, 'till we remove
 Far from the court, and act inspir'd by Jove.

Ver. 135. *That hence th' eluded passengers may say,
 Lo! the queen weds — —]*

This is an instance of the art of Ulysses, essential to his character, and maintained through the whole Odyssey. Eustathius excellently explains the reason of this conduct: the Suitors had been accustomed to retire from the palace, and sleep in other places by night: it would therefore have alarmed the whole city, and made them apprehensive that some calamity had befallen them, if there had not appeared a seeming reason why they returned not to their several houses as usual; Ulysses therefore invents this stratagem to deceive them into an opinion that they stayed to celebrate the queen's nuptials. But there appears to be a strong objection against this part of the relation: we have already seen the Suitors slain, without being heard by the Ithacans of the city; is it then probable that the sound of the musick should be heard abroad, when the cries, shouts, and groans, during the fight, were not heard out of the palace? Was the musick louder than these united noises? It is not easy to solve this difficulty, unless we are allowed to imagine that the more than usual stay of the Suitors in the palace had raised the curiosity of some of the Ithacans to inquire the reason of it; who consequently approaching the palace might hear the musick and dancing, and conclude that it was occasioned by the queen's marriage. Besides, in the stillness of the night, a lower sound may be further heard, than one more loud, during the noise and hurry of the day: it being evident from the preceding book, that the fight was by day. P.

Ver. 137. — — *'Till we remove*

Far from the court — —]

It may be asked what occasions this recess of Ulysses? Will he be better able to resist his enemies in the country than in the city?

Thus spoke the king : th' observant train obey,
 At once they bathe, and dress in proud array : 140
 The lyrist strikes the string ; gay youths advance,
 And fair-zon'd damsels form the sprightly dance.
 The voice, attun'd to instrumental sounds,
 Ascends the roof ; the vaulted roof rebounds ;
 Not unobserv'd : the Greeks eluded say, 145
 Lo ! the queen weds ! we hear the spousal lay !
 Inconstant ! to admit the bridal hour.
 Thus they—but nobly chaste she weds no more.

Meanwhile the weary'd king the bath ascends ;
 With faithful cares Eurynomè attends, 150
 O'er ev'ry limb a show'r of fragrance sheds :
 Then drest in pomp, magnificent he treads.
 The warriour-goddes gives his frame to shine
 With majesty enlarg'd, and grace divine.

The answer is, he withdraws that he may avoid the first resentments of the Ithacans, upon the discovery of the death of the Suitors : besides, it is by this method in his power to conceal his person, till the violence of the people is settled ; or raise a party to resist their efforts ; at the worst, he is certain to secure his flight, if his affairs should be reduced to extremities. P.

Ver. 142.] Chapman has also preserved closely this *epithet* of his author :

— — — — — and *faire-girdl'd* dames.

Ver. 143.] Ogilby is not much amiss, and might be made preferable to the passage before us :

Sweetly he sung ; their light feet beat the ground,
 And dancing, make the arched hall resound.

Ver. 147.] This couplet is far below mediocrity.

Ver. 151.] The reader may compare this passage in nearly the same words of the original and version in book vi. ver. 269.

Back from his brows in wavy ringlets fly 155
 His thick large locks, of hyacinthine dye.
 As by some artist to whom Vulcan gives
 His heav'nly skill, a breathing image lives;
 By Pallas taught, he frames the wond'rous mould,
 And the pale silver glows with fusile gold: 160
 So Pallas his heroick form improves
 With bloom divine, and like a God he moves;
 More high he treads, and issuing forth in state,
 Radiant before his gazing consort sat.
 And oh my queen! he cries; what pow'r
 above 165
 Has steel'd that heart, averse to spousal love!
 Canst thou, Penelope, when heav'n restores
 Thy lost Ulysses to his native shores,
 Canst thou, oh cruel! unconcern'd survey
 Thy lost Ulysses, on this signal day? 170
 Haste, Euryclea, and dispatchful spread
 For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed:

Ver. 155.] Chapman is pleasing:

— — — — — curls, soft and bright,
 Adorn'd his head withall, and made it show
 As if the flowry hyacinth did grow
 In all his pride there.

Milton's word should have superseded *thick large*, Par. Lost, iv. 303.

— — — — — and *hyacinthin locks*
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad.

Ver. 171. — — — *Dispatchful spread*

For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed.]

These words have given occasion of censure from Monsieur de la

My weary nature craves the balm of rest:
But heav'n with adamant has arm'd her breast.

Ah no! she cries, a tender heart I bear, 175
A foe to pride; no adamant is there;

Mothe de Vayer: according to whom the precaution of Penelope is not much to be admired; "Ulysses made himself suspicious by expressing so much eagerness to go to bed with Penelope; she was so far from having time enough to know him, that she had scarce spoke three words to him, but he bluntly commands Euryclea to get the bed ready for them." So that, according to this author, Penelope mistrusts his impatience; she imagines the reason why he is so hasty, is because he fears that a longer time would discover his imposture, and frustrate his desires. And indeed if Ulysses had given such a command, the objection had not been without a foundation. But La Mothe is deceived: Ulysses does not ask a bed for himself and Penelope, but for himself alone, because his wife vouchsafed not to come near him, and used him with a seeming cruelty.

Ἄλλ' ἄγε μοι, μαῖα, γόρεσσιν λέχῳ ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὸς
Λέξομαι — — —

which is literally enough rendered in the translation.

Haste Euryclea, and dispatchful spread
For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed. P.

Ver. 175. *Ah no! she cries, a tender heart I bear,
A foe to pride; no adamant is there.*]

It is not easy to translate this passage literally.

— — — ἔτ' ἄρτι μεγαλίζομαι, ἔδ' ἀθερίζω,
Οὐδὲ λῆν ἄγαμαι.

Eustathius, explains μεγαλίζομαι to signify, *I am not of a proud heart*; ἀθερίζω, *I despise not your poverty*; ἄγαμαι, *I am no longer under an astonishment*; or ἐδὲ λῆν ἐκπλήττομαι, *I cease to be surprised at what I see and hear*. Thus Penelope speaks negatively, and the meaning of her words are, that she is not influenced by pride and cruelty, to persist in her incredulity, but by a laudable care and caution. Eustathius proposes Penelope as a pattern to all women upon the like occasion; her own eyes persuade her that

And now, ev'n now it melts ! for sure I see
 Once more Ulysses my belov'd in thee !
 Fix'd in my soul as when he sail'd to Troy, 179
 His image dwells : then haste the bed of joy !
 Haste, from the bridal bow'r the bed translate,
 Fram'd by his hand, and be it drest in state !

Thus speaks the queen, still dubious, with
 disguise ;
 Touch'd at her words, the king with warmth
 replies,

the person with whom she confers is Ulysses ; Euryclea acknowledges her master ; Telemachus his father ; yet she dares not immediately credit her own eyes, Euryclea, or Telemachus : and the same author concludes with a pretty observation, that Ulysses found it easier to subdue above an hundred enemies, than the diffidence and incredulity of Penelope. P.

The reader would conclude from the translation before us, that Penelope was already perfectly satisfied with respect to Ulysses ; which is contradictory to the sequel. The beginning of this speech is very ill seen in the versions : Mr. Cowper is beyond measure before all in accuracy ; but not sufficiently general. I shall give an attempt of my own, merely verbal, to convey a just conception of the author :

Good man ! 'tis not my practice to extol,

Disparage, or admire, in great excess :

Well know I what you were, when home you left :

and this partial acknowledgment of him in the last line, is more courtesy, in conformity to his declarations, which she would not affront by the rudeness of opposition, than the result of satisfactory conviction in her own mind.

The learned reader will be reminded of *two* well known lines in Horace :

Nil admirari propè res est una, Numici,

Solaque, quæ possit facere et fervare beatum.

Ver. 183. *Thus speaks the queen, still dubious — —* It must

Alas for this! what mortal strength can move 185
Th' enormous burthen, who but heav'n above?

be allowed that this is a very artful turn of thought in Penelope. Ulysses commands a bed to be prepared, Penelope catches the word, and seeming to consent, orders Euryclea to carry the bed out of the bridal apartment, and prepare it. Now this bed was of such a nature as to be inwrought into the substance of the apartment itself, and could not be removed: if therefore Ulysses had acquiesced in the injunction given by Penelope, and not discovered the impossibility of it, she might very justly have concluded him an impostor, being manifestly ignorant of the secret of his own marriage bed.

But Eustathius starts an objection against this whole process of the discovery, which he calls insolvable; and indeed if Homer fails in the unravelling of his poem, he is to be severely blamed: Tully is of this opinion, *Illic enim debet toto animo a poetâ in dissolutionem nodi agi; eaque præcipua fabulæ pars est, quæ requirit diligentiam.* The difficulty raised by Eustathius is as follows: Penelope imagines that the person who pretends to be her husband, is not really Ulysses, but a God, who not only assumes his form, but, to favour the imposture, the resemblance of the wound received from the boar: now if he be a God, how is it possible she should conceive him to be ignorant of the secret of the marriage bed, and consequently how can she be convinced of the reality of Ulysses from his knowledge of it, when it must necessarily be known to a God, as well as to the real Ulysses? All that she ought to gather from it is, that the person with whom she speaks is Ulysses, or a God. Eustathius replies, that Penelope, upon the discovery of the secret makes no scruple to yield; because whether it be Ulysses, or a God, her case is happy; if he prove to be Ulysses, she has her wishes; if a God, it is no small piece of good fortune. Dacier condemns this solution, and tells us, that Penelope was so faithful to her husband, that she would not have received even a God in the place of Ulysses: the true answer (continues that author) is to be drawn from the Pagan Theology, according to which the inferiour deities were supposed to have a finite knowledge, and consequently Penelope might think the discovery of the nuptial bed a full conviction of the reality of Ulysses, it being so great a secret that even a God might be ignorant of it.

It mocks the weak attempts of human hands;
But the whole earth must move, if heav'n com-
mands.

But this is all fancy; for allowing this person to be a God, why might not Penelope imagine him to be a deity of the superiour order, and for that reason well acquainted with the secrets of this nuptial bower? especially because Jupiter himself was notorious for such amorous illusions. Dacier herself confesses this to be no just solution, but gives a very different reason: how is it possible (says she) that this bed and whole apartment should be built by the single hand of Ulysses, without being seen by any person while he builds it? or how can any one be assured that a secret that is known to a third person (Æctoris) is not through weakness or interest discovered to others? It is true, the manner of the discovery entirely depends upon the choice of the Poet; but I could wish that he had chosen a method more probable than this of the nuptial bed, which in my judgment (continues the same author) is unworthy of the *Odyssey*. I am persuaded that this is one of the places where (as Horace writes) Homer nods.

I will lay together what occurs to me by way of reply. The first objection is, that Penelope imagines Ulysses to be a God, and consequently his knowledge of the nuptial bed ought not to have induced her to believe him to be the real Ulysses. The answer is, Penelope thought him a God only during her first transport; it is to be imputed to her surprise, that she at all thinks him a deity. This is very evident, for from the moment she saw him, the thought of his divinity vanishes, and she never mentions one word concerning such a supposition, nay from the first glance she almost believes him to be the real Ulysses.

O'er all the man her eyes she rolls in vain,
Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts again.

She is so far from thinking him a deity, that she is almost persuaded that he is her husband. If this be allowed, the first difficulty ceases: for granting her belief that the person before her is a real man, and no man but Ulysses was acquainted with the nuptial bed; it follows, that this man is the real Ulysses, and that this incident is not ill chosen by the Poet, in the discovery of Ulysses.

Then hear sure evidence, while we display ¹⁸⁹
 Words seal'd with sacred truth, and truth obey:
 This hand the wonder fram'd; an olive spread
 Full in the court its ever verdant head,

Dacier objects, that this apartment could not possibly be erected without being known to other persons; but we have seen Ulysses build a ship in a solitary island, without the assistance of any man, in the fifth *Odyssey*; and why may he not then be allowed to do the same, with respect to this nuptial bower? All kinds of arts in mechanicks were antiently practised by the greatest personages, and their knowledge and dexterity in them was esteemed a glory. This consideration may perhaps reconcile the reader to this part of the discovery.

The only difficulty that now remains is this: Actoris, a female servant, is allowed to be in the secret; how then can Penelope be assured that she has not betrayed it? Homer himself obviates this objection; he has in a very solemn manner told us, that only twelve of all the female train were guilty of a breach of trust, and therefore Penelope may safely rely upon the fidelity of Actoris. Besides, it adds no small weight to this vindication of Homer, to observe, that the whole procedure of the discovery is accidental; how could Ulysses foreknow that the proof of his veracity would depend upon his knowledge of the bridal bower; and consequently it is not to be imagined that he should have made any clandestine enquiries about it: it may be added, that Ulysses has been no more than five days upon the Ithacan shores, and probably had never seen Actoris, who alone was acquainted with the nature of this bed: no person was antiently permitted to enter the women's apartment, but fathers, husbands, or brothers; this therefore was the greatest secret in all families; this secret Penelope proposes in the trial of Ulysses, and upon his knowledge of it receives him as her husband. To instance almost in a parallel case; Orestes in Euripides tells Iphigenia, that the lance which Pelops used in the combat against Ænomaus was lodged in her apartment; this circumstance convinces her that the person who knew this secret must be her brother Orestes, no persons of a more distant relation being admitted into such privacies. P.

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Vast as some mighty column's bulk, on high
The huge trunk rose, and heav'd into the sky;

Ver. 193. *Vast as some mighty column's bulk, on high
The huge trunk rose — —]*

I will not promise that the reader will be pleased with this description of the nuptial bower: the Greek is noble, and the words sounding and harmonious; an happiness that is wanting in our language. In this and the like cases the translator must say with Lucretius upon a like occasion,

“ — — Graiorum obscura reperta

“ Difficile illustrare Latinis versibus esse,

“ Propter Egestatem linguæ, & rerum novitatem.”

Besides, it must be allowed that the relation itself is very wonderful; for it is not easy to conceive that the bole of an olive tree should be so large as to contain upon the dimensions of it a whole bedstead. I would willingly imagine that it is only a supporter of it. It is likewise somewhat extraordinary that this olive tree is not felled, or cut up from the roots; for Eustathius informs us, that *πολάμων*, signifies *to cut asunder at some distance from the earth*; so that a great part of the trunk is left standing, upon which Ulysses builds his bridal bed. What occurs to me upon this incident is, that Homer must be imagined to write according to the customs of the age in which he lived, unless we can suppose he unnecessarily invented an absurdity: I therefore doubt not but there were antiently such beds as this of Ulysses. Besides, the more wonderful this bed is, the better it serves for the purpose of Homer, in convincing us that the person, who was acquainted with a matter so uncommon, must be the real Ulysses, and not an impostor: it is for this purpose that the Poet describes the bower built round the olive tree, before the framing of the bed is at all mentioned.

Around the tree I rais'd a nuptial bow'r,

And roof'd defensive of the storm and show'r;

Then lopp'd the branchy head; aloft in twain

Sever'd the bole, and smooth'd the shining grain.

This, I say, is particularly described by Homer, to convince us that the place where the bed stood was entirely secret; it being closed up from observation before this particular apartment was

Around the tree I rais'd a nuptial bow'r, 195
 And roof'd defensive of the storm and show'r;
 The spacious valve, with art inwrought, conjoins;
 And the fair dome with polish'd marble shines.
 I lopp'd the branchy head; aloft in twain
 Sever'd the bole, and smooth'd the shining grain;
 Then posts, capacious of the frame, I raise, 201
 And bore it, regular, from space to space:
 Athwart the frame, at equal distance lie
 Thongs of tough hides, that boast a purple dye;
 Then polishing the whole, the finish'd mould 205
 With silver shone, with elephant, and gold.
 But if o'erturn'd by rude, ungovern'd hands,
 Or still inviolate the olive stands,
 'Tis thine, oh queen, to say: and now impart,
 If fears remain, or doubts distract thy heart? 210

While yet he speaks, her pow'rs of life decay,
 She sickens, trembles, falls, and faints away:
 At length recov'ring, to his arms she flew,
 And strain'd him close, as to his breast she grew:

undertaken, and therefore the knowledge of it was a strong argument that the person who was acquainted with it must be the real Ulysses. P.

Ver. 201.] The rhymes of this couplet are very vicious: but some allowance must be made in the translation of passages of so difficult management as that before us.

Ver. 213.] A good couplet arises from a correction of Ogilby:

*These proofs her doubts remov'd; she quits her place;
 And, weeping, rushes to her lord's embrace.*

The tears pour'd down amain : and oh, she cries,
 Let not against thy spouse thine anger rise ! 216
 O vers'd in every turn of human art,
 Forgive the weakness of a woman's heart !
 The righteous pow'rs that mortal lots dispose,
 Decree us to sustain a length of woes, 220
 And from the flow'r of life, the bliss deny
 To bloom together, fade away, and die.
 O let me, let me not thine anger move,
 That I forbore, thus, thus, to speak my love ;
 Thus in fond kisses, while the transport warms,
 Pour out my soul, and die within thy arms ! 226
 I dreaded fraud ! Men, faithless men, betray
 Our easy faith, and make the sex their prey :
 Against the fondness of my heart I strove, 229
 'Twas caution, oh my Lord ! not want of love :
 Like me had Helen fear'd, with wanton charms
 Ere the fair mischief set two worlds in arms ;

Ver. 227.] Mrs. Behn, in her translation of Oenone to Paris :
 Say, lovely youth ! why wouldst thou thus *betray*
My easy faith, and lead my heart away.

Ver. 229.] This couplet is altogether superfluous ; and, in
 general, the passage has suffered, from immoderate expansion, by
 our translator.

Ver. 231. *Like me had Helen fear'd* — —] This passage oc-
 casioned great disputes amongst the antient Criticks ; some con-
 tended for the common punctuation ; others thus read it,

Εἰ ἦδ' ἄν, — — —

Then the meaning of the passage is thus to be understood. Helen
 would not have yielded to a stranger, if she had known that

Ere Greece rose dreadful in th' avenging day ;
 Thus had she fear'd, she had not gone astray.
 But heav'n, averse to Greece, in wrath decreed
 That she should wander, and that Greece should
 bleed :

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stranger, εἰ ᾔδειν : ἀνδρὰ is to be understood according to this interpretation. The same Criticks thus construe the following words,

Ὅ μιν αὖτις ἀρήϊοι νῆες Ἀχαιῶν.

Ὅ is the same with δι' οὗ, *propter hanc causam*, and the whole passage is thus to be translated, *If Helen had known the stranger, she would not have yielded to him ; therefore the Greeks rose in arms to free her from the impostor.* They defend this application by having recourse to a tradition, that Paris could never have obtained the consent of Helen if Venus had not given him the resemblance of Menelaus, in whose form he prevailed upon that fatal beauty : otherwise the instance is no way parallel ; for if Helen was not deceived, how can her example be brought to induce Penelope to act with caution, lest she take an impostor to her bed instead of an husband ? I confess this construction of the Greek appears to me very obscure ; contrary to the style of Homer, which is always clear and natural. Besides, it contradicts the whole story of Helen through the Iliad and Odyssey, and she herself no where alledges this deceit as her excuse, but frequently condemns her own conduct in forsaking the bed of Menelaus. But granting that she was thus deceived originally, the deceit must necessarily soon appear, and yet she voluntarily cohabits many years with Paris. The other interpretation may therefore perhaps be preferable ; namely, if Helen had considered what evils might ensue from her injury to Menelaus, she would have acted more wisely : this Penelope introduces to vindicate her conduct in acting with so much caution ; she opposes her wariness to the inconsiderateness of Helen, and ascribes all the calamities of Greece to it. P.

The latter interpretation is true. Nor can any thing be more simple and perspicuous, than the passage in the original.

Blind to the ills that from injustice flow,
 She colour'd all our wretched lives with woe.
 But why these sorrows when my Lord arrives?
 I yield, I yield! my own Ulysses lives! 240
 The secrets of the bridal bed are known
 To thee, to me, to Actoris alone,
 (My father's present in the spousal hour,
 The sole attendant on our genial bow'r.)
 Since what no eye has seen thy tongue reveal'd,
 Hard and distrustful as I am, I yield. 246

Touch'd to the soul the king with rapture
 hears,
 Hangs round her neck, and speaks his joy in tears.
 As to the shipwreck'd mariner, the shores
 Delightful rise, when angry Neptune roars; 250
 Then, when the surge in thunder mounts the sky,
 And gulf'd in crouds at once the sailors die;
 If one more happy, while the tempest raves,
 Out-lives the tumult of conflicting waves,
 All pale, with ooze deform'd, he views the strand,
 And plunging forth with transport grasps the
 land: 256

Ver. 237.] This is a good couplet; but I should get rid of an open vowel, thus:

Blind to *those* ills —.

Ver. 246.] The force of Homer's meaning would better appear, I think, by the alteration of a single word:

Hard and distrustful as I *seem*, I yield.

The ravish'd queen with equal rapture glows,
 Clasps her lov'd lord, and to his bosom grows.
 Nor had they ended 'till the morning ray :
 But Pallas backward held the rising day, 260
 The wheels of night retarding, to detain
 The gay Aurora in the wavy main :
 Whose flaming steeds, emerging thro' the night,
 Beam o'er the eastern hills with streaming light.

Ver. 258.] We had this illaudable common-place, of *growing to the bosom*, at verse 214 above.

Ver. 260. *But Pallas backward held the rising day.*] We are not to look upon this merely as a poetical ornament, there is no necessity for it. The battle between the Suitors and Ulysses happened in the evening; since then we have seen the palace purified, the dead Suitors carried away, and the female servants punished; Euryclea has held a long conference with Penelope, there has been singing and dancing in the palace, and an interview at large described between Ulysses and Penelope; then the Poet proceeds to recapitulate the story of the whole Odyssey: now all these incidents could not be comprehended in the compass of one night: Homer therefore, to reconcile it to probability, introduces Minerva to protract it, and make the time proportionable to the incidents. But perhaps it may be thought a violent machine, and contrary to the established laws of nature, to suppose the course of the night alterable: the answer is, Poets are allowed to write according to common fame, and what Homer here relates could not shock the ears of the ancients, who had before heard of the like story at the conception of Hercules. I will only observe, that Homer gives no more than two horses to Aurora's chariot, Lampus and Phaeton; whereas the chariot of the sun is described with four: thus Ovid,

“ Interea volucres Pyroeis, Eous, & Æthon,

“ Solis equi, quartusque Phlegon.”

Ver. 264.] Or thus, with much more fidelity:

Dispense to men the blessing of the light.

At length Ulysses with a sigh replies : 265
 Yet Fate, yet cruel Fate repose denies ;
 A labour long, and hard, remains behind ;
 By heav'n above, by hell beneath enjoin'd :
 For, to Tiresias thro' th' eternal gates 270
 Of hell I trod, to learn my future fates.
 But end we here—the night demands repose,
 Be deck'd the couch ! and peace awhile, my woes !
 To whom the queen. Thy word we shall obey,
 And deck the couch ; far hence be woes away !
 Since the just Gods, who tread the starry plains
 Restore thee safe, since my Ulysses reigns. 276
 But what those perils heav'n decrees, impart ;
 Knowledge may grieve, but fear distracts the heart.

Ver. 267.] This passage is poorly executed, when it admitted elegance with ease to one not drowsy with his work.

Ver. 278. *Knowledge may grieve, but fear distracts the heart.*]
 Ulysses had said in the sentence immediately preceding,

A labour long, and hard, remains.

This could not fail of alarming Penelope, and raising all her curiosity to know it. Homer would greatly have offended against nature, if he had not described her under an impatience upon the mention of it ; her fondness is too sincere to be indifferent upon such a suggestion, but her answer to Ulysses chiefly demands observation.

If heav'n a kind release from ills foreshows ;

Triumph, thou happy victor of thy woes !

This discovers a greatness of spirit worthy of a queen and heroine : she is threatened to lose Ulysses by a second absence, she is alarmed with a new train of his sufferings ; but being informed that all these calamities will end in a prosperous issue, that long life and happiness attend him, she not only takes courage personally, but

To this the king. Ah why must I disclose
 A dreadful story of approaching woes? 280
 Why in this hour of transport wound thy ears,
 When thou must learn what I must speak with
 tears?
 Heav'n, by the Theban ghost, thy spouse decrees
 Torn from thy arms, to sail a length of seas;
 From realm to realm a nation to explore 285
 Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows roar,
 Nor saw gay vessel stem the surgy plain,
 A painted wonder, flying on the main;
 An oar my hand must bear; a shepherd eyes
 The unknown instrument with strange surprise,
 And calls a corn-van: this upon the plain 291
 I fix, and hail the Monarch of the main;

comforts her husband. Homer was too good a judge of decency to ascribe the weakness that attends the generality of that sex to Penelope; she has a bravery of soul worthy of a heroine in epic poetry. Besides, this is a further instance of Homer's judgment; the event of the *Odyssey* is to shew Ulysses happy; now if the Poet had not fully satisfied the reader in this respect, he had not reinstated his hero in prosperity, and consequently had defeated the moral of the *Odyssey*, which is to shew wisdom and virtue triumphant, by representing his hero after all difficulties settled in full tranquillity. P.

This couplet is excellent; and Ogilby is not amiss:

Now tell me what I must hereafter hear:
 Better to know, than not know what to fear.

Ver. 279.] This introduction to the speech is prettily translated. The remainder occurs, with no important variations, in book xi. ver. 152.

Then bathe his altars with the mingled gore
 Of victims vow'd, a ram, a bull, a boar :
 Thence swift re-failing to my native shores, 295
 Due victims flay to all th' ætherial pow'rs.
 Then heav'n decrees in peace to end my days,
 And steal myself from life by slow decays ;
 Unknown to pain in age resign my breath,
 When late stern Neptune points the shaft of death ;
 To the dark grave retiring as to rest ; 301
 My people blessing, by my people blest.

Such future scenes th' all-righteous pow'rs
 display,
 By their dread * Seer, and such my future day.
 To whom thus firm of soul : If ripe for
 death, 305
 And full of days, thou gently yield thy breath ;

Ver. 294.] Chapman endeavours to rival, and with some success, the characteristic significance and unsuspecting simplicity of Homer's epithets, in a pleasant line, not void of dignity, considering the subject :

A lambe, a bull, and *sow-ascending* bore.

The rhymes of the following couplet are bad, and of too near resemblance to their predecessors.

Ver. 301.] So Chapman :

— — — — — And then, at home
 A gentle death should seize me, that would come
 From out the sea, and take me to his *rest*
 In full ripe age ; about me, living *blest*,
 My loving people.

* Tiresias.

While heav'n a kind release from ills foreshows ;
Triumph, thou happy victor of thy woes !

But Euryclea with dispatchful care,
And sage Eurynomè, the couch prepare : 310
Instant they bid the blazing torch display
Around the dome an artificial day ;
Then to repose her steps the matron bends,
And to the queen Eurynomè descends ;
A torch she bears to light with guiding fires 315
The royal pair ; she guides them, and retires.
Then instant his fair spouse Ulysses led
To the chaste love-rites of the nuptial bed.

Ver. 317. — — — *His fair spouse Ulysses led
To the chaste love-rites of the nuptial bed.]*

The reader may be pleased to consult the annotations on book xi. ver. 152, &c. concerning the answer of Ulysses to Penelope : it being a repetition from that part of the *Odyssey*.

Eustathius informs us, that Aristarchus, and Aristophanes the grammarian, thought the verse quoted at the head of this remark, to be the conclusion of the *Odyssey*, and consequently they judged the remaining part of this book, and the whole xxivth, supposititious : those who were of a contrary opinion replied, that by ending the poem with that verse, many incidents of great importance would be rejected : for instance, the recapitulation of the whole *Odyssey*, and especially the discovery of Ulysses to his father Laertes, with all the beautiful fictions contained in it. They add, that if the little relation that the beginning of that book bears to the subject of the poem, be a reason for the rejection of it, we must for the same reason abridge the poem, and reject a multitude of the fables which are scattered through the whole course of it. It may therefore be conjectured that Aristarchus and Aristophanes were not of opinion that the poem ended with this verse, but only the most necessary and important incidents. Casaubon, in a remark upon a passage of Strabo, favours the

And now the blooming youths and sprightly fair
Cease the gay dance, and to their rest repair ; 320

opinion of Aristarchus, for he there speaks of the last book as if he suspected it to be spurious ; and Rapin joins in the same judgment. Homer is to be defended in another manner, than by such arguments as are brought in answer to Aristarchus. The same objection has been made against the two last books of the Iliad, as against these of the Odyssey ; the former ought to have ended with the decisive action in the death of Hector, and the latter with the discovery of Ulysses to Penelope, when his happiness seems to be established. But there is no weight in these objections. There is a difference between the *unravelling* of the action, and the full *accomplishment* of it ; the action is unravelled by the death of the Suitors ; but there are consequences arising from their deaths that hinder the accomplishment of the action, namely, the danger of the resentment of their friends, who rise in arms to revenge their slaughter ; and till their insurrection is pacified, Ulysses cannot be said to be in a state of security. The subject of the Iliad is the anger of Achilles : that of the Odyssey, the re-establishment of Ulysses in his dominions : now the anger of Achilles ends not with the death of Hector, nor is Ulysses fully re-established by the death of the Suitors ; he has another obstacle to overcome, and till the commotions of the Ithacans are appeased, the design of the poem is not executed, which is to shew Ulysses in peaceful possession of his palace and authority. We see in this very book, that Ulysses is forced to fly from his own palace ; can he then be said to be re-established in tranquillity ? This very action demonstrates, that what follows is part of the subject of the poem, and such a part, as, if it had not been related, would have given us room to have imagined that Homer had never finished it, or that the conclusion of it had been lost. The beginning of the action is his sailing from Troy toward his country ; the middle contains all the calamities he sustains in his return, the disorders of his family before and after it ; and the end of the action is his re-establishment in the peaceful possession of his kingdoms, when he is acknowledged by his wife, father, family, and subjects : now this is not compleated till the very end of the last book, and consequently that book is not spurious, but essential. The Poet had ended very injudiciously, if he had stopped before ;

But in discourse the king and consort lay,
 While the soft hours stole unperceiv'd away;
 Intent he hears Penelope disclose
 A mournful story of domestick woes,

for the reader would have remained unsatisfied in two necessary points, *viz.* how he was made known to Laertes, and what vengeance the chief families of the nation endeavoured to take against the destroyer of their sons; but this storm being once blown over, and all his subjects who had taken arms being either vanquished or appeased, the action is compleated in all its parts, and consummates the *Odyssey*. P.

Thus Ogilby:

Eurynome, bearing a taper, *led*
 Them to their chamber, and their marriage-bed.

Ver. 319.] Chapman is exact:

Telemachus, and both his herds men then
 Dissolv'd the dances, both to maids and men.

Ver. 322.] Pope, in his epistle to Mr. Jervas:

While summer-suns roll unperceiv'd away.

Ver. 324. *A mournful story of domestick woes.*] It is with great judgment that the Poet passes thus briefly over the story of Penelope; he makes her impatience to hear the history of Ulysses the pretended occasion of her conciseness; the true reason is, he is unwilling to tire his reader by repeating what he already knows: it is likewise remarkable, that Ulysses does not begin his own adventures by a detail of his sufferings during the war of Troy; for this would have been foreign to the design of the *Odyssey*; but with his sailing from Troy to the Cicons, and enters directly into the subject of it. He likewise concludes an epitome of the whole *Odyssey* in the compass of one and thirty lines: and purposely contracts it, because we are already acquainted with the whole relation.

Lycophron has given us a summary of the wanderings of Ulysses; which if any one is desirous to compare with this of Homer, he

His servants insults, his invaded bed, 325
 How his whole flocks and herds exhausted bled,
 His generous wines dishonour'd shed in vain,
 And the wild riots of the suitor-train.

will see the difference between a clear and an obscure writer. Tibullus, in his Panegyrick on Messala, has been more successful than Lycophron, he follows the order of Homer, and treads directly in his footsteps.

“ Nam Ciconumque manus adversis repulit armis,

“ Non valuit Lotos captos avertere cursus ;

“ Cessit & Etnææ Neptunius incola rupis,

“ Victa Maronæo fœdatus lumina Baccho.

“ Vexit & Æolios placidum per Nerea ventos ;

“ Incultos adiit Læstrygonas,” &c.

Dacier is of opinion, that this recapitulation in Homer has a very good effect. I will translate her observation. We learn from it, that the subject of the *Odyssey* is not alone the return of Ulysses to his country, and his re-establishment in it ; but that it comprehends all his wanderings and all his voyages ; all that he saw, or suffered in his return to it ; in a word, all that he underwent after he set sail from the shores of Troy : another advantage we reap from it is, that we see the order and train of the adventures of his hero, as they really happened, naturally and historically : for in his relation of them in his poem, he uses an artificial order ; that is, he begins at the latter end, and finds an opportunity to insert all that precedes the opening of his poem by way of narration to the Phæacians : here he sets every event in its natural order, so that with a glance of the eye we may distinguish what gives continuity to the action, and what is comprehended in it. By this method we are able to separate the time of the duration of the poem, from the time of the duration of the action ; for in reality the poem begins many years before the return of Ulysses ; but Homer begins his action but thirty-five days before he lands in his own country. In the course therefore of the *Odyssey*, Homer gave us the artificial, here the natural order ; which is an ease and assistance to the memory of the reader. P.

The king alternate a dire tale relates,
 Of wars, of triumphs, and disastrous fates ; 330
 All he unfolds : his list'ning spouse turns pale
 With pleasing horror at the dreadful tale ;
 Sleepless devours each word ; and hears, how slain
 Cicons on Cicons swell th' ensanguin'd plain ;
 How to the land of Lote unblest he fails ; 335
 And images the rills, and flow'ry vales :
 How dash'd like dogs, his friends the Cyclops tore,
 (Not unreveng'd) and quaff'd the spouting gore ;
 How, the loud storms in prison bound, he fails
 From friendly Æolus with prosp'rous gales ; 340
 Yet Fate withstands ! a sudden tempest roars
 And whirls him groaning from his native shores :
 How on the barb'rous Læstrigian coast,
 By savage hands his fleet and friends he lost ;
 How scarce himself surviv'd : he paints the bow'r,
 The spells of Circe, and her magick pow'r ; 346

Ver. 331.] This line terminates dismally indeed, for the purpose of a rhyme. Ogilby gives his author with fidelity :

Pleas'd with his tale, in sleep she could not fall,

Nor close her eyes, till he had told her all.

Dr. Johnson has made a similar verse for it's associate, in his *Vanity of human Wishes* :

He left that name, at which the world grew pale,

To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

Ver. 336.] This line is an elegant addition from the translator ; who has borrowed, through the version of this summary, from the various passages, in which these adventures are retailed at large, in the former parts of the poem.

Ver. 337.] Thus, more faithfully :

How the fell Cyclop his brave comrades tore.

His dreadful journey to the realms beneath,
 To seek Tiresias in the vales of death ;
 How in the doleful mansions he survey'd
 His royal mother, pale Anticlea's shade ; 350
 And friends in battle slain, heroick ghosts !
 Then how unharm'd he past the Siren-coasts,
 The jutting rocks where fierce Charybdis raves,
 And howling Scylla whirls her thund'rous waves,
 The cave of death ! How his companions slay 355
 The oxen sacred to the God of day,

Ver. 355. — — *How his companions slay*

The oxen sacred to the God of day.]

The story of these oxen is fully related, lib. xii. I refer to the annotations. The crime of the companions of Ulysses was sacrilege, they having destroyed the herds sacred to a God. These herds were said to be immortal : I have there given the reason of it, but too concisely, and will therefore add a supplement from the Polyhymnia of Herodotus ; I ought to have mentioned, that the body of soldiers called immortal, was a select number of men in the army of Xerxes : so named, because upon the death of any one of their number, whether by war or sickness, another was immediately substituted into his room, so that they never amounted to more or less than ten thousand. If we apply this piece of history to the herds of Apollo, it excellently explains Homer's poetry : they are called immortal, because upon the death of any one of the whole herd, another was brought into its place ; they are said neither to increase nor decay, because they were always of a fixed number, and continually supplied upon any vacancy.

The reader will be apprized of the heinousness of the crime in killing these oxen, from an observation of Bochart, p. 314. The Phœnicians and Ægyptians so superstitiously abstained from the flesh of the ox, that as Porphyry affirms, they would sooner feed upon human flesh than that of such beasts. Ælian tells us, that it was death amongst the Phrygians to kill a labouring ox ; and Varro, Rust. lib. ii. c. 5. thus writes ; *ab hoc antiqui manus ita*

'Till Jove in wrath the rattling tempest guides,
 And whelms th' offenders in the roaring tides :
 How struggling thro' the furge, he reach'd the
 shores
 Of fair Ogygia, and Calypso's bow'rs ; 360
 Where the gay blooming nymph constrain'd his
 stay,
 With sweet reluctant amorous delay ;

abstinere voluerunt, ut capite sanxerint, si quis occidisset. Thus also Columella, in Præfat. lib. vii. *Cujus tanta fuit apud antiquos veneratio, ut tam Capitale esset bovem necâsse, quam civem.*

I have been the more full upon this head, to shew that Homer's fiction is built upon a foundation of truth, and that he writes according to the religion of the antients : Rapin is very severe upon him for ascribing the death of the companions of Ulysses, to the violation of these herds of Apollo. " The reason (says he) why " they are destroyed is very ridiculous, because, lib. i.

— — — they dar'd to prey

On herds devoted to the God of day.

" This is certainly a far-fetch'd destruction : the hero or the " Poet was willing to be freed from them." But from this observation, they will be found to be guilty of sacrilege, and a violation of what was regarded by the world with the utmost veneration ; and consequently the crime is adequate to the punishment. Besides, Horace, Epist. lib. i. gives sentence against these companions of Ulysses.

— — — — — " Cærite cerâ

" Digni, remigium vitiosum Ithacensis Ulyssæi ;

" Cui potior patriâ fuit interdicta voluptas."

Ver. 359.] The rhymes might be mended thus :

How, *scap'd from ruthful Ocean's boisterous pow'r,*
 He reacht Ogygia, and Calypso's bow'r.

Ver. 361. *Where the gay blooming nymph constrain'd his stay.*]
 This is a circumstance (observes Madam Dacier) that Ulysses ought

And promis'd, vainly promis'd, to bestow,
 Immortal life exempt from age and woe :
 How fav'd from storms Phæacia's coast he trod,
 By great Alcinous honour'd as a God, 366
 Who gave him last his country to behold,
 With change of raiment, brags, and heaps of gold.

He ended, sinking into sleep, and shares
 A sweet forgetfulness of all his cares. 370

Soon as soft slumber eas'd the toils of day,
 Minerva rushes thro' th' aerial way,
 And bids Aurora with her golden wheels
 Flame from the ocean o'er the eastern hills :

by no means to forget ; for it gives him an opportunity to pay an high compliment to his wife, by letting her know he preferred her person to that of Calypso a Goddess : this is the reason why he enlarges upon it in five verses ; whereas he concludes most of the other adventures in little more than one. But (adds that lady) we may easily believe that he was silent about the nature of his conversation with that nymph ; and indeed it would have lessened the compliment, and perhaps his welcome home, if he had not been able to keep a secret ; he is very cautious in this respect ; he enlarges upon the fondness of Calypso for his person, but suppresses, for a very obvious reason, the kind returns he made for her civilities. P.

Ver. 363.] I should like better,
 And promis'd, *fondly* promis'd —.

Ver. 369.] Or thus :

With this, he sinks to sleep ; and sweetly shares
A calm forgetfulness of all his cares.

Ver. 373.] We may thus discard these miserable rhymes, with more fidelity to the original :

And bids Aurora, golden-thron'd, arise
 With genial beams to gladden mortal eyes.

Uprose Ulysses from the genial bed, 375
And thus with thought mature the monarch said.

My queen, my comfort! thro' a length of years,
We drank the cup of sorrow mix'd with tears,
Thou, for thy lord; while me th' immortal
pow'rs

Detain'd reluctant from my native shores. 380

Now, blest again by heav'n, the queen display,
And rule our palace with an equal sway:

Be it my care, by loans, or martial toils,
To throng my empty folds, with gifts or spoils.
But now I haste to bless Laertes' eyes 385

With sight of his Ulysses ere he dies;
The good old man to wasting woes a prey,
Weeps a sad life in solitude away.

But hear, tho' wise! This morning shall unfold
The deathful scene, on heroes, heroes roll'd; 390
Thou with thy maids within the palace stay,
From all the scene of tumult far away!

Ver. 375.] I cannot approve these rhymes: which might be
gained from Ogilby:

— — — — — from his *bed*
Ulysses rising to his queen thus *sed*.

Ver. 379.] I should prefer a couplet with Chapman's rhymes
to such inadmissible licence as this:

— — — — — whom long th' immortals tost
From shore to shore, all hope of safety lost.

Ver. 390.] Why not literally?

— — — — — on *suitors suitors* roll'd.

He spoke, and sheath'd in arms, incessant flies
 To wake his son ; and bid his friends arise.
 To arms ! aloud he cries : his friends obey, 395 }
 With glitt'ring arms their manly limbs array, }
 And pass the city-gate ; Ulysses leads the way. }

Now flames the rosy dawn, but Pallas shrouds
 The latent warriors in a veil of clouds.

Ver. 393.] Better, I think, and with more fidelity, thus:

He *spoke* ; and, sheath'd in *glittering armour*, flies
 To wake his son, and bid *the herdsmen rise*.

Ver. 396.] Or, with the variety of his original,

With arms *of brass* their manly limbs array.

Ver. 398.] — — *Pallas shrouds*

The latent warriors in a veil of clouds.]

Ulysses, to avoid observation, leaves the city at the point of day, before the darkness was quite dispelled ; this is the suggestion of his own wisdom, which is figured by Minerva. P.

Ver. 399.] Expunge an idle word, and conform to the model:

The *hast'ning* warriors —.

EDITOR.

This book ends in the morning of the forty-first day. There are but few verses in the translation, more than in Homer : I speak it not as if this were a beauty, it may as well be a fault ; our heroic verse consists but of ten syllables, the Greek oftentimes of seventeen, as in this verse,

Αὐτίς ἔπειτα πύλονδε κλισίῳ λαῶας ἀναιδής.

We therefore write with the disadvantage of seven syllables, which makes it generally impossible to comprehend the sense of one line in Homer within the compass of one line in a translation, with any tolerable beauty ; but in some parts, where the subject seemed to hang heavy, this has been attempted ; with what success, must be left to the reader. P.

THE
TENTH-FOURTH BOOK

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE souls of the Suitors are conducted by Mercury to the infernal shades. Ulysses in the country goes to the retirement of his father Laertes; he finds him busied in his garden all alone: the manner of his discovery to him is beautifully described. They return together to his lodge, and the king is acknowledged by Dolius and the servants. The Ithacensians, led by Eupithes the father of Antinous, rise against Ulysses, who gives them battle, in which Eupithes is killed by Laertes: and the Goddess Pallas makes a lasting peace between Ulysses and his subjects, which concludes the Odyssey. P.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

IT has been already proved, that this book is the genuine work of Homer; but perhaps the reader may not be displeased to see the reasons why it was rejected by so great a critick as Aristarchus: I shall therefore lay them before him from Didymus and Spondanus.

Aristarchus affirms, that this is the only place in Homer where Mercury performs the office of conducting the souls of the dead; and that there is no proof he was known so early by the title of *Ψυχοπομπὴς*; that this is the only passage where he is called Cyllenius; that the ceremony of his guiding the souls is contrary to other descriptions of Homer, where they all descend without a guide into the mansions of the dead, even before the funeral rites. That it is absurd to imagine a *white rock* in these kingdoms of darkness, &c. To these Didymus thus replies. If a single mention of any incident in Homer were a reason for its rejection, abundance of passages must be rejected. He thinks it a sufficient argument, that Mercury was called *Ψυχοπομπὴς*, and Cyllenius, in the days of Homer, that he is here mentioned under these titles; but this is begging the question. He adds, that although the souls of the dead descend without a guide in other places, this hinders not but they may descend with one; for they are in other places only said in general to descend, whereas here the manner of their descent is particularized. Neither is it any objection against this book, to say that it is contrary to the manner of Homer to describe the shades of the dead received immediately into the state of Achilles, Agamemnon, &c. before the performance of their funeral ceremonies; this (says he) is a favour granted by Mercury to Ulysses, who was descended from that deity, he being the father of Acrisius, and consequently great grandfather to Ulysses. It was the opinion of the antients, that the shades of the deceased could visit the earth before the obsequies were finished, but not afterwards; this is evident from the words of Patroclus, Iliad xxiii.

— — — — — To the further shore,

When once we pass, the soul returns no more.

It is therefore out of favour to Ulysses, that Mercury introduces

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

these shades into the region where Agamemnon resided, before the funeral ceremonies, that they might not return to earth and disquiet Ulysses. But there may be a stronger objection made against the former part of this book; namely, that this is an episode which has no relation to the principal subject, and that we may retrench it without destroying any part of the action essential to the *Odyssey*: but it may be answered, that though it makes no part of the principal action, yet it has a sufficient connection with it: it is the sequel of the death of the Suitors, and consequently the principal action is the cause of it; it is drawn and deduced from it, and Homer makes a very happy use of it to adorn and diversify his poem, with the history of what happened before Troy, after the conclusion of the *Iliad*: and in particular, with the death of Achilles, and a description of his funeral ceremonies. *Didymus, Dacier.*

Plato in the beginning of his third dialogue, *de Repub.* brings an heavy charge against Homer, for the disadvantageous character he gives of a future state. He quotes the similitude of the Bats, and affirms that the dreadful description of the condition of the dead, must deter mankind from hazarding their lives, even in the cause of their country. "Let us then (says that author) with
 " the permission of Homer and other poets, reject such relations,
 " not because they are unpoetical, not because they are unplea-
 " sant to read, but because by how much they are more pleasant
 " and poetical, by so much they are more dangerous, and to be
 " kept from our youth, and men, who are born to assert their
 " liberty with the hazard of their lives, and prefer death to
 " slavery." It must be allowed that this is strong reasoning, and it is not easy to guard the doctrine of Homer from such unhappy consequences; for why should men chuse to die, rather than be slaves, when by death they fall into a worse condition? It will not be an answer to say that Homer asserts a threefold state in futurity, viz. of the soul, the εἶδωλον, or *vehicle*, and the body: and that while the *vehicle* is in this condition of horrors, the soul may be happy; for still the state of the dead is represented as a state of horror, and man is in part (namely, in his εἶδωλον) miserable after death: nay, so miserable that even Hercules, who was a God, and received amongst the deities, is yet tormented in hell; lib. xi.

Here hov'ring ghosts, like fowl, his shade surround,
 And clang their pinions with terrifick sound,

NOTES PRELIMINARY.

Gloomy as night he stands, in act to throw
Th' aerial arrow from the twanging bow.

It will indeed be a vindication of Homer as a Poet, to say that he wrote according to the opinion of his age; and that such as was the notion of the antients of a future state, such is his description of it. I will only add, that we may collect from Plato, that he judged this book genuine, for he quotes this passage as Homer's.

P.

Plato in the beginning of his third dialogue, de Republica brings an heavy charge against Homer, for the disadvantageous character he gives of a future state. He accuses the blindness of the poets, and affirms that the dreadful description of the condition of the dead, must deter mankind from hazarding their lives, even in the cause of their country. "Let us then," says that author, "with the permission of Homer and other poets, to set such relations, not because they are expected, but because they are unpleasant, to read, but because by how much they are more pleasant, and poetical, by so much they are more dangerous, and so be kept from our youth, and men, who are bound to alter their liberty with the hazard of their lives, and prefer death to slavery." It must be allowed that this is strong reasoning, and it is not easy to guard the doctrine of Homer from such unhappy consequences; for why should men chuse to die, rather than be slaves, when by death they fall into a worse condition? It will not be an answer to say that Homer affirms a threefold state in nature, viz. of the soul, the body, or reason, and the body; and that while the soul is in this condition of happiness, the body may be happy; for still the fate of the dead is represented as a state of horror, and man is in part (namely, in his body) miserable after death: nay, so miserable that even Hercules, who was a God, and received amongst the deities, is yet tormented in hell; lib. xi.

Here hovering ghosts, like fowl, his shade surround,

And stung their pious with terrific sound,

Where flock nocturnal bats, and birds obscene;
Clasht' d they hang, till at some sudden shock,
They move, and mutants run thro' all the

TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK

And such a scream fill'd all the dismal coasts.

And now they reach'd the Earth's remotest

OF THE
ODYSSEY.

And Ixion's rock, and Ocean's utmost streams,
And now pervade the dusky land of Dreams.

CYLLENIUS now to Pluto's dreary reign
Conveys the dead, a lamentable train!
The golden wand, that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye,
That drives the ghosts to realms of night or day, 5
Points out the long, uncomfortable way.
Trembling the spectres glide, and plaintive vent
Thin, hollow screams, along the deep descent.

N O T E S.

Ver. 5.] An absurd interpolation by the translator, against the truth of classical mythology, on sole purpose for the rhyming word.

Ver. 6.] In his Iliad, concerning Bellerophon, he has almost the same verse:

A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way.

As in the cavern of some rifted den,
 Where flock nocturnal bats, and birds obscene; 10
 Cluster'd they hang, 'till at some sudden shock,
 They move, and murmurs run thro' all the
 rock :

So cow'ring fled the fable heaps of ghosts,
 And such a scream fill'd all the dismal coasts.
 And now they reach'd the Earth's remotest
 ends, 15

And now the gates where ev'ning Sol descends,
 And Leucas' rock, and Ocean's utmost streams,
 And now pervade the dusky land of Dreams,

Ver. 9.] These rhymes are not worthy of the name.

Ver. 17. *And Leucas' rock* — —] This description of the descent into hell is more particular than that in the xith Odyssey; and each particular is well suited to the subject; the descent is fabled to be by the Ocean, because the sun seems to descend through it into Night or the region of darkness, in the western parts of Heaven. Milton fables the sun to rise through the gates of light, after the manner of the antients.

— — — — — 'Till morn,
 Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand
 Unbarr'd the gates of light — — —
 The circumstance likewise of going through the region of *dreams* is well chosen; Dreams are the attendants of sleep, the brother of Death; they come by night, and are therefore well imagined to have relation to the kingdom of death, and to be introductory to it; Virgil, in the descent of Æneas into hell, has borrowed this image,

— — — — — “ Quam sedem somnia vulgo
 “ Vana tenere ferunt” — — —
 The God of sleep there hides his heavy head,
 And empty dreams on every leaf are spread.

And rest at last, where souls unbodied dwell
 In ever-flow'ring meads of Asphodel. 20
 The empty Forms of men inhabit there,
 Impassive semblance, images of air!
 Nought else are all that shin'd on earth before;
 Ajax, and great Achilles, are no more!

The only circumstance liable to objection is, the Leucadian, or *white* rock, which Aristarchus thought improperly placed in the road to the realms of darkness; but (replies Eustathius) this is only meant of a rock standing on the extremities of the earth, or a rock on which the last rays of the sun fall. Dacier imagines, that there is a further meaning in the expression: "There is an island over-against Acarnania, on the west of Ithaca, called Leucas, from a white rock standing in it; this rock was famous in antiquity, because lovers in despair threw themselves from the top of it into the ocean; it was called *the Lover's leap*, and being thus remarkable for the deaths of numbers of people, Homer places it here." This is no ill explication: for a rock may well be feigned to stand at the entrance of the region of death, by which so many persons had entered into it.

Ovid, in his Epistles, mentions this Leucadian rock.

— — — — O you that love in vain,
 Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main:
 There stands a rock from whose impending steep,
 Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep;
 There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,
 Their flames extinguish, and forget to love. P.

Ver. 24.] His author may be thus exhibited without mutilation:

E'en Ajax, mighty warrior, is no more;
 Ajax, of all the Greeks the noblest name:
 Achilles only matcht the hero's fame.
 Him their superiour still the dead confest;
 A master-ghost, high towering o'er the rest:
 for who can endure the rhymes of the last couplet of our Poet's translation?

Yet still a master-ghost, the rest he aw'd, 25
 The rest ador'd him, tow'ring as he trod;
 Still at his side is Nestor's son survey'd,
 And lov'd Patroclus still attends his shade.

New as they were to that infernal shore,
 The Suitors stopp'd, and gaz'd the hero o'er. 30
 When, moving slow, the regal form they view'd
 Of great Atrides: him in pomp pursu'd
 And solemn sadness thro' the gloom of hell,
 The train of those who by Ægysthus fell.

O mighty chief! (Pelides thus began) 35
 Honour'd by Jove above the lot of man!

Ver. 35. *O mighty chief! (Pelides thus began) &c.*] This appears to be introduced somewhat unnaturally: Achilles had now been dead about ten years, and Agamemnon almost as long; it can therefore scarce be reconciled to probability, to imagine that they should not have met before this time, and mutually have satisfied their curiosities, by relating their several stories at some former interview: Dacier indeed remarks, that we are not to imagine this conference was held at the time when the Suitors descended, but upon some preceding occasion, immediately after the death of Agamemnon. If this be allowed, yet the objection remains, that the introduction is forced and unnatural, for then the descent of Mercury and the shades of the Suitors will be no reason why this conference should be here repeated: for so, neither Mercury nor the Suitors hear it. But Dacier is undoubtedly in an error; for εἶπον in the original is the third person plural, and absolutely refers to Mercury and the shades of the Suitors; and therefore it follows that this conference happened at the time of their entrance.

The shades of the Suitors (observes Dacier) when they are summoned by Mercury out of the palace of Ulysses, emit a feeble plaintive, inarticulate sound, τρίζουσι, *strident*: whereas Agamemnon, and the shades that have long been in the state of the dead,

King of a hundred kings ! to whom resign'd
 The strongest, bravest, greatest of mankind.
 Com'st thou the first, to view this dreary state ?
 And was the noblest the first mark of fate ? 40

— — — — — “ pars tollere vocem
 “ Exiguam : inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes.”
 They rais'd a feeble cry, with trembling notes,
 But the weak voice deceiv'd their gasping throats.

Dryden.

But why should we suppose with Dacier, that these shades of the Suitors have lost the faculty of speaking ; I rather imagine, that the sounds they uttered were signs of complaint and discontent, and proceeded not from an inability to speak : after Patroclus was slain, he appears to Achilles, and speaks very articulately to him ; yet to express his sorrow at his departure he acts like these suitors : for Achilles

Like a thin smoke beholds the spirit fly,
 And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.

Dacier conjectures, that the power of speech ceases in the dead, till they are admitted into a state of rest ; but Patroclus is an instance to the contrary in the Iliad, and Elpenor in the Odyssey, for they both speak before their funeral rites are performed, and consequently before they enter into a state of repose amongst the shades of the happy. P.

Ver. 38.] Much in the same language is his Essay on Man :

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd :

The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind :

a decision, in my opinion, beyond measure too harsh, and never repeated by me but with sorrow on that account.

Condemn'd to pay the great arrear so soon,
 The lot, which all lament, and none can shun!
 Oh! better hadst thou sunk in Trojan ground,
 With all thy full-blown honours cover'd round!
 Then grateful Greece with streaming eyes might
 raise

45

Historick marbles to record thy praise:
 Thy praise eternal on the faithful stone
 Had with transmissive glories grac'd thy son.

But heavier fates were destin'd to attend:

What man is happy, 'till he knows his end? 50

O son of Peleus! greater than mankind!

(Thus Agamemnon's kingly shade rejoin'd)

Thrice happy thou! to press the martial plain

Midst heaps of heroes in thy quarrel slain:

In clouds of smoke, rais'd by the noble fray, 55

Great and terrifick ev'n in death you lay,

And deluges of blood flow'd round you ev'ry

way.

Ver. 41.] The rhymes might become faultless thus:

Condemn'd to pay so soon the great arrear;

The lot, which none can shun, and all *must* fear:

but with less vigour of sentiment and expression.

Ver. 44.] Shakspeare, Henry viii. iii. 2.

And bears his *blushing* honours thick upon him.

Ver. 45.] Compare book i. verse 305.

Ver. 53.] Thus Ogilby, whom our poet evidently gives with improvement:

Thou far from Greece fell'st on the Trojan plain,

Many on both sides in thy rescue slain.

Ver. 55.] He should have said, without a *figure*, which is likely to mislead,

Nor ceas'd the strife, 'till Jove himself oppos'd,
 And all in tempests the dire ev'ning clos'd.
 Then to the fleet we bore thy honour'd load, 60
 And decent on the funeral bed bestow'd.
 Then unguents sweet and tepid streams we shed;
 Tears flow'd from ev'ry eye, and o'er the dead }
 Each clipt the curling honours of his head. }
 Struck at the news, thy azure mother came; 65
 The sea-green sisters waited on the dame:
 A voice of loud lament thro' all the main
 Was heard, and terrour seiz'd the Grecian train:

In clouds of dust:
 as Chapman very well renders:

— — — thy brave person lay
 Hid in a dusty whirlwinde.

Ogilby has a couplet of great merit; and faithful as it is elegant:
 Whil'ft in a dustie whirl-wind thou did'st lie;
 Thy valour lost, forgot thy chivalrie.

Ver. 56. *Great and terrifick ev'n in death.*] There is a very
 peculiar beauty in the versification of Homer in this place:

— — — σὺ δὲ σροφάλιγγι κοίνης
 Κεῖσο μέγας μεγαλωσῖ.

The words μέγας μεγαλωσῖ set the largeness of the body of Achilles
 stretched out upon the ground full before our eyes; we see him in
 the description; the repetition forces it upon our observation, so
 that the mind has time to dwell upon it, and admire the extent
 of the limbs of that hero. P.

So Ovid, very finely, of his ghost, met. xiii. 442.

Exit humo latè ruptâ.

Ver. 68. — — — *Terrour seiz'd the Grecian train.*] This
 description furnished Aristarchus with another objection to this
 book: he thought it improbable that the appearance of Thetis

Back to their ships the frightened host had fled ;
 But Nestor spoke, they listen'd, and obey'd. 70

and her sea-nymphs should terrify the whole Grecian army ; they say in answer, that all the ocean was in a great commotion as Thetis ascended, or as Homer expresses it,

— — — βοὴ δ' ἐπὶ πόντον ὄρωρε

Θεσπεσίη. — — —

This uproar occasioned their fear ; the Greeks were ignorant of the cause of it, and consequently apprehended some dreadful event ; this is evident, for Nestor appeases their consternation by unfolding the reason of the tumult, and shewing them that it was occasioned by the ascent of Thetis.

The reader has undoubtedly observed how excellently Homer sustains his characters ; Nestor is the wisest man, both in the Iliad and Odyssey : he has the experience of a very great age, and may therefore be supposed to be acquainted with all the most uncommon appearances in nature : the poet accordingly describes him as the only person not afraid in the Grecian army ; there were others undoubtedly as brave as Nestor, but not one so wise ; his intrepidity is therefore to be imputed to his wisdom, not bravery ; and this furnishes us with an excellent moral ; That ignorance is usually the source of fear.

The character of Achilles is no less happily supported ; the same love of glory is visible in all he speaks, that distinguished his character through the Iliad : he still prefers a short life with fame, before old age without it.

Ὡς ὄφελος τιμῆς ἀπονήμενός ἢς περ ἄνασσε,

Δήμῳ ἐνὶ Τρώων θάνατον καὶ πότμον ἐπισπεῖν.

The sentiment is truly heroick ; dishonour is worse than death, the happiness or misery of which is not to be measured by time, but glory ; long life is but lengthened mortality, and they who live the longest have but the small privilege of creeping more leisurely than others to their graves. P.

Ver. 69.] These villainous rhymes may be superseded thus :

Back to their ships our host in wild dismay
 Had fled ; but Nestor speaks, and all obey.

(From old experience Nestor's counsel springs,
And long vicissitudes of human things.)

“ Forbear your flight : fair Thetis from the main
“ To mourn Achilles leads her azure train.”

Around thee stand the daughters of the deep, 75
Robe thee in heav'nly vests, and round thee
weep,

Round thee, the Muses, with alternate strain,
In ever consecrating verse, complain.

Ver. 73.] Thus Ogilby :

His mother, with her sea-nymphs in a *train*,
Comes to lament her offspring from the *main*.

Ver. 77. *Round thee, the Muses* — —] It is impossible (observes Dacier) not to be struck with the noble fictions of Homer in honour of Achilles ; every circumstance is great. A whole army is in tears ; the Muses celebrate his glory ; a goddess and her nymphs ennoble it with their presence and lamentations. At the funerals of other heroes, women and captives are the mourners ; here the Muses personally appear. Heaven and Earth, Men and Gods interest themselves in the obsequies of so great an Hero ! Yet from this place Aristarchus draws an argument for rejecting this book : Homer (says he) no where else gives the number of the nine Muses, insinuating that their number was not fixed in his age ; but Homer frequently invokes the Muses, why then should he be ignorant of the number : and if not ignorant of it, why might he not mention it ? Aristarchus further adds, that it is absurd to imagine the body of Achilles could be preserved seventeen days without burial ; but this may be ascribed to the power of Thetis, who may easily be supposed to preserve it. Besides, why may not the body be embalmed ? and then there will be no occasion for a miracle, and the interposition of a Goddess : we must remember what she did to the body of Patroclus in the Iliad. P.

Each warlike Greek the moving musick hears,
 And iron-hearted heroes melt in tears. 80
 'Till sev'nteen nights and sev'nteen days return'd,
 All that was mortal or immortal mourn'd.
 To flames we gave thee, the succeeding day,
 And fatted sheep and fable oxen flay;
 With oils and honey blaze th' augmented fires, 85
 And like a God adorn'd, thy earthly part expires.
 Unnumber'd warriors round the burning pile
 Urge the fleet courser's or the racer's toil;
 Thick clouds of dust o'er all the circle rise,
 And the mix'd clamour thunders in the skies. 90
 Soon as absorpt in all-embracing flame
 Sunk what was mortal of thy mighty name,

Ver. 79.] Chapman is more faithful and pathetic:

And then, of all our army, not an eye
 You could have seene, undrown'd in misery.

Nor less Ogilby:

Thou could'st not see an ey of all were there,
 So sweet, so sad their notes, without a tear.

Ver. 86.] Or, more perspicuously,

In *god-like robes* adorn'd—.

Ver. 88.] The translator totally misconceives his author, (not to censure the *rhymes*) who was only speaking of the funeral procession of the *war-dance* round the pile: compare *Æneid* xi. 188. Ogilby is not amiss:

Both horse and foot, compleatly arm'd, surround
 The crackling flames, whil'st doleful cries resound.

Ver. 89.] Thus? with more fidelity:

Thick clouds of *circling* dust *involve* the skies,
 And mingled clamours, loud and long, arise.

We then collect thy snowy bones, and place
 With wines and unguents in a golden vase,
 (The vase to Thetis Bacchus gave of old, 95
 And Vulcan's art enrich'd the sculptur'd gold)
 There we thy relicks, great Achilles! blend
 With dear Patroclus, the departed friend:

Ver. 97. *There we thy relicks, great Achilles! blend
 With dear Patroclus, thy departed friend.]*

This is agreeable to the request made to Achilles by the ghost of Patroclus, in the Iliad.

Hear then! and as in fate and love we join,
 Ah suffer that my bones may rest with thine!
 That golden urn thy Goddess mother gave,
 May mix our ashes in one common grave!

It is likewise asserted by Homer, that the bones of Antilochus were repositied in the same urn with those of Patroclus and Achilles; where then is the peculiar honour paid to Patroclus, if Antilochus was partaker of it? The difference is, the bones of Achilles and Patroclus were mixed in the urn, those of Antilochus lay separately.

Homer adds, that the whole army raised a monument to Achilles; this is done according to his own injunctions in the Iliad, for speaking of the tomb of Patroclus, he thus proceeds;

Meantime erect the tomb with pious hands,
 A common structure on the humble sands;
 Hereafter Greece, some nobler work may raise,
 And late posterity record our praise.

Achilles means, that when he is dead the Greeks should raise one common monument to himself and Patroclus, which we see here effected. P.

Ver. 98.] I have restored the emphatical reading of the *first* edition: the later give,

— — — — — *thy* departed friend:

which arose from an inelegant corrector.

In the same urn a sep'rate space contains
 Thy next belov'd, Antilochus' remains. 100
 Now all the sons of warlike Greece surround
 Thy destin'd tomb, and cast a mighty mound;
 High on the shore the growing hill we raise,
 That wide th' extended Hellespont surveys;
 Where all, from age to age who pass the coast, 105
 May point Achilles' tomb, and hail the mighty
 ghost.

Thetis herself to all our peers proclaims
 Heroick prizes and exequial games;
 The Gods assented; and around thee lay
 Rich spoils and gifts that blaz'd against the day.
 Oft' have I seen with solemn funeral games 111
 Heroes and kings committed to the flames;
 But strength of youth, or valour of the brave
 With nobler contest ne'er renown'd a grave.
 Such were the games by azure Thetis giv'n, 115
 And such thy honours, oh belov'd of heav'n!
 Dear to mankind thy fame survives, nor fades
 Its bloom eternal in the Stygian shades.

Ver. 107.] Dryden, at *Æn.* v. 149.

The trumpet's clangor then the feast *proclaims*,
 And all prepare for their appointed *games*.

Our poet, in *Dunciad*, ii. 17.

And now the queen, to glad her sons, *proclaims*
 By herald hawkers high heroic *games*.

Ver. 111.] These rhymes have too recently occurred,

But what to me avail my honours gone,
 Successful toils, and battles bravely won? 120
 Doom'd by stern Jove, at home to end my life,
 By curst Ægyfthus, and a faithless wife!

Thus they; while Hermes o'er the dreary plain
 Led the sad numbers by Ulysses slain.

On each majestick form they cast a view, 125
 And tim'rous pass'd, and awfully withdrew.

But Agamemnon, thro' the gloomy shade,

His antient host Amphimedon survey'd;

Son of Melanthius! (he began) O say!

What cause compell'd so many, and so gay, 130

To tread the downward, melancholy way?

Ver. 119.] We may thus mend the rhymes:

But what avails my race with honour run?

Ver. 125.] His original here is grossly misrepresented by our translator. Homer says, that "as soon as the two chiefs, Achilles
 "and Agamemnon, saw the suitors, they were amazed, and went
 "up to them." But Chapman was our poet's blind guide on
 this occasion:

Whom now amaze invaded with the view,
 And made give backe.

Ver. 127. *But Agamemnon, thro' the gloomy shade,
 His antient host Amphimedon survey'd.*]

An objection has been raised against this passage, and it has been thought an absurdity that Agamemnon should be the guest of Amphimedon, and not of Ulysses, when he came to make an address to him, and was within his territories. Didymus answers, that this conduct in Agamemnon was occasioned by the refusal of Ulysses to assist in the war of Troy: Agamemnon resented his denial, and went to the house of Amphimedon. P.

Say, could one city yield a troop so fair?
 Were all these partners of one native air?
 Or did the rage of stormy Neptune sweep
 Your lives at once, and whelm beneath the deep?
 Did nightly thieves, or pirates cruel bands, 136
 Drench with your blood your pillag'd country's
 sands?
 Or well-defending some beleaguer'd wall,
 Say, for the publick did ye greatly fall?
 Inform thy guest; for such I was of yore 140
 When our triumphant navies touch'd your shore;
 Forc'd a long month the wintry seas to bear,
 To move the great Ulysses to the war.

Ver. 138.] Thus his author dictates:

Or say, defending some beleaguer'd wall,
 For *wives and country* did ye greatly fall?

Ver. 142. *Forc'd a long month — —*

To move the great Ulysses to the war.]

It is not obvious why Ulysses, who was a person of the greatest bravery, should be unwilling to engage in such an action of glory, as the war of Troy: was it because he foresaw that it would be a work of danger, (as Eustathius imagines) or was he dissatisfied in the ground of it, which was only to revenge the rape of Helen, and nothing but a private injury? The former is a reason unworthy of his heroick character, the latter is no more than a conjecture. It may possibly be a truer reason that he was unwilling to forsake his wife, of whom he was very fond, and whom he newly had married; but then it must be allowed, that he prefers his love to his glory. Eustathius recites the manner how he was drawn to engage in the war of Troy: Ulysses, to deliver himself from the importunities of his friends to assist Agamemnon, pretended madness, and yoked two animals of a different kind to a plough, and began to work with them; Palamedes, who suspected

O king of men ! I faithful shall relate
 (Reply'd Amphimedon) our hapless fate. 145
 Ulysses absent, our ambitious aim
 With rival loves pursu'd his royal dame :
 Her coy reserve, and prudence mix'd with pride,
 Our common suit nor granted, nor deny'd ;

the imposture, took his son Telemachus, an infant, and laid him in the furrow before the plough ; Ulysses turned aside not to hurt his child, and this discovered the imposition. Aristotle takes notice of the great judgment of Homer in suppressing this incident concerning Ulysses, it being unworthy of the bravery of an hero : he is proving, chap. viii. of his Poeticks, that all the actions of an hero's life are not to be inserted in an epick poem, for the actions of the same man are so many and different, that we can never reduce them to unity : for this reason Homer mentions not all the adventures of Ulysses, but only such as have relation to the subject of the Odyssey ; he knew that this counterfeit madness had no connexion either in truth or probability with the subject of his poem, and therefore he forbears the mention of it. The reader will understand the meaning of Aristotle, if he considers that the subject of the Odyssey is the story of a person who suffers great calamities in the return to his country, before he establishes himself in his dominions : now the counterfeited madness of Ulysses has no connexion with these sufferings, and consequently is judiciously omitted by Homer as foreign to the design of the poem, and contrary to the unity of the action. A detail of all the adventures of an hero's life is the province of history ; the relation of one single, great, and surprising action, is the subject of epick poetry. P.

Bad rhymes ! A correction of Ogilby is neater and more accurate :

A month *entire* at sea we, lingering, staid,
 E'er *anxious pray'rs* Ulysses could persuade.

Ver. 144.] Chapman has these rhymes :

— — — — — and will *relate*

The truth, in whole forme, of our timelesse *fate* :
 and Ogilby after him, whom I shall not quote.

But close with inward hate our deaths design'd ;
Vers'd in all arts of wily womankind. 151
Her hand, laborious, in delusion, spread
A spacious loom, and mix'd the various thread ;
Ye peers (she cry'd) who press to gain my heart
Where dead Ulysses claims no more a part, 155
Yet a short space, your rival-suit suspend,
'Till this funereal web my labours end :
Cease, 'till to good Laertes I bequeath
A task of grief, his ornaments of death :
Left, when the Fates his royal ashes claim, 160
The Grecian matrons taint my spotless fame ;
Should he, long honour'd with supreme com-
mand,
Want the last duties of a daughter's hand.
The fiction pleas'd : our gen'rous train com-
plies,
Nor fraud mistrusts in virtue's fair disguise. 165
The work she ply'd ; but studious of delay,
Each following night revers'd the toils of day.
Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail ;
The fourth, her maid reveal'd th' amazing
tale,
And show'd, as unperceiv'd we took our stand,
The backward labours of her faithless hand. 171

Ver. 152.] The reader may compare the same passage in
book ii. verse 103, and book xix. verse 160.

Forc'd, she compleats it ; and before us lay
 The mingled web, whose gold and silver ray
 Display'd the radiance of the night and day.

Just as she finish'd her illustrious toil, 175
 Ill fortune led Ulysses to our isle.

Far in a lonely nook, beside the sea,
 At an old swineherd's rural lodge he lay.

Thither his son from sandy Pyle repairs,
 And speedy lands, and secretly confers. 180

They plan our future ruin, and resort
 Confed'rate, to the city and the court.

First came the son ; the father next succeeds,
 Clad like a beggar, whom Eumæus leads ;

Ver. 174.] Perhaps this verse would be improved by more perspicuity, thus :

— — — — — whose gold and silver ray
 Beam'd like the lamp of night, and orb of day :
 or,
 Shone like the queen of night, and lord of day.

Ver. 175.] Or thus, for unexceptionable rhymes :

Soon as the vest receiv'd her final hand,
 Fate brought Ulysses to his native land.

And yet, I see, these rhymes have too recently occurred.

Ver. 177.] Or as follows, for the same reason :

Far at a lonely corner of the field,
 A swineherd's rural lodge the king conceal'd.
 From Pylos soon he saw his son repair ;
 Who speedy lands, and plots our ruin there.
 They from the secret conference resort — :

but even the concluding rhymes are vicious ; and almost perpetual substitution were necessary upon this ground of objection.

Propt on a staff, deform'd with age and care, 185
 And hung with rags, that flutter'd in the air,
 Who could Ulysses in that form behold?
 Scorn'd by the young, forgotten by the old,
 Ill us'd by all! to ev'ry wrong resign'd,
 Patient he suffer'd with a constant mind. 190
 But when, arising in his wrath t'obey
 The will of Jove, he gave the vengeance way;
 The scatter'd arms that hung around the dome
 Careful he treasur'd in a private room:
 Then, to her suitors bade his queen propose 195
 The archer's strife; the source of future woes,

Ver. 195. *Then, to her Suitors bade his queen propose, &c.*] We have already seen, that it was the contrivance of Penelope to propose the bow, to gain time to defer the marriage hour; how then comes Amphimedon to ascribe it to the art of Ulysses? Eustathius answers that Amphimedon is in an error, and that though the contrivance was from Penelope, yet Amphimedon could not come to the knowledge of it; and such stratagems being agreeable to the character of Ulysses, he imputes this action to him rather than Penelope.

It is impossible not to take notice that Homer makes repetition after repetition: Agamemnon speaks the same words as in the eleventh Odyssey: Amphimedon the same as in the second; and the whole account of the Suitors destruction is no more than a recital of what the reader already knows. Was Homer tired at the end of his work, and would not give himself the labour of invention? I confess we may lose our appetite to see the same entertainment thus continually served up in the very same manner, without so much as a new garnishment. I fear the words of Ulysses may sometimes be applicable to Homer.

And what so tedious as a twice-told tale?

Besides, this whole infernal interview is merely ornamental, which the Poet was at liberty to insert or omit according to his judgment,

And omen of our death ! In vain we drew
 The twanging string, and try'd the stubborn
 yew :
 To none it yields but great Ulysses' hands ;
 In vain we threat ; Telemachus commands :
 The bow he snatch'd, and in an instant bent ;
 Thro' ev'ry ring the victor arrow went.

without breaking the thread of the principal action ; it might therefore be wished that he had substituted some other incident in the room of it, and given a greater diversity to the story. If by laying the scene in hell, he designed to raise the wonder and curiosity of the reader (who cannot fail of having his attention awakened to see a prospect opened beyond the bounds of nature, and to look into the state of departed heroes) yet it must be confessed that this design has already been fully executed in the eleventh of the *Odyssey*. But the Poet seems to introduce the descent for the information of the dead rather than the living ; Agamemnon is told how the Suitors were destroyed by Ulysses ; and Achilles how nobly the Greeks performed his funeral obsequies ; incidents that very little contribute to the story of the *Odyssey*. In short, the main action stands still during this whole episode, which takes up almost half the book, and the latter part of the episode presents no new object to amuse and entertain us. But,

— — — — — “ Cynthius aurem
 “ Vellit” — — —

I betray my own want of judgment, rather than discover Homer's errors. I will only add, that the reader will be fully convinced that this whole episode may be omitted, by observing how well the story will be carried on with a regular connection by beginning the book with these words,

Οἳ δ' ἐπεὶ ἐκ πόλιν κατέβαν, τάχα δ' ἄγρον ἱκόντο, &c.

So that if I could in any part subscribe to the opinion of Aristarchus for the rejection of this book, it should be only for the former part of it, but I am persuaded from the nobleness of the verses, that the whole is genuine. P.

Fierce on the threshold then in arms he stood;
 Pour'd forth the darts, that thirsted for our blood,
 And frown'd before us, dreadful as a God! 205
 First bleeds Antinous: thick the shafts resound;
 And heaps on heaps the wretches strow the
 ground;

This way, and that, we turn, we fly, we fall;
 Some God assisted, and unmann'd us all:
 Ignoble cries precede the dying groans; 210
 And batter'd brains and blood besmear the stones.

Thus, great Atrides! thus Ulysses drove
 The shades thou seest, from yon' fair realms above.
 Our mangled bodies now deform'd with gore,
 Cold and neglected, spread the marble floor. 215
 No friend to bathe our wounds! or tears to shed
 O'er the pale corse! the honours of the dead.

Ver. 205.] The latter clause is mere interpolation, for the sake of a rhyme; which yet is vicious. Thus?

And, *frowning* dreadful, *draws the fatal wood*.

Ver. 214.] Ogilby, just above:

Aloud they groan, and falling *smear* all ore
 With reeking blood, and brains, *the marble floor*.

Chapman, saving his conceits, is very good:

— — — — — but all in flood

The pavement straight blusht with our vital blood:

And thus our souls came here; our bodies laid

Neglected in his roofes: no word convoid

To any friend, to take us home and give

Our wounds fit balming; nor let such as live,

Entombe our deaths; and for our fortunes, shed

Those teares, and dead rites, that renowne the dead.

Oh blest Ulysses (thus the king exprest
 His sudden rapture) in thy consort blest !
 Not more thy wisdom, than her virtue shin'd ; 220
 Not more thy patience, than her constant mind.
 Icarius' daughter, glory of the past,
 And model to the future age, shall last :
 The Gods, to honour her fair fame, shall raise
 (Their great reward) a Poet in her praise. 225
 Not such, oh Tyndarus ! thy daughter's deed,
 By whose dire hand her king and husband bled :
 Her shall the Muse to infamy prolong,
 Example dread ! and theme of tragick song !
 The gen'ral sex shall suffer in her shame, 230
 And ev'n the best that bears a woman's name.
 Thus in the regions of eternal shade
 Conferr'd the mournful phantoms of the dead.

Ver. 230.] Compare another exhibition of this sentiment in book xi. verse 539. The original is alike in both places.

Ver. 232. *Thus in the regions of eternal shade.*] I think it will not be improper here to particularize from whence antiquity raised the fictions concerning hell, and the nature of it, as we have it in Diodorus Siculus.

Pluto (observes that author) was the first that introduced the rites of sepulture, and other ceremonies bestowed on the dead: this is the reason why the antients imagined him to be the king of the dead.

Rhadamanthus is said to have been the most just man in the world, he severely punished robbers and other notorious offenders, and from his singular reputation for integrity was feigned to be the judge of the good and bad after death; and for the same reason Minos was joined with him in the same dignity.

While from the town, Ulysses, and his band,
Past to Laertes' cultivated land. 239

Homer borrowed his fictions from Orpheus, Orpheus from the Ægyptians: it was Orpheus who introduced the opinion of the pains of the damned, and of the Elysian fields, and taught that the souls of the dead were conducted by Mercury into the infernal mansions: (a proof that he was called *ψυχοπομπὸς* before the days of Homer.) Diodorus proceeds, and mentions the beginning of this book, how Homer feigns that Mercury leads the shades of the dead by the ocean, the Leucadian rock, and the gates of the sun: a plain instance that he looked upon this book as the genuine work of Homer. All these fables (continues Diodorus) are of Ægyptian extract; by the ocean, Homer means Nilus; by the gates of the sun, he means Heliopolis, a city sacred to the sun; the meadow into which the shades are conducted, denotes the pleasant meadows full of canes, adjoining to Memphis; and the dead are feigned to reside there, because it was the general burial-place amongst the Ægyptians. Concerning Cocytus, Acheron, &c. the reader may consult the first note upon the eleventh Odyssey.

Plutarch, in his treatise of Isis and Osyris, agrees with Diodorus concerning the extraction of these fables from Ægypt, and mentions at Memphis the gates of lamentation and oblivion; that is, of Lethe, and Cocytus; which being opened at the burial of the dead, give a doleful and groaning sound. From hence they are thus described by Homer in the tenth Odyssey.

And where flow rolling from the Stygian bed

Cocytus' lamentable waters spread.

Where the dark rock o'erhangs th' infernal lake,

And mingling streams eternal murmurs make.

These observations give light to most of Homer's fictions concerning hell, and shew that his poetry is built upon the customs of antiquity.

Macrobius explains all these particulars after a different manner: this solution supposes a state of pre-existence of the soul: "If
" (says that author) to die, be the same as to go to the infernal re-
" gions; to enjoy the supernal, is then to live; and therefore
" before philosophy prevailed, the body itself was supposed to be
" the infernal receptacle of the soul, into which she descended as

The ground himself had purchas'd with his pain,
And labour made the rugged soil a plain.

“ into a prison, from above; this was thought the sepulchre of
“ the soul, and the cave of Pluto. The river of oblivion denotes
“ the error of the soul, which forgets the majesty of the former
“ state she enjoyed before she entered the body: Phlegethon, the
“ ardour of our desires, and flames of anger; Acheron, all our
“ words and actions that bring us into sorrows; so likewise, Styx
“ implies our hatred, Cocytus our grief and lamentation. Thus
“ also the punishments in hell are verified upon earth: the vulture
“ which preys upon the liver of Tityus, is the sting of a guilty
“ conscience; the ambitious man is the Sisyphus, who is eternally
“ aspiring, and yet always disappointed; the avaritious man is
“ the Tantalus, who starves amidst his plenty, &c.”

By joining these two interpretations together, we have at once the double pleasure of a beautiful fable and instructive moral; from the whole we may collect, that although the antients were ignorant of the true nature of a future state, yet that they believed it, and expected there would be punishments and rewards in it. This note is of use to explain several passages in the eleventh Odyssy. P.

Ogilby is very faithful:

Amongst themselves such sad discourse they found
In Pluto's dismal kingdoms under ground.

But our Poet, whose rhymes, by the by, are intolerable, had his eyes on Chapman:

— — — earth's dark and ever-hiding shade.

Ver. 236. *The ground himself had purchas'd with his pain.*] Eustathius very well explains these words, in which the Greek may be construed to signify that Laertes had purchased this place of retirement by his labour and industry: but probably Homer intends to express an allotment or portion of ground which was assigned Laertes by the publick, as a reward for his heroick labours in war, and bravery in conquering his enemies, like that mentioned in the Iliad.

The Lycians grant a chosen space of ground,
With woods, with vineyards, and with harvests crown'd.

There stood his mansion of the rural fort,
 With useful buildings round the lowly court;
 Where the few servants that divide his care, 240
 Took their laborious rest, and homely fare;
 And one Sicilian matron, old and sage,
 With constant duty tends his drooping age.

Here now arriving, to his rustick band
 And martial son, Ulysses gave command. 245
 Enter the house, and of the bristly swine
 Select the largest to the pow'rs divine.

Alone, and unattended, let me try
 If yet I share the old man's memory:
 If those dim eyes can yet Ulysses know, 250
 (Their light and dearest object long ago)
 Now chang'd with time, with absence, and
 with woe?

Then to his train he gives his spear and shield;
 The house they enter; and he seeks the field,

It may either be so, or Homer intending solely to paint the laborious life of Laertes, added this circumstance of his encreasing his rural cell by his industry, as an instance of it; though the latter is more suitable to the character of a king. P.

Here again our translator, I apprehend, profits by Chapman:

— — — — — which with toils

He made a sweet and habitable soile.

Ver. 238.] May the rhymes be redressed thus?

The *senior's* rural mansion there *they* found,

A lowly court, with useful buildings round.

Ver. 251.] I cannot admire this verse, and it is without authority from his original.

Thro' rows of shade with various fruitage
crown'd, 255

And labour'd scenes of richest verdure round.

Nor aged Dolius, nor his sons were there,

Nor servants, absent on another care ;

To search the woods for sets of flow'ry thorn,

Their orchard bounds to strengthen and adorn.

But all alone the hoary king he found ; 261

His habit coarse, but warmly wrapt around ;

His head, that bow'd with many a pensive care,

Fenc'd with a double cap of goatskin hair :

His buskins old, in former service torn, 265

But well repair'd ; and gloves against the thorn.

Ver. 266. — — — *Gloves against the thorn.*] Casaubon in his Remarks upon Athenæus, lib. xii. cap. 2. affirms, that antiently neither the Greeks nor the Romans ever wore any covering on their hands, which are now used so universally, that they are worn by the meanest people ; but this place is an instance of Casaubon's mistake : it is true, Xenophon gives this practice as an argument of the luxury and delicacy of the Persians, who suffered no part of the body to be exposed to the air, but wore *καὶ περὶ ἄκραις ταῖς χερσὶ χειρίδας, καὶ δακτυλήθρας ἔχουσι*, “ gloves upon their hands, and coverings on their very fingers.” Pliny the Younger mentions the same custom amongst the Romans, *Manus Hieme manicis muniebantur ! ut ne cœli quidem asperitas ullum studiis tempus eriperet*. This then is the difference ; the Persians wore these hand-coverings out of effeminacy and delicacy ; whereas in Greece they were used only out of necessity, as a defence in rural labour, as appears from Laertes, they being never mentioned upon any other occasion, either in the Iliad or Odyssey. *Dacier.* P.

In this array the kingly gard'ner stood,
And clear'd a plant, encumber'd with its wood.

Ver. 267. *In this array the kingly gard'ner stood,
And clear'd a plant, encumber'd with its wood.*]

This is the first appearance of Laertes, he is the very picture of melancholy; his dress, his employ, and solitary life, all discover a fixed sorrow and contempt of the world. It has been a dispute whether we are to ascribe this retreat of Laertes to a meanness of spirit, who forsakes his station, and is unequal to adversity; or to wisdom, and a noble neglect of the pomp and splendour of the world, by which he prefers a little rural retreat to all the magnificence of a palace, and a small garden to all the dominions of a king. Plutarch severely censures his conduct: "A person (observes that writer) who wastes his age in his bed, or in trivial affairs, makes himself an object of contempt, as Homer teaches by the examples of Nestor and Laertes: Nestor, by engaging in the war of Troy, obtained the utmost veneration; while Laertes, who abandoned himself to solitude, was despised universally." I am unwilling to subscribe to this observation, being of opinion that the silent virtues of a good man in solitude are more amiable than all the noisy honours of active life. The picture of Laertes is undoubtedly drawn very naturally; a tender father is afflicted for the loss of a brave and beloved son; this bitter ingredient gives a disrelish to all the vanities of life; he is deprived of an object that he valued above the world, he therefore neglects it as having nothing worthy of his cares, and abandons it for privacy and tranquillity. Menedemus in Terence is the very copy of Laertes in Homer; an instance that he thought Homer's an exact representation of human nature; and the applause with which that Comedy was received, shews that all Rome was of the same judgment. Sorrow loves to be alone, rather seeks for amusements than business and glory; and it may perhaps be true, that it shews more greatness of soul to resign a kingdom than to conquer it. Pride, ambition, and guilty passions have raised many to the top of human glory; but it evidences that a person is not influenced by vicious sentiments, who knows how to moderate his desires, and is able to retire from the splendour of a crown into obscurity. Tully mentions the manner of life in Laertes, without condemnation; the place is to be found in his

Beneath a neighb'ring tree, the chief divine
 Gaz'd o'er his fire, retracing ev'ry line, 270
 The ruins of himself! now worn away
 With age, yet still majestick in decay!
 Sudden his eyes releas'd their wat'ry store;
 The much enduring man could bear no more.
 Doubtful he stood, if instant to embrace 275
 His aged limbs, to kiss his rev'rend face,
 With eager transport to disclose the whole,
 And pour at once the torrent of his soul.—
 Not so: his judgment takes the winding way
 Of question distant, and of soft essay; 280

Cato Major, where he speaks of the innocent amusements of old age, and illustrates his assertions by the example of Laertes. *Homerus Laertem lenientem desiderium, quod capiebat e filio, colentem agrum & stercorantem facit.* But Tully mistakes Homer, for Laertes is not found dunging his ground.

Perhaps instead of *λίσσεύοντα*, he read *κοπήσοντα*, as it is used in the seventeenth *Odyssey*.

— — — Ὀδυσσῆος τέμενος μέγα κοπήσοντες.

Or perhaps he quoted by memory. I will only add, that Tully in his retirement at Tusculum, used to write to his friends, that he there led the life of Laertes: and Tully was too sensible of his own worth, to speak any thing to the disparagement of it. P.

Ver. 271.] This elegant couplet is the representative of the following verse in his original:

Worn down with age; deep sorrows in his soul!

Ver. 275.] These rhymes are in Chapman; by whose version at this passage the reader would not be gratified.

Ver. 279. *Not so: his judgment takes the winding way.*] It has been objected, that Ulysses here acts contrary to filial piety, and permits a tender father to continue in his sorrows, when it was

More gentle methods on weak age employs ;
 And moves the sorrows, to enhance the joys.
 Then, to his fire with beating heart he moves,
 And with a tender pleafantry reproves : 284
 Who digging round the plant ftill hangs his head,
 Nor aught remits the work, while thus he faid.

in his power immediately to make him happy, by a difcovery of his perfon; they likewise condemn the καρτόμια ἔπεια, which Homer puts into the mouth of Ulyffes. It muft be allowed, that thofe words are frequently ufed by the Poet in a bad fenfe, and fignify *heart-wounding*, or *reproachful words*; but here they are not fo to be underftood; they only imply, *that Ulyffes blamed Laertes out of tendernefs for taking no more care of his perfon*: this is not a reproach, but the language of fondnefs and affection: or perhaps the Poet meant to exprefs that this enquiry raifed images of sorrow in the foul of Laertes, and *wounded his heart* by naming the loft Ulyffes. Eufathius folves the former objection by faying that Ulyffes delayed the difcovery, left the fuddennefs of joy fhould prove fatal to Laertes. But Homer undoubtedly paints according to nature; Ulyffes burfts into tears at the fight of his father, yet reftrains them, and tries if after twenty years abfence he was known by him; this delay raifes the reader's curiofity, makes him, as it were, prefent at the interview, and impatient to hear the manner of the difcovery: befides, this procedure excellently agrees with the general character of Ulyffes, who is upon all emergencies mafter of his paffions, and remarkable for difguife and an artful diffimulation; this difguife has a very happy effect in this place, it holds us in a pleafing fufpence, and makes us wait with attention to fee the iffue of the interview. P.

There is great elegance in this couplet: but for the following there is no authority in Homer; and our tranflator feems to have conftituted it from Dacier: “ Il voulut avoir pour un moment le
 “ *plairir de réveiller un peu fa douleur, afin de lui rendre enfuite fa*
 “ *joie plus fenfible.*”

Ver. 285.] Thus Ogilby, with the fame questionable rhymes:
 Who digging round a plant, hung down his head;
 When to his father thus Ulyffes faid.

Great is thy skill, oh father ! great thy toil,
 Thy careful hand is stamp'd on all the foil,
 Thy squadron'd vineyards well thy art declare,
 The olive green, blue fig, and pendent pear ;
 And not one empty spot escapes thy care. 291
 On ev'ry plant and tree thy cares are shown,
 Nothing neglected, but thyself alone.
 Forgive me, father, if this fault I blame ;
 Age so advanc'd may some indulgence claim. 295
 Not for thy sloth, I deem thy lord unkind ;
 Nor speaks thy form a mean or servile mind :
 I read a monarch in that princely air,
 The same thy aspect, if the same thy care ;

Ver. 290.] Ogilby renders, not ill for his age:

No plant, no fig-tree, olive, vine, nor pear,
 But both in rank and file well-order'd are.

Ver. 292.] This part of the speech is executed in the best manner of our great translator, with a simplicity and grace, that cannot be exceeded.

Ver. 298. *I read a monarch in that princely air.*] The words in the Greek are not without obscurity, and Eustathius explains them two ways ; they may either signify, that Laertes appears to be a person of such distinction that he ought to live with more delicacy and dignity, viz. *to bathe, and after a due repast to sleep in state* ; or they imply, that Laertes shews the dignity of a king in his person, who comes from the bath, and dines in state. Ulysses cannot compare Laertes to a king, who is fresh from the bath and drest royally, for he tells us, he is covered with sweat and dust ; he therefore means that his personage is noble, and like a king, that therefore he ought to live like a king, with respect to his food and his bath, and to indulge his age by allowing it ease and refreshment. P.

Soft sleep, fair garments, and the joys of wine, 300
 These are the rights of age, and should be thine.
 Who then thy master, say? and whose the land
 So dress'd and manag'd by thy skilful hand?
 But chief, oh tell me! (what I question most)
 Is this the far-fam'd Ithacensian coast? 305
 For so reported the first man I view'd,
 (Some furly islander, of manners rude)
 Nor farther conference vouchsaf'd to stay;
 Heedless he whistl'd, and pursu'd his way.
 But thou! whom years have taught to under-
 stand, 310
 Humanely hear, and answer my demand:
 A friend I seek, a wise one and a brave,
 Say, lives he yet, or moulders in the grave?
 Time was (my fortunes then were at the best)
 When at my house I lodg'd this foreign guest;
 He said, from Ithaca's fair isle he came, 316
 And old Laertes was his father's name.

Ver. 307.] There is want of accuracy and of arrangement in the *seven* verses following, of which I shall subjoin a literal translation:

Scarce found in mind; who ventur'd not to tell
 The things I askt, nor my enquiries hear
 About my friend, if yet he live and breathe,
 Or now lie dead in mansions of the grave.
 Hear then attentive what I say to thee.

Ver. 309.] Our translator was mindful of the following line, which, I think, is Dryden's:

And *whistled*, as he went, *for want of thought*.

To him, whatever to a guest is ow'd
 I paid, and hospitable gifts bestow'd ;
 To him sev'n talents of pure ore I told, 320
 Twelve cloaks, twelve vests, twelve tunicks stiff
 with gold,
 A bowl, that rich with polish'd silver flames,
 And, skill'd in female works, four lovely dames.

At this the father, with a father's fears :
 (His venerable eyes bedimm'd with tears.) 325
 This is the land ; but ah ! thy gifts are lost,
 For godless men, and rude, possess the coast :
 Sunk is the glory of this once fam'd shore !
 Thy antient friend, oh stranger, is no more !
 Full recompence thy bounty else had borne ; 330
 For ev'ry good man yields a just return :
 So civil rights demand ; and who begins
 The track of friendship, not pursuing, fins.

Ver. 322.] Thus his original :

A bowl, that rich with *flowers of* silver flames.

Ver. 326.] These inaccurate rhymes are in Ogilby :

Thou art a stranger sure to this our *coast*,

Thou ask'st such questions : all *thy gifts are lost*.

Ver. 328.] These *three* couplets give a very incorrect resemblance of his author : and the last, if intelligible, and taken according to it's grammatical construction, contradicts the sentiment of Homer. The subjoined attempt is literal :

Thee, hadst thou found him still in Ithaca,

With grateful gifts and hospitable love

He had dismiss'd, as prior favours claim'd.

But tell me, stranger, be the truth confest,
 What years have circled since thou saw'st that
 guest? 335

That hapless guest, alas! for ever gone!
 Wretch that he was! and that I am! my son!
 If ever man to misery was born,
 'Twas his to suffer, and 'tis mine to mourn!
 Far from his friends, and from his native
 reign, 340

He lies a prey to monsters of the main,
 Or savage beasts his mangled reliques tear,
 Or screaming vultures scatter thro' the air:
 Nor could his mother fun'ral unguents shed;
 Nor wail'd his father o'er th' untimely dead; 345
 Nor his sad consort, on the mournful bier,
 Seal'd his cold eyes, or drop'd a tender tear!

But tell me, who thou art? and what thy
 race?

Thy town, thy parents, and thy native place?
 Or if a merchant in pursuit of gain, 350
 What port receiv'd thy vessel from the main?
 Or com'st thou single, or attend thy train?

Ver. 344.] Hobbes is faithful, and will serve to point out the
 deviations of our poet:

Neither his father nor his mother by,
 To wind him, and to shed tears o'er his bed,
 Nor yet his wife weeping to close his eye;
 Which are the honours due unto the dead.

Then thus the son. From Alybas I came,
 My palace there ; Eperitus my name.
 Not vulgar born ; from Aphidas the king, 355
 Of Polypemon's royal line, I spring.
 Some adverse Dæmon from Sicania bore
 Our wand'ring course, and drove us on your
 shore :
 Far from the town, an unfrequented bay
 Reliev'd our weary'd vessel from the sea. 360
 Five years have circled since these eyes pursu'd
 Ulysses parting thro' the fable flood ;

Ver. 353. — — — *From Alybas I came.*] Ulysses is inexhaustible in his fictions ; he here accommodates the names of persons and places to his fortunes : Alybas is supposed to be a city of Italy, afterwards called Metapontium. It is placed by others in Thrace. It is here introduced to denote the wanderings of Ulysses by the sea, or ἄλῃ : the word Aphidas denotes his generosity, which *saves nothing* towards his friends. He feigns himself to be the grandson of Πολυπήμων, to represent the multitude of his sufferings ; his name is Eperitus, from ἐπὴρις, the same with περιμάχητος, from ἐρίζω, to shew the struggle that he has met with in all his adventures, as well as the toils in the war of Troy, and against other enemies. *Eustathius.* P.

Thus Ogilby :

— — — — — *from Alybas I came,*
 As Sicily I past ; *Eperitus my name.*

Ver. 355.] So Chapman :

— — — — — *fam'd to spring*
 From Polypemon, the Molossian king.

Ver. 360.] Or thus, for the rhyme :

Receiv'd our vessel from the watery way.

Ver. 361.] Or thus, from the same objection :

Five circling years, since your ill-fated son
 My country left, their annual course have run.

Prosp'rous he fail'd, with dexter auguries,
 And all the wing'd good omens of the skies. 364
 Well hop'd we, then, to meet on this fair shore,
 Whom heav'n, alas ! decreed to meet no more.

Quick thro' the father's heart these accents
 ran ;

Grief seiz'd at once, and wrapt up all the man ;
 Deep from his soul he sigh'd, and sorrowing spread
 A cloud of ashes on his hoary head. 370

Trembling with agonies of strong delight
 Stood the great son, heart-wounded with the
 fight :

Ver. 368.] Better, perhaps, more closely to his author's language:

Grief *clouds* at once and *wraps* up all the man.

Ver. 369. — — — *and sorrowing spread*

A cloud of ashes on his hoary head.]

This was a common practice among the antient orientals, in token of the extremity of sorrow ; it was used among the Hebrews as well as Greeks ; thus Ezek. xxvii. 30. *They shall cast dust upon their heads.* Job ii. 12. *They rent every one his mantle, and sprinkled dust upon their heads.* Thus also Achilles, in the eighteenth of the Iliad ;

His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
 Those he deforms in dust, and these he tears.

Homer calls it *κόνιν αἰθαλόεσσαν*, which does not mean that Laertes threw glowing embers on his head, for he was in his garden, where such ashes were not to be found, but he means *ξήραν*, or *dry dust*, such as arises from substances consumed by fire, or resembling ashes. *Eustathius.* P.

Ver. 371. *Trembling with agonies, &c.*] The Greek expression is remarkable,

He ran, he seiz'd him with a strict embrace,
 With thousand kisses wander'd o'er his face,
 I, I am he; oh father rise! behold 375
 Thy son, with twenty winters now grown old;
 Thy son, so long desir'd, so long detain'd,
 Restor'd, and breathing in his native land:

— — — ἀνὰ ῥίνας δὲ οἱ ἦδ' ἔ
 Δριμὺ μὲν ὅ· πρέτυψε — — —

A sharp sensation struck his nostrils. Eustathius judges, that the meaning is, that Ulysses perceived himself ready to burst into tears; a kind of a pricking sharp sensation being felt in the nostrils before the eruption of tears. Casaubon more fully explains it; he observes that all violent passions cause a sensation in the nostrils, arising from the ebullition of the spirits, which mount toward the brain; and endeavouring to free themselves from restraint, find a vent by the nostril, and crouding through it, dilate it in their passage; this is evident from animals, and the nobler kinds of them, as the bull, the horse, the lion, whose nostrils always dilate when moved to anger. A similar expression is found in the first Idyllium of Theocritus.

Καὶ οἱ αἰεὶ δριμεῖα χολὰ πρὸς ῥινὴ καίθηται.

He speaks of the anger of the God Pan, but it is applicable to all violence of passion. Aristotle (observes Dacier) quotes this verse as applied by Homer to express anger, cap. 8. of his morals to Nicomachus, but he is evidently in an error; for there is here no mention of anger: he undoubtedly trusted to his memory, it being sorrow arising from filial tenderness which moves Ulysses.
Dacier. P.

This couplet stands thus in his original:

His soul was rous'd; and through his nostrils now
 Ran sharp sensation, as he view'd his fire.

And this, I since see, is the very expression employed by our annotator.

Ver. 377.] The following verse will suit the rhyme:

See thy dear son, long-wish'd, before thee stand.

These floods of sorrow, oh my fire, restrain !
 The vengeance is compleat ; the suitor-train, 380
 Stretch'd in our palace, by these hands lie slain. }

Amaz'd, Laertes. " Give some certain sign,
 " (If such thou art) to manifest thee mine."

Lo here the wound (he cries) receiv'd of yore,
 The scar indented by the tusky boar, 385

When by thyself and by Anticlea sent,

To old Autolycus's realms I went.

Yet by another sign thy offspring know ;

The sev'ral trees you gave me long ago,

While, yet a child, these fields I lov'd to trace,

And trod thy footsteps with unequal pace ; 391

Ver. 389. *The several trees you gave me long ago,
 While yet a child — —]*

The word in the original is *παῖδός*, which signifies a very young boy: Homer uses it to express the age, when out of a childish simplicity Ulysses asked his father to grant him such trees. Such requests are very natural in children, and we see (says Dacier) the same practised every day; Parents out of fondness indulge the requests of their children in such little particularities, and a bird, an horse, &c. continues the child's favourite for many years. It must be allowed, that no Poet ever followed nature so faithfully as Homer. Virgil perhaps has reached his noblest elevations and sublimities, but there is a greater variety of natural incidents, more exact pictures of human life in Homer than in all other Poets. Some painters excel in the boldness of their figures, and know how to draw a Hero or a God, but are less happy in lower subjects; but Homer draws universally, and is excellent upon all occasions; he paints the largest figures, of the least sketches, equally natural, and with equal beauty. P.

Ver. 391.] This beautiful line is not from Homer, but from Virgil:

To ev'ry plant in order as we came,
 Well-pleas'd you told its nature, and its name,
 Whate'er my childish fancy ask'd, bestow'd ;
 Twelve pear-trees bowing with their pendent
 load, 395
 And ten, that red with blushing apples glow'd ;
 Full fifty purple figs ; and many a row
 Of various vines that then began to blow,
 A future vintage ! when the Hours produce
 Their latent buds, and Sol exalts the juice. 400
 Smit with the signs which all his doubts ex-
 plain,
 His heart within him melts ; his knees sustain
 Their feeble weight no more ; his arms alone
 Support him, round the lov'd Ulysses thrown ;
 He faints, he sinks, with mighty joys oppress'd :
 Ulysses clasps him to his eager breast. 406
 Soon as returning life regains its seat,
 And his breath lengthens, and his pulses beat ;

— — — sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis :

While, on my better hand, Ascanius hung,
 And, with unequal paces, tript along.

DRYDEN.

Ver. 392.] Ogilby's version of this passage is full :

When I, a boy, with thee went up and down,
 Their several names thou told'st me one by one :

but our poet was thinking on Milton, Par. Lost, vii. 493.

— — — — — the rest are numberless ;

And thou their *natures* know'st, and gav'st them *names*.

Ver. 394.] Thus Ogilby :

Of every sort you some on me *bestow'd*,
 Which seasonable showers with fruit did *load*.

Yes, I believe (he cries) almighty Jove ! 409
 Heav'n rules us yet, and Gods there are above.
 'Tis so—the Suitors for their wrongs have paid—
 But what shall guard us, if the town invade ?
 If, while the news thro' ev'ry city flies,
 All Ithaca and Cephalenia rise ?

To this Ulysses. As the Gods shall please 415
 Be all the rest ; and set thy soul at ease.
 Haste to the cottage by this orchard side,
 And take the banquet which our cares provide :
 There wait thy faithful band of rural friends,
 And there the young Telemachus attends. 420

Thus having said, they trac'd the garden o'er,
 And stooping enter'd at the lowly door.
 The swains and young Telemachus they found,
 The victim portion'd, and the goblet crown'd.
 The hoary king, his old Sicilian maid 425
 Perfum'd and wash'd, and gorgeously array'd.
 Pallas attending gives his frame to shine
 With awful port, and majesty divine ;
 His gazing son admires the god-like grace,
 And air celestial dawning o'er his face. 430

Ver. 425.] So Chapman, whom our poet had in view :

— — — — — and royally arraid

The old king was, by his Sicilian maid :

for thus their original :

Meanwhile, great-soul'd Laertes in his house

Washt and anointed his Sicilian maid,

And a fair cloak threw round.

What God, he cry'd, my father's form improves ?
How high he treads, and how enlarg'd he moves ?

Oh ! would to all the deathless pow'rs on high,
Pallas and Jove, and him who gilds the sky !
(Reply'd the king elated with his praise) 435

My strength were still, as once in better days :
When the bold Cephalens the leaguer form'd,
And proud Nericus trembled as I storm'd.
Such were I now, not absent from your deed
When the last sun beheld the Suitors bleed, 440

Ver. 438. *And proud Nericus trembled as I storm'd.*] I doubt not but the reader has observed, that Laertes uses the very turn of language and manner of self-commendation so remarkable in almost all the speeches of Nestor : this is to be ascribed to the nature of old age in general, which loves a little to boast, and relates the exploits of youth with the utmost satisfaction ; or as Horace describes it,

— — — “ Laudator temporis acti

“ Se puero” — — —

I will only add, that the reason why Homer describes Laertes enlarged with strength and majesty by Minerva, is to reconcile the future story to probability ; Laertes acts the hero, engages at the head of his friends, and kills the leader of his enemies ; this might appear to be an exploit too great for a weak old man wasted away with sorrows : the Poet therefore knowing that he had lost his natural vigour through age, supplies the defect with preternatural strength, and by this method renders him equal to his future action. P.

He found this ignorant mode of pronunciation in Chapman :

Of strong *Nericus*—.

Ogilby is blameless in this respect :

— — — Would Jove, Phœbus, and Pallas make

Me such as when I *Nericus* did take.

This arm had aided yours ; this hand bestrown
Our floors with death, and push'd the slaughter
on ;
Nor had the fire been sep'rate from the son.

They commun'd thus ; while homeward bent
their way

The swains, fatigu'd with labours of the day ;
Dolius the first, the venerable man,
And next his sons, a long succeeding train.
For due refection to the bow'r they came,
Call'd by the careful old Sicilian dame, 449
Who nurs'd the children, and now tends the
fire ;

They see their Lord, they gaze, and they admire.
On chairs and beds in order seated round,
They share the gladsome board; the roofs re-
found.

While thus Ulysses to his antient friend : 454
 “ Forbear your wonder, and the feast attend ;

Ver. 443.] Thus his author dictates:

The fire's exploits had joy'd his conscious son.

Ver. 450. *Who nurs'd the children, and now tends the fire.*] We are not to imagine that this Sicilian was the wife of Dolius; Homer gives her the title of mother to his children, because she had the care of their education; for he adds, ἡ σοφίας τρέφε, she was their nurse, not their mother. *Dacier.* P.

Ver. 454.] This unauthorised interpolation of *the roofs rebound* sticks to the last sand of our translator. I should suppose this not to be less than the *twentieth* time of it's constraint into his service to accommodate the rhyme.

“ The rites have waited long.” The chief
commands

Their loves in vain ; old Dolius spreads his hands,
Springs to his master with a warm embrace,
And fastens kisses on his hands and face ;

Then thus broke out. Oh long, oh daily
mourn'd ! 460

Beyond our hopes, and to our wish, return'd !

Conducted sure by heav'n ! for heav'n alone

Could work this wonder : welcome to thy own !

And joys and happiness attend thy throne ! 464

Who knows thy blest, thy wish'd return ? oh say,

To the chaste queen shall we the news convey ?

Or hears she, and with blessings loads the day ?

Dismiss that care, for to the royal bride

Already is it known ; the king reply'd,

And straight resum'd his seat : while round him

bows 470

Each faithful youth, and breathes out ardent

vows :

Then all beneath their father take their place,

Rank'd by their ages, and the banquet grace.

Now flying Fame the swift report had spread

Thro' all the city, of the Suitors dead. 475

Ver. 472.] Chapman is faithful :

Then came the sonnes of Dolius ; and againe

Went over with their fathers entertaine ;

Welcom'd, shooke hands.

In throngs they rise, and to the palace crowd ;
 Their sighs were many, and the tumult loud.
 Weeping they bear the mangled heaps of slain,
 Inhume the natives in their native plain, 479
 The rest in ships are wafted o'er the main. }
 Then sad in council all the seniors fate,
 Frequent and full, assembled to debate.
 Amid the circle first Eupithes rose,
 Big was his eye with tears, his heart with woes :
 The bold Antinous was his age's pride, 485
 The first who by Ulysses' arrow dy'd.
 Down his wan cheek the trickling torrent ran,
 As mixing words with sighs, he thus began.
 Great deeds, oh friends ! this wond'rous man
 has wrought, 489
 And mighty blessings to his country brought.
 With ships he parted and a num'rous train,
 Those, and their ships he bury'd in the main.
 Now he returns, and first essays his hand
 In the best blood of all his native land.

Ver. 480. *The rest in ships are wafted o'er the main.*] To understand this, we must remember that many of the Suitors came from the neighbouring islands, Samos, Zacynthus, &c. and therefore they are said to be transported by sea, to be buried in their native countries : this custom prevailed over all the oriental world : but there may be a particular reason why this is done by the Ithacans ; they might intend to raise those several islands to engage against Ulysses, and draw them to arms by such moving spectacles. *Dacier.* P.

Haste then, and ere to neighb'ring Pyle he flies,
 Or sacred Elis, to procure supplies ;
 Arise (or ye for ever fall) arise !
 Shame to this age, and all that shall succeed !
 If unreveng'd your sons and brothers bleed.
 Prove that we live, by vengeance on his head,
 Or sink at once forgotten with the dead. 501

Here ceas'd he, but indignant tears let fall
 Spoke when he ceas'd : dumb sorrow touch'd
 them all.

When from the palace to the wond'ring throng
 Sage Medon came, and Phemius came along ; 505
 (Restless and early sleep's soft bands they broke)
 And Medon first th' assembled chiefs bespoke.

Hear me, ye peers and elders of the land,
 Who deem this act the work of mortal hand :

Ver. 497.] Our translator had probably in his memory on this occasion a line of Paradise Lost, i. 330.

Awake, arise ; or be for ever fall'n.

Ver. 501.] Thus Ogilby :

But with grief loaden *sink* into my grave.

Ver. 502.] This couplet is an elegant amplification on the following verse of his author :

He, weeping, spake, and pity seiz'd the Greeks.

The reader will recollect a line of Cowley's :

Words that weep, and *tears that speak.*

Ver. 508. *Hear me, ye peers and elders of the land.*] There is great art in the speeches of Medon and Euphites : Euphites said that Ulysses had slain the bravest of the Greeks ; Medon allows it, but adds, that it was done by the will of the Gods : the con-

As o'er the heaps of death Ulysses strode, 510
 These eyes, these eyes beheld a present God,
 Who now before him, now beside him stood,
 Fought as he fought, and mark'd his way with
 blood :

In vain old Mentor's form the God bely'd ;
 'Twas heav'n that struck, and heav'n was on his
 side. 515

A sudden horror all th' assembly shook,
 When slowly rising, Halitherses spoke :

sequence therefore is, that to fight against Ulysses upon this account, is to fight against the Gods. Eupithes applies to their revenge, Medon to their fears ; Eupides sheds tears to move their compassion, Medon intimidates them by averring that the assistance of the Gods was visible on the side of Ulysses. The persons likewise whom Homer employs to plead against Eupithes are well chosen ; Halitherses is a prophet, Medon an herald, and both persons esteemed sacred by their offices ; this is the reason why the Greeks are said to be struck with awe at their appearance. *Dacier, &c.* P,

Ver. 514.] Dryden, in his *Alexander's feast* :

A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god.

Ver. 517. — — — *Halitherses spoke.*] The speech of Medon had a good effect upon the audience ; for Homer adds, that the whole assembly grew afraid ; Halitherses perceived it, and seconds it. He insists upon a new head of persuasion, and sets forth the justice of the late action of Ulysses : the Suitors were slain (says he) for their crimes, and you are guilty for not restraining their outrages ; and then to deter them from their present designs, he represents their danger in engaging against their king. From these speeches (observes Eustathius) Homer draws the probability of the future part of the story ; he divides the enemy, and wins over almost half of their numbers ; whereas, had they proceeded unanimously, Ulysses must necessarily have perished by their power.

(Rev'rend and wise, whose comprehensive view
 At once the present and the future knew)
 Me too ye fathers hear ! from you proceed 520
 The ills ye mourn ; your own the guilty deed.
 Ye gave your sons, your lawless sons the rein,
 (Oft warn'd by Mentor and myself in vain)
 An absent hero's bed they fought to foil,
 An absent hero's wealth they made their spoil :
 Immod'rate riot, and intemp'rate lust ! 526
 Th' offence was great, the punishment was just.
 Weigh then my counsels in an equal scale,
 Nor rush to ruin. Justice will prevail.

His mod'rate words some better minds per-
 suade : 530

They part, and join him ; but the number stay'd.

It is observable, that though Phemius accompanies Medon, yet he is silent ; the reason is, he as it were speaks by the mouth of Medon, he was witness to the assistance of heaven on the part of Ulysses, and approves and confirms by his presence the truth of his testimony. It is thus on the stage, where the whole Chorus was antiently supposed to speak by the mouth of their Prolocutor. *Dacier, &c.* P.

Ver. 518.] Ogilby is not amiss :

For only he fore-saw this rising storm,
 And gravely thus their judgments did inform.

Ver. 530.] This disagrees with the representation of his author, as will appear from a literal version :

He spake ; and more than half, loud shouting, rose ;
 Though numbers staid unmov'd, nor heard well-pleas'd
 His counsels, but Eupithes' words approv'd ;
 And soon rusht out to gird their armour on.

They storm, they shout, with hasty frenzy fir'd,
And second all Eupithes' rage inspir'd.

They cast their limbs in brass; to arms they run;
The broad effulgence blazes in the sun. 535

Before the city, and in ample plain,
They meet: Eupithes heads the frantick train.
Fierce for his son, he breathes his threats in air;
Fate hears them not, and Death attends him
there, 539

This pass on earth, while in the realms above
Minerva thus to cloud-compelling Jove.

May I presume to search thy secret soul?

Oh pow'r supreme, oh ruler of the whole!

Say, hast thou doom'd to this divided state

Or peaceful amity, or stern debate? 545

Declare thy purpose; for thy will is fate.

Ver. 541. *Minerva thus to cloud-compelling Jove.*] Homer, to give importance to the conclusive action of his poem, introduces Jupiter and Minerva in debate about the event of it. At the beginning of the *Odyssey* he describes the Gods in consultation for the re-establishment of Ulysses: in the conclusion of it, we see Jupiter himself rewarding the virtue and bravery of Ulysses, and decreeing him to reign in peace and tranquillity. This is carried on with great judgment: we are fully satisfied that the action of the *Odyssey* is compleated in the happiness of the hero, when we hear Jupiter giving his sanction to it. Besides, it leaves a noble image of the greatness of Ulysses, and of the whole story of the *Odyssey*, upon the reader's mind, when we see it is of such weight as to engage Jupiter in its favour. Thus in imitation of Homer, toward the conclusion of the *Æneid*, Virgil describes Jupiter and Juno in debate concerning the decisive action between Turnus and Æneas. P.

Ver. 545.] Our author does but change Chapman's expression:

Is not thy thought my own ? (the God replies
 Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies)
 Hath not long since thy knowing soul decreed,
 The chief's return should make the guilty
 bleed ? } 550

'Tis done, and at thy will the Fates succeed.
 Yet hear the issue : since Ulysses' hand
 Has slain the Suitors, heav'n shall bless the land.
 None now the kindred of th' unjust shall own ;
 Forgot the slaughter'd brother, and the son : 555
 Each future day increase of wealth shall bring,
 And o'er the past, Oblivion stretch her wing.

— — — — — or both parts combine
 In peaceful friendship ?

Ver. 552.] — — — Since Ulysses' hand
 Has slain the Suitors, heav'n shall bless the land.]

The design of the *Odyssey* is to shew virtue rewarded, and vice punished ; here to introduce this act of justice with the greater solemnity, Jupiter is represented giving his assent to it : “ Let
 “ there be peace (says that Deity) but let justice be done, and
 “ the guilty punished ;” the reader must necessarily be satisfied with the equity of the cause of Ulysses, when he hears Jupiter himself directing in it. Besides, this conduct of Homer presents us with an excellent moral ; it shews us that the Deity is the governour of human affairs, and arbiter of peace and war ; as he directs, the scenes of blood are opened or closed, and the words of Homer, διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βελή, may be applied to the *Odyssey* as well as the *Iliad*. P.

Ver. 557.] It is not improbable, that this sublime imagery might receive it's origin from the phraseology of Hobbes :

Which to confirm, *Oblivion* I'll send
 Of former acts the image to deface.

Long shall Ulysses in his empire rest,
 His people blessing, by his people blest. 559
 Let all be peace.—He said, and gave the nod
 That binds the Fates; the sanction of the God:
 And prompt to execute th' eternal will,
 Descended Pallas from th' Olympian hill.

Now sat Ulysses at the rural feast,
 The rage of hunger and of thirst repress: 565
 To watch the foe a trusty spy he sent:
 A son of Dolius on the message went,
 Stood in the way, and at a glance beheld
 The foe approach, embattl'd on the field. 569
 With backward step he hastens to the bow'r,
 And tells the news. They arm with all their pow'r.
 Four friends alone Ulysses' cause embrace,
 And six were all the sons of Dolius' race:

Ver. 559.] These *three* verses are due to the translator only.

Ver. 565.] Thus? for a better rhyme:

The *fierce desire* of thirst and hunger *ceast*.

And the Poet consolidates in narrative the short command of Ulysses and the reply of the son of Dolius.

Ver. 568.] Or thus?

— — — — — and at a glance *descries*

Th' *approaching* foe in *martial order* rise.

Ogilby has the same vicious rhymes below:

When all in complete steel the king *beheld*,

Through open gates he draws into the *field*.

Ver. 572. *Four friends alone Ulysses' cause embrace.*] The Poet tells us the exact number of the party of Ulysses, which consisted of ten persons under the direction of Dolius, Laertes, and Ulysses: how many were under Eupithes is uncertain, we therefore are at liberty to suppose them more or less superiour in number; Medon

Old Dolius too his rusted arms put on ;
 And, still more old, in arms, Laertes shone. 575
 Trembling with warmth, the hoary heroes stand,
 And brazen panoply invests the band.
 The opening gates at once their war display :
 Fierce they rush forth : Ulysses leads the way.
 That moment joins them with celestial aid, 580
 In Mentor's form, the Jove-descended maid :
 The suff'ring hero felt his patient breast
 Swell with new joy, and thus his son address.
 Behold, Telemachus ! (nor fear the fight) 584
 The brave embattl'd ; the grim front of fight !
 The valiant with the valiant must contend :
 Shame not the line whence glorious you descend,
 Wide o'er the world their martial fame was
 spread ;
 Regard thyself, the living and the dead, 589

and Halitherses had withdrawn almost half of his assistants, and by that method reduced the enemy to a greater equality : it is probable that they had no very extraordinary inequality, for the onset is so sudden, that the friends of the dead Suitors could not have time to embody ; besides, it appears from the sixteenth Odyssey, that of the whole band of Suitors, twelve only were Ithacans, the rest came from the adjacent islands, and therefore none of their friends could as yet be arrived to assist Eupithes, and consequently this party consisted solely of Ithacans, and were not perhaps greatly superiour to Ulysses. This observation likewise furnishes us with a reason why the enemy was so easily defeated, by so small a body of men as engaged for Ulysses. P.

Ver. 585.] Paradise Lost, vi. 236.

— — — — open when, and when to close

The ridges of *grim war*.

Thy eyes, great father ! on this battle cast,
Shall learn from me Penelope was chaste.

So spoke Telemachus : the gallant boy
Good old Laertes heard with panting joy ;
And, Blest ! thrice blest this happy day ! he cries,
The day that shows me, ere I close my eyes, 595
A son and grandson of th' Arcean name
Strive for fair Virtue, and contest for Fame !

Then thus Minerva in Laertes' ear :
Son of Arceus, rev'rend warrior, hear !
Jove and Jove's daughter first implore in pray'r,
Then whirling high, discharge thy lance in air. 601
She said, infusing courage with the word.
Jove and Jove's daughter then the chief implor'd,
And whirling high, dismiss the lance in air,
Full at Eupithes drove the deathful spear : 605

Ver. 590.] This is very ill done in every respect. Ogilby is good and faithful :

— — — — — Dear father, you shall see,
I neither shall dishonour them, nor thee.

Chapman too and Hobbes are preferable to the couplet before us.

Ver. 605. *Full at Eupithes drove the deathful spear.*] Eustathius calls this an admirable incident, or change of fortune in favour of Ulysses. The son of Antinous is slain by the son of Laertes, and the father of Antinous by the father of Ulysses. We now see Ulysses happy in his wife, his son, and his father ; victorious over his enemies, and his subjects submitting to his authority ; and therefore the action is now compleat, and terminates with the Odyssey. P.

Ogilby has rhymes here similarly inaccurate.

The brass-cheek'd helmet opens to the wound ;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.

Before the father and the conqu'ring son
Heaps rush on heaps ; they fight, they drop, they
run.

Now by the sword and now the jav'lin fall 610
The rebel race, and death had swallow'd all ;
But from on high the blue-ey'd virgin cry'd ;
Her awful voice detain'd the headlong tide.

“ Forbear ye nations ! your mad hands forbear
“ From mutual slaughter : Peace descends to
“ spare.” 615

Fear shook the nations : at the voice divine
They drop their jav'lins, and their rage resign.
All scatter'd round their glitt'ring weapons lie ;
Some fall to earth, and some confus'dly fly.

With dreadful shouts Ulysses pour'd along, 620
Swift as an eagle, as an eagle strong.

But Jove's red arm the burning thunder aims ;
Before Minerva shot the livid flames ;

Blazing they fell, and at her feet expir'd : 624
Then stopt the Goddess, trembled, and retir'd.

Ver. 608.] Ogilby, on whom our Poet cast an eye, is more exact :

In rush'd Ulysses and his valiant son,
And at them with their swords, and javelins run.

Ver. 619.] What is the purport of this line ? If intended of the *weapons*, it is superfluous ; if of the *men*, the former clause is destitute of authority.

Descended from the Gods ! Ulysses, cease ;
Offend not Jove : obey, and give the peace.

So Pallas spoke : the mandate from above
The king obey'd. The virgin-seed of Jove
In Mentor's form, confirm'd the full accord, 630
“ And willing nations knew their lawful lord.”

Ver. 629. — — *The Virgin-seed of Jove*

In Mentor's form, confirm'd the full accord.]

The meaning of the passage is no more than this, when stript of its poetical ornaments : Mentor, a person of great wisdom, acts as a mediator between the king and his subjects, he regulates the conditions of peace, and ratifies it with sacrifices to the Gods ; this being an act of wisdom, poetry ascribes it to Minerva. P.

Ver. 631.] This verse concludes the *former* part of Dryden's *Abfalom* and *Ahitophel*. In such a manner did our Poet's obligations to his great master cease only with the termination of his noblest work !

EDITOR.

I must observe with what dignity Homer concludes the *Odyssey* : to honour his hero he introduces two Deities, Jupiter and Pallas, who interest themselves in his cause : he then paints Ulysses in the boldest colours, as he rushes upon the enemy with the utmost intrepidity, and his courage is so ungovernable, that Jupiter is forced to restrain it with his thunder. It is usual for orators to reserve the strongest arguments for the conclusion, that they may leave them fresh upon the reader's memory ; Homer uses the same conduct, he represents his hero in all his terrour, he shews him to be irresistible, and by this method leaves us fully possess'd with a noble idea of his magnanimity.

It has been already observed, that the end of the action of the *Odyssey* is the re-establishment of Ulysses in full peace and tranquillity ; this is not effected, till the defeat of the Suitors friends : and therefore if the Poet had concluded before this event, the *Odyssey* had been imperfect. It was necessary that the reader should not only be informed of the return of Ulysses to his country and the punishment of the Suitors, but of his re-establishment by a peaceful possession of his regal authority ; which is not executed,

till these last disorders raised by Eupithes are settled by the victory of Ulysses, and therefore this is the natural conclusion of the action.

This book opens with the morning, and ends before night, so that the whole story of the *Odyssey* is comprehended in the compass of one and forty days. Monsieur Dacier upon Aristotle remarks, that an epick poem ought not to be too long: we should be able to retain all the several parts of it at once in our memory: if we lose the idea of the beginning when we come to the conclusion, it is an argument that is of too large an extent, and its length destroys its beauty. What seems to favour this decision is, that the *Æneid*, *Iliad*, and *Odyssey* are conformable to this rule of Aristotle, and every one of those poems may be read in the compass of a single day.

I have now gone through the collections upon the *Odyssey*, and laid together what occurred most remarkable in this excellent poem. I am not so vain as to think these remarks free from faults, nor so disingenuous as not to confess them; all writers have occasion for indulgence, and those most who least acknowledge it. I have sometimes used Madam Dacier as she has done others, in transcribing some of her remarks without particularizing them; but indeed it was through inadvertency only that her name is sometimes omitted at the bottom of the note. If my performance has merit, either in these, or in my part of the translation (namely in the sixth, eleventh, and eighteenth books) it is but just to attribute it to the judgment and care of Mr. Pope, by whose hand every sheet was corrected. His other, and much more able assistant, was Mr. Fenton, in the fourth and the twentieth books. It was our particular request, that our several parts might not be made known to the world till the end of it: and if they have had the good fortune not to be distinguished from his, we ought to be the less vain, since the resemblance proceeds much less from our diligence and study to copy his manner, than from his own daily revision and correction. The most experienced painters will not wonder at this, who very well know, that no critick can pronounce even of the pieces of Raphael or Titian, which have, or which have not, been worked upon by those of their school? when the same master's hand has directed the execution of the whole, reduced it to one character and colouring, gone over the several parts, and given to each their finishing.

I must not conclude without declaring our mutual satisfaction in Mr. Pope's acceptance of our best endeavours, which have contributed at least to his more speedy execution of this great undertaking. If ever my name be numbered with the learned, I must ascribe it to his friendship, in transmitting it to posterity by a participation in his labours. May the sense I have of this, and other instances of that friendship, be known as long as his name will cause mine to last: and may I to this end be permitted, at the conclusion of a work which is a kind of monument of his partiality to me, to place the following lines, as an inscription memorial of it.

LET vulgar souls triumphal arches raise,
 Or speaking marbles to record their praise;
 And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown) [A]
 The mimick feature on the breathing stone:
 Mere mortals! subject to Death's total sway,
 Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day! [B]

'Tis thine, on ev'ry heart to grave thy praise,
 A monument which Worth alone can raise:
 Sure to survive, when Time shall whelm in dust
 The arch, the marble, and the mimick bust:
 Nor 'till the volumes of th' expanded sky [C]
 Blaze in one flame, shalt thou and Homer die:
 Then sink together, in the world's last fires,
 What heav'n created, and what heav'n inspires.

If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,
 With human transport touch the mighty dead:
 Shakespear, rejoice! his hand thy page refines;
 Now ev'ry scene with native brightness shines;
 Just to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
 So Tully publish'd what Lucretius wrote;

[A] In the same strain Virgil, Geo. iii. 34.

Stabunt et Parii lapides, *spirantia signa*:
 and Æneid, vi. 848.

Excudent alii *spirantia* mollius æra,
 Credo equidem, et *vivos* ducent de marmore vultus.

[B] Pope's Iliad, v. 537.

And mortal man! a wretch of humble birth,
 A short-liv'd reptile in the dust of earth.

[C] An elegant figure, derived probably from Eſaiah, xxxiv. 4.
 "And the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll." So too
 Revelations, vi. 14. Akin to which are the ἀναπτύχαι αἰθέρος of
 Euripides, and the Ολύμπιοι πλακες of Lycophron.

Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow.

Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! time invades,
And the bold figure from the canvass fades,
A rival hand recalls from every part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art:
Transported we survey the dubious strife,
While each fair image starts again to life.

How long, untun'd, had Homer's sacred lyre
Jarr'd grating discord, all-extinct his fire?
This you beheld; and taught by heav'n to sing,
Call'd the loud musick from the sounding string;
Now wak'd from slumbers of three thousand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Tow'rs o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns,
Keen flash his arms, and all the hero burns;
With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,
He strides along, and meets the Gods in fight:
Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores;
Tremble the tow'rs of heav'n, Earth rocks her coasts,
And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts.
To ev'ry theme responds thy various lay;
Here rolls a torrent, there meanders play;
Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise,
Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies;
Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away and die.
Thus, like the radiant God who sheds the day,
You paint the vale, or gild the azure way;
And while with ev'ry theme the verse complies,
Sink without groveling, without rashness rise. [D]

[D] Essay on Man, iv. 378.

To fall with dignity, with temper rise.

Proceed, great Bard! awake th' harmonious string, [E]
 Be ours all Homer! still Ulysses sing.
 How long* that Hero, by unskilful hands,
 Stript of his robes, a Beggar, trod our lands:
 Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,
 Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior lost?
 O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread; [F]
 Old age disgrac'd the honours of his head:
 Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball shin'd
 The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
 But you like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold
 With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold;
 Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves
 With grace divine, and like a God he moves.
 Ev'n I, the meanest of the Muses train,
 Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain;
 Advent'rous waken the Mæonian lyre,
 Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire:
 So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
 Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right:
 Like theirs, our Friendship! and I boast my name
 To thine united—*For thy FRIENDSHIP'S FAME.*
 This labour past, of heav'nly subjects sing,
 While hov'ring angels listen on the wing, [G]

[E] Gray, in his Elegy:

Or wak'd to extacy the living lyre:
 from Lucretius, ii. 413. who is exquisitely happy:
 Ac Musea mele, per chordas organici quæ
 Mobilibus digitis *expergefacta* figurant.

[F] Compare Odyssey xiii. 496—502. and xvi. 186—190.

[G] Pope's St. Cecilia:

And Angels lean from heav'n to hear.

* Odyssey, lib. xvi.

To hear from earth such heart-felt raptures rise,
 As, when they sing, suspended hold the skies :
 Or nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,
 From thy own Life transcribe th' unerring laws :
 Teach a bad world beneath her sway to bend ;
 To verse like thine fierce savages attend, [H]
 And men more fierce : when Orpheus tunes the lay,
 Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away. [I]

W. BROOME.

[H] Windfor-Forest, ver. 45.

To *savage beasts* and *savage laws* a prey,
 And *kings more furious and severe* than they.

[I] Pope in the Ode just quoted :

And giddy factions *hear away their rage*.

[e] Gray, in his Elegy :

from Lucan, lib. 4 : *who is expensively happy* :

Ac Meles was, per choras organici puer
 Mobilibus digitis regenda lyra.

[f] Compare Odysseus xiii. 400-403 : and xvi. 185-186.

[g] Pope's St. Cecilia :

And Angels learn from heav'n to pour

• Odysseus, lib. xvi.

POSTSCRIPT.

BY MR. POPE.

I Cannot dismiss this work without a few observations on the true character and style of it. Whoever reads the Odyſſey with an eye to the Iliad, expecting to find it of the ſame character, or of the ſame ſort of ſpirit, will be grievouſly deceived, and err againſt the firſt principle of criticiſm, which is to conſider the nature of the piece, and the intent of its author. The Odyſſey is a moral and political work, inſtructive to all degrees of men, and filled with images, examples and precepts of civil and domeſtick life. Homer is here a perſon

“ Qui didicit, *patriæ* quid debeat, & quid *amicis*,

“ Quo ſit amore *parens*, quo *frater* amandus, &

“ *hoſpes* : [A]

[A] Who knows the duty of all ranks of men,
And what we owe our country, parents, friends.

ROSCOMMON.

His page with wiſer rules of life is fraught,
Than thoſe which Crantor and Chryſippus taught.

EDITOR.

“ Qui quid sit *pulcrum*, quid *turpe*, quid *utile*,
 “ quid *non*,

“ Plenius & melius Chrysippo & Crantore dicit.”

The Odyſſey is the reverse of the Iliad, in *moral*, *subject*, *manner* and *style*; to which it has no sort of relation, but as the story happens to follow in order of time, and as some of the same persons are actors in it. Yet from this incidental connexion many have been misled to regard it as a continuation or second part, and thence to expect a parity of character inconsistent with its nature.

It is no wonder that the common reader should fall into this mistake, [B] when so great a critick as Longinus seems not wholly free from it; although what he has said has been generally understood to import a severer censure of the Odyſſey than it really does, if we consider the occasion on which it is introduced, and the circumstances to which it is confined.

“ The Odyſſey (says he) [C] is an instance, how
 “ natural it is to a great genius, when it begins to

[B] It is rather a mistake in our poet, understanding Longinus's word, with other translators and editors, *ἐπιλογος*, in it's primary signification, as an *Epilogue*, or conclusion, of the Iliad: whereas the rhetorician means the *funeral oration*, as it were, of the heroes, whose deaths are recorded in the Iliad; because the *Epilogue* was that part of an oration appropriated to the exciting of commiseration and the tender passions: see Quintilian, p. 915. im. Ed. Burman.

[C] Our poet, from an ignorance of the original Greek, has translated Boileau: his version, however, gives but a very insipid and meagre representation of his author; who is uncommonly splendid in diction, grand in thought, and happy in figure, throughout the passage.

“ grow old and decline, to delight itself in *narrations*
 “ and *fables*. For, that Homer composed the
 “ Odyſſey after the Iliad, many proofs may be given,
 “ &c. From hence in my judgment it proceeds,
 “ that as the Iliad was written while his *ſpirit* was in
 “ its greateſt vigour, the whole ſtructure of that
 “ work is dramatiſtick and full of action; whereas the
 “ greater part of the Odyſſey is employed in narra-
 “ tion, which is the taſte of *old age*; ſo that in this
 “ latter piece we may compare him to the ſetting
 “ ſun, which has ſtill the ſame greatneſs, but not the
 “ ſame ardour, or force. He ſpeaks not in the ſame
 “ ſtrain; we ſee no more that *ſublime* of the Iliad
 “ which marches on with a conſtant pace, without
 “ ever being ſtopped, or retarded: there appears no
 “ more that hurry, and that ſtrong tide of motions
 “ and paſſions, pouring one after another: there is
 “ no more the ſame fury, or the ſame volubility of
 “ diction, ſo ſuitable to action, and all along drawing
 “ in ſuch innumerable images of nature. But Homer,
 “ like the Ocean, is always great, even when he ebbs
 “ and retires; even when he is loweſt, and loſes him-
 “ ſelf moſt in narrations and incredible fictions: as
 “ inſtances of this, we cannot forget the deſcriptions
 “ of tempeſts, the adventures of Ulyſſes with the
 “ Cyclops, and many others. But though all this be
 “ *age*, it is the *age* of Homer—And it may be ſaid for
 “ the credit of theſe fictions, that they are *beautiful*
 “ *dreams*, or if you will, the *dreams of Jupiter himſelf*.
 “ I ſpoke of the Odyſſey only to ſhow, that the greateſt

“ poets when their genius wants strength and warmth
 “ for the *pathetick*, for the most part employ them-
 “ selves in painting the *manners*. This Homer has
 “ done, in characterizing the Suitors, and describing
 “ their way of life ; which is properly a branch of
 “ comedy, whose peculiar business it is to represent
 “ the manners of men.”

We must first observe, it is the *sublime* of which Longinus is writing: that, and not the nature of Homer's Poem, is his subject. After having highly extolled the sublimity and fire of the Iliad, he justly observes the Odyſſey to have less of those qualities, and to turn more on the side of moral, and reflections on human life. Nor is it his business here to determine, whether the *elevated spirit* of the one, or the *just moral* of the other, be the greater excellence in itself.

Secondly, that fire and fury of which he is speaking, cannot well be meant of the general spirit and inspiration which is to run through a whole Epick Poem, but of that particular warmth and impetuosity necessary in some parts, to image or represent actions or passions, of haste, tumult, and violence. It is on occasion of citing some such particular passages in Homer, that Longinus breaks into this reflection; which seems to determine his meaning chiefly to that sense.

Upon the whole, he affirms the Odyſſey to have less sublimity and fire than the Iliad, but he does not say it wants the sublime or wants fire. He affirms it to be narrative, but not that the narration is defective.

He affirms it to abound in fictions, not that those fictions are ill invented, or ill executed. He affirms it to be nice and particular in painting the manners, but not that those manners are ill painted. If Homer has fully in these points accomplished his own design, and done all that the nature of his Poem demanded or allowed, it still remains perfect in its kind, and as much a master-piece as the Iliad.

The amount of the passage is this; that in his own particular taste, and with respect to the *sublime*, Longinus preferred the Iliad: and because the Odyssæy was less active and lofty, he judged it the work of the old age of Homer.

If this opinion be true, it will only prove, that Homer's age might determine him in the choice of his subject, not that it affected him in the execution of it: and that which would be a very wrong instance to prove the decay of his imagination, is a very good one to evince the strength of his judgment. For had he (as madam Dacier observes) composed the Odyssæy in his youth, and the Iliad in his age, both must in reason have been exactly the same as they now stand. To blame Homer for his choice of such a subject, as did not admit the same incidents and the same pomp of style as his former, is to take offence at too much variety, and to imagine, that when a man has written one good thing, he must ever after only copy himself.

The *Battle of Constantine*, and the *School of Athens*, are both pieces of Raphael. Shall we censure the School of Athens as faulty, because it has not the fury

and fire of the other? or shall we say, that Raphael was grown grave and old, because he chose to represent the manners of old men and philosophers? There is all the silence, tranquillity and composure in the one, and all the warmth, hurry and tumult in the other, which the subject of either required: both of them had been imperfect, if they had not been as they are. And let the painter or poet be young or old, who designs and performs in this manner, it proves him to have made the piece at a time of life when he was master not only of his art, but of his discretion.

Aristotle makes no such distinction between the two poems: he constantly cites them with equal praise, and draws the rules and examples of epick writing equally from both. But it is rather to the *Odyssy* that Horace gives the preference, in the *Epistle to Lollius*, and in the *Art of Poetry*. It is remarkable how opposite his opinion is to that of Longinus; and that the particulars he chuses to extol, are those very *fictions*, and *pictures of the manners* which the other seems least to approve. Those fables and manners are of the very essence of the work: but even without that regard, the fables themselves have both more invention and more instruction, and the manners more moral and example, than those of the *Iliad*.

In some points (and those the most essential to the Epick Poem) the *Odyssy* is confessed to excel the *Iliad*; and principally in the great end of it, the *moral*. The conduct, turn, and disposition of the *fable* is

also what the Criticks allow to be the better model for epick writers to follow: accordingly we find much more of the cast of this Poem than of the other in the *Æneid*, and (what next to that is perhaps the greatest example) in the *Telemachus*. In the *manners*, it is no way inferiour: Longinus is so far from finding any defect in these, that he rather taxes Homer with painting them too minutely. As to the *narrations*, although they are more numerous as the occasions are more frequent, yet they carry no more the marks of old age, and are neither more prolix nor more circumstantial, than the conversations and dialogues of the *Iliad*. Not to mention the length of those of Phoenix in the ninth book, and of Nestor in the eleventh (which may be thought in compliance to their characters), those of Glaucus in the sixth, of *Æneas* in the twentieth, and some others, must be allowed to exceed any in the whole *Odyssæy* [D]. And that the propriety of style, and the numbers, in the narrations of each are equal, will appear to any who compare them.

To form a right judgment, whether the genius of Homer had suffered any decay; we must consider, in both his Poems, such parts as are of a similar nature, and will bear comparison. And it is certain we shall find in each, the same vivacity and fecundity of invention, the same life and strength of imaging

[D] This is not accurate: compare *Odyssæy* xiv. ver. 220--395. xv. ver. 422--522. to spare the trouble of looking for other instances.

and colouring, the particular descriptions as highly painted, the figures as bold, the metaphors as animated, and the numbers as harmonious and as various.

The *Odyſſey* is a perpetual ſource of poetry: the ſtream is not the leſs full, for being gentle; though it is true (when we ſpeak only with regard to the *ſublime*) that a river, foaming and thundering in cata-racts from rocks and precipices, is what more ſtrikes, amazes and fills the mind, than the ſame body of water, flowing afterwards through peaceful vales and agreeable ſcenes of paſtorage.

The *Odyſſey* (as I have before ſaid) ought to be conſidered according to its own nature and deſign, not with an eye to the *Iliad*. To cenſure Homer becauſe it is unlike what it was never meant to re-ſemble, is, as if a gardener who had purpoſely cultivated two beautiful trees of contrary natures, as a ſpecimen of his ſkill in the ſeveral kinds, ſhould be blamed for not bringing them into *pairs*; when in root, ſtem, leaf, and flower, each was ſo intirely different, that one muſt have been ſpoiled in the endeavour to match the other.

Longinus, who ſaw this Poem was “ *partly of the nature of Comedy*,” ought not, for that very reaſon, to have conſidered it with a view to the *Iliad*. How little any ſuch reſemblance was the intention of Homer, may appear from hence, that although the character of Ulyſſes there was already drawn, yet here he purpoſely turns to another ſide of it, and ſhows him not in that full light of glory, but in the ſhade of common life, with a mixture of ſuch quali-

ties as are requisite to all the lowest accidents of it, struggling with misfortunes, and on a level with the meanest of mankind. As for the other persons, none of them are above what we call the higher Comedy: Calypso, though a Goddess, is a character of intrigue; the Suitors yet more approaching to it; the Phæacians are of the same cast; the Cyclops, Melanthius, and Irus, descend even to droll characters; and the scenes that appear throughout, are generally of the comick kind; banquets, revels, sports, loves, and the pursuit of a woman.

From the nature of the Poem, we shall form an idea of the *style*. The diction is to follow the images, and to take its colour from the complexion of the thoughts. Accordingly the Odyssy is not always cloathed in the majesty of verse proper to Tragedy, but sometimes descends into the plainer narrative, and sometimes even to that familiar dialogue essential to Comedy. However, where it cannot support a sublimity, it always preserves a dignity, or at least a propriety.

There is a real beauty in an easy, pure, perspicuous description even of a *low action*. There are numerous instances of this both in Homer and Virgil; and perhaps those natural passages are not the least pleasing of their works. It is often the same in history, where the representations of common, or even domestick things, in clear, plain, and natural words, are frequently found to make the liveliest impression on the reader.

The question is, how far a poet, in pursuing the description or image of an action, can attach himself to *little circumstances*, without vulgarity or trifling? what particulars are proper, and enliven the image; or what are impertinent, and clog it? In this matter painting is to be consulted, and the whole regard had to those circumstances which contribute to form a full, and yet not a confused, idea of a thing.

Epithets are of vast service to this effect, and the right use of these is often the only expedient to render the narration poetical.

The great point of judgment is to distinguish when to speak simply, and when figuratively: but whenever the Poet is obliged by the nature of his subject to descend to the lower manner of writing, an elevated style would be affected, and therefore ridiculous; and the more he was forced upon figures and metaphors to avoid that lowness, the more the image would be broken, and consequently obscure.

One may add, that the use of the grand style on little subjects, is not only ludicrous, but a sort of transgression against the rules of proportion and mechanics: it is using a vast force to lift a *feather*.

I believe, now I am upon this head, it will be found a just observation, that the *low actions of life* cannot be put into a figurative style without being ridiculous, but *things natural* can. Metaphors raise the latter into dignity, as we see in the *Georgicks*: but throw the former into ridicule, as in the *Lutrin*. I think this may very well be accounted for: laughter

implies censure; inanimate and irrational beings are not objects of censure; therefore these may be elevated as much as you please, and no ridicule follows: but when rational beings are represented above their real character, it becomes ridiculous in art, because it is vicious in morality. The *bees* in Virgil, were they rational beings, would be ridiculous by having their actions and manners represented on a level with creatures so superiour as men; since it would imply folly or pride, which are the proper objects of ridicule. [E]

The use of pompous expression for low actions or thoughts is the *true sublime* of Don Quixote. How far unfit it is for Epick Poetry, appears in its being the perfection of the Mock Epick. It is so far from being the sublime of *tragedy*, that it is the cause of all *bombast*; when poets, instead of being (as they imagine) constantly lofty, only preserve throughout a painful equality of fustian: that continued swell of language (which runs indiscriminately even through their lowest characters, and rattles like some mightiness of meaning in the most indifferent subjects) is of a piece with that perpetual elevation of tone which the players have learned from it; and which is not *speaking*, but *vociferating*.

[E] Philosophical penetration, as well as exquisite taste, is displayed in these remarks, which are quoted with just commendation by Warton in his notes on the fourth Georgic of Virgil.

There is still more reason for a variation of style in *Epick* Poetry than in *Tragick*, to distinguish between that *language of the Gods* proper to the Muse who sings, and is inspired: and that of *men* who are introduced speaking only according to nature. Farther, there ought to be a difference of style observed in the speeches of human persons, and those of Deities; and again, in those which may be called set harangues, or orations, and those which are only conversation or dialogue. Homer has more of the latter than any other poet: what Virgil does by two or three words of narration, Homer still performs by speeches: not only replies, but even rejoinders are frequent in him, a practice almost unknown to Virgil. This renders his Poems more animated, but less grave and majestick; and consequently necessitates the frequent use of a lower style. [F] The writers of Tragedy lie under the same necessity, if they would copy nature; whereas that painted and poetical diction which they perpetually use, would be improper even in orations designed to move with all the arts of rhetorick: this is plain from the practice of Demosthenes and Cicero; and Virgil in those of Drances and Turnus gives an eminent example, how

[F] From this consideration, no doubt, our poet was induced, in the course of his translation, to stifle short speeches and replies into languid narrative; as I have ventured to remark on various occasions, as they occurred, with disapprobation.

far removed the style of them ought to be from such an excess of figures and ornaments: which indeed fits only that *language of the Gods* we have been speaking of, or that of a Muse under inspiration.

To read through a whole work in this strain, is like travelling all along on the ridge of a hill; which is not half so agreeable as sometimes gradually to rise, and sometimes gently to descend, as the way leads, and as the end of the journey directs.

Indeed the true reason that so few poets have imitated Homer in these lower parts, has been the extreme difficulty of preserving that mixture of ease and dignity essential to them. For it is as hard for an epick poem to stoop to the narrative with success, as for a prince to descend to be familiar, without diminution to his greatness.

The *sublime* style is more easily counterfeited than the *natural*; [G] something that passes for it, or sounds like it, is common in all false writers: but nature, purity, perspicuity, and simplicity, never walk in the clouds; they are obvious to all capaci-

[G] For the same reason that *statues in ornaments*, are of easier execution than *naked figures*. In one case, the outlines may be infinitely varied without impropriety; but in the other, one only is the true. So in a natural *style*, there is no alternative of disguise and concealment under pompous and artificial phraseology: the sentiment is the simplicity of truth, and the language, the direct enunciation of it. We can arrive at rectitude by one path only, but the divarications of error are innumerable.

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ties ; and where they are not evident, they do not exist.

The most plain narration not only admits of these, and of harmony (which are all the qualities of style) but it requires every one of them to render it pleasing. On the contrary, whatever pretends to a share of the sublime, may pass, notwithstanding any defects in the rest ; nay, sometimes without any of them, and gain the admiration of all ordinary readers.

Homer, in his lowest narrations or speeches, is ever easy, flowing, copious, clear, and harmonious. He shows not less *invention*, in assembling the humbler, than the greater, thoughts and images ; nor less *judgment*, in proportioning the style and the versification to these, than to the other. Let it be remembered, that the same genius that soared the highest, and from whom the greatest models of the *sublime* are derived, was also he who stooped the lowest, and gave to the simple *narrative* its utmost perfection. [H] Which of these was the harder task to Homer himself, I cannot pretend to determine ; but to his translator I can affirm (however unequal all his imitations must be) that of the latter has been much the more difficult.

Whoever expects here the same pomp of verse, and the same ornaments of diction, as in the Iliad,

[H] Quintilian. x. i. Hunc nemo in magnis sublimitate, in parvis proprietate, superavit. “ No man has excelled Homer in
“ a sublime exhibition of what is great ; no man, in the correct
“ propriety of what is little.”

EDITOR.

he will, and he ought to be disappointed. Were the original otherwise, it had been an offence against nature ; and were the translation so, it were an offence against Homer, which is the same thing [1].

It must be allowed that there is a majesty and harmony in the Greek language which greatly contribute to elevate and support the narration. But I must also observe that this is an advantage grown upon the language since Homer's time ; for things are removed from vulgarity by being out of use : and if the words we could find in any present language were equally sonorous or musical in themselves, they would still appear less poetical and uncommon than those of a dead one, from this only circumstance, of being in every man's mouth. I may add to this another disadvantage to a Translator, from a different cause : Homer seems to have taken upon him the character of an Historian, Antiquary, Divine, and Professor of Arts and Sciences, as well as a Poet. In one or other of these characters he descends into many particularities, which as a Poet only perhaps he would have avoided. All these ought to be preserved by a faithful Translator, who in some measure takes the place of Homer ; and all that can be expected from him is to make them as poetical as the subject will bear. Many arts therefore are requisite

[1] The reader must admire the fullness, simplicity, and correctness, with which so plain a point is illustrated and enforced by our Poet.

Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.

Essay on Crit. ver. 135.

to supply these disadvantages, in order to dignify and solemnize these plainer parts, which hardly admit of any poetical ornaments.

Some use has been made to this end of the style of Milton [κ]. A just and moderate mixture of old words may have an effect like the working old Abbey stones into a building, which I have sometimes seen to give a kind of venerable air, and yet not destroy the neatness, elegance, and equality requisite to a new work ; I mean without rendering it too unfamiliar, or remote from the present purity of writing, or from that ease and smoothness which ought always to accompany narration or dialogue. In reading a style judiciously antiquated, one finds a pleasure not unlike that of travelling on an old Roman way : but then the road must be as *good* as the way is *antient* ; the style must be such in which we may evenly proceed, without being put to short stops by sudden abruptnesses, or puzzled by frequent turnings and transpositions. No man delights in furrows and stumbling-blocks : and let our love to antiquity be ever so great, a fine ruin is one thing, and a heap of rubbish another. The imitators of Milton, like most other imitators, are not *copies* but *caricaturas* of their original ; they are a hundred times more obsolete and cramp than he, and equally so in all places : whereas it should have been observed of Milton, that he is not lavish of his exotick words and phrases every where alike,

[κ] Particularly by Fenton ; and in many instances, I think, with extraordinary dexterity and success. EDITOR.

but employs them much more where the subject is marvellous, vast and strange, as in the scenes of heaven, hell, chaos, &c. than where it is turned to the natural and agreeable, as in the pictures of Paradise, the loves of our first parents, the entertainments of angels, and the like. In general, this unusual style better serves to awaken our ideas in the descriptions and in the imaging and picturesque parts, than it agrees with the lower sort of narrations, the character of which is simplicity and purity. Milton has several of the latter, where we find not an antiquated, affected, or uncouth word, for some hundred lines together; as in his fifth book, the latter part of the eighth, the former of the tenth and eleventh books, and in the narration of Michael in the twelfth. I wonder indeed that he, who ventured (contrary to the practice of all other epick poets) to imitate Homer's lownesses in the *narrative*, should not also have copied his plainness and perspicuity in the *dramatick* parts: since in his speeches (where clearness above all is necessary) there is frequently such transposition and forced construction, that the very sense is not to be discovered without a second or third reading [L]: and in this certainly he ought to be no example.

To preserve the true character of Homer's style in the present translation, great pains have been taken

[L] Without some proof of these assertions from a specification of passages, I feel myself disinclined to acquiesce in this censure of our Poet.

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to be easy and natural [M]. The chief merit I can pretend to, is, not to have been carried into a more plausible and figurative manner of writing, which would better have pleased all readers, but the judicious ones. My errors had been fewer, had each of those gentlemen who joined with me shown as much of the severity of a friend to me, as I did to them, in a strict animadversion and correction [N]. What assistance I received from them, was made known in general to the publick in the original proposals for this work, and the particulars are specified at the conclusion of it; to which I must add (to be punctually just) some part of the tenth and fifteenth books [O]. The reader will now be too good a judge, how much the greater part of it, and consequently of its faults, is chargeable upon me alone. But this I can with integrity affirm, that I have bestowed as much time and

[M] Broome's talent in poetry was much more calculated for simplicity than that of Fenton, and even Pope himself: and accordingly some passages of this character he has hit off to admiration. Fenton affected a learned stateliness of phrase, which bordered sometimes on obscurity and bombast. Pope throws over every part his own tissue of grace and elegance: and, what he finds brick, is not satisfied without an effort to render marble.

EDITOR.

[N] "The books of Fenton have very few alterations by the hand of Pope. Those of Broome have not been found: but Pope complained, as it is reported, that he had much trouble in correcting them." JOHNSON'S LIFE OF POPE.

[O] On the falshood of this statement, see Johnson's Life of Broome. Such repeated imposition, with such an affectation of scrupulous veracity, is most odiously disgusting. EDITOR.

pains upon the whole, as were consistent with the indispensable duties and cares of life, and with that wretched state of health which God has been pleased to make my portion [P]. At the least, it is a pleasure to me to reflect, that I have introduced into our language this other work of the greatest and most antient of Poets, with some dignity; and I hope, with as little disadvantage as the Iliad. And if, after the unmerited success of that translation, any one will wonder why I would enterprize the Odyssæy; I think it sufficient to say, that Homer himself did the same, or the world would never have seen it.

I designed to have ended this Postscript here; but since I am now taking my leave of Homer, and of all controversy relating to him, I beg leave to be indulged if I make use of this last opportunity, to say a very few words about some reflections which the late Madam Dacier bestowed on the first part of my Preface to the Iliad, and which she published at the end of her translation of that poem *.

To write gravely an answer to them would be too much for the reflections; and to say nothing concerning them, would be too little for the author. It is owing to the industry of that learned lady, that our polite neighbours are become acquainted with many of Homer's beauties, which were hidden from

[P] Prologue to the Satires:

To help me through *this long disease*, my life.

EDITOR.

* Second edition, a Paris, 1719.

them before in Greek and in Eustathius. She challenges on this account a particular regard from all the admirers of that great Poet, and I hope that I shall be thought, as I mean, to pay some part of this debt to her memory in what I am now writing.

Had these reflections fallen from the pen of an ordinary Critick, I should not have apprehended their effect, and should therefore have been silent concerning them: but since they are Madam Dacier's, I imagine that they must be of weight; and in a case where I think her reasoning very bad, I respect her authority.

I have fought under Madam Dacier's banner, and have waged war in defence of the divine Homer against all the hereticks of the age. And yet it is Madam Dacier who accuses me, and who accuses me of nothing less than betraying our common cause. She affirms that the most declared enemies of this author have never said any thing against him more injurious or more unjust than I. What must the world think of me, after such a judgment passed by so great a Critick; the world, who decides so often, and who examines so seldom; the world, who even in matters of literature is almost always the slave of authority? Who will suspect that so much learning should mistake, that so much accuracy should be misled, or that so much candour should be biased?

All this however has happened, and Madam Dacier's Criticisms on my Preface flow from the very same error, from which so many false criticisms of her countrymen upon Homer have flowed, and which

she has so justly and so severely reprov'd; I mean the error of depending on injurious and unskilful *translations*.

An indifferent translation may be of some use, and a good one will be of a great deal. But I think that no translation ought to be the ground of *Criticism*, because no man ought to be condemned upon another man's explanation of his meaning. Could Homer have had the honour of explaining his, before that august tribunal where Monsieur de la Motte presides, I make no doubt but he had escaped many of those severe animadversions with which some French authors have loaded him, and from which even Madam Dacier's translation of the Iliad could not preserve him.

How unhappy was it for me, that the knowledge of our *island-tongue* was as necessary to Madam Dacier in my case, as the knowledge of Greek was to Monsieur de la Motte in that of our great author; or to any of those whom she styles *blind censurers*, and blames for condemning what they did not understand!

I may say with modesty, that she knew less of my true sense from that faulty translation of part of my Preface, than those blind censurers might have known of Homer's even from the translation of la Valterie, which preceded her own.

It pleas'd me however to find, that her objections were not levelled at the general doctrine, or at any essentials of my Preface, but only at a few particular expressions. She propos'd little more than (to use her own phrase) to *combat two or three similies*; and

I hope that to combat a simile is no more than to fight with a shadow, since a simile is no better than the shadow of an argument.

She lays much weight where I laid but little, and examines with more scrupulosity than I writ, or than perhaps the matter requires.

These unlucky similies taken by themselves may perhaps render my meaning equivocal to an ignorant translator; or there may have fallen from my pen some expressions, which, taken by themselves likewise, may to the same person have the same effect. But if the translator had been master of our tongue, the general tenour of my argument, that which precedes and that which follows the passages objected to, would have sufficiently determined him as to the precise meaning of them: and if Madam Dacier had taken up her pen a little more leisurely, or had employed it with more temper, she would not have answered paraphrases of her own, which even the translation will not justify, and which say more than once, the very contrary to what I have said in the passages themselves.

If any person has curiosity enough to read the whole paragraphs in my Preface, or some mangled parts of which these reflections are made, he will easily discern that I am as orthodox as Madam Dacier herself in those very articles on which she treats me like an heretick: he will easily see that all the difference between us consists in this, that I offer *opinions*, and she delivers *doctrines*; that my imagination represents Homer as the greatest of human Poets,

whereas in hers he was exalted above humanity ; infallibility and impeccability were two of his attributes. There was therefore no need of defending Homer against me, who (if I mistake not) had carried my admiration of him, as far as it can be carried, without giving a *real* occasion of writing in his defence.

After answering my harmless similes, she proceeds to a matter which does not regard so much the honour of Homer, as that of the times he lived in ; and here I must confess she does not wholly mistake my meaning, but I think she mistakes the state of the question. She had said, the manners of those times were so much the better, the less they were like ours. I thought this required a little qualification. I confess that in my opinion the world was mended in some points, such as the custom of putting whole nations to the sword, condemning kings and their families to perpetual slavery, and a few others. Madam Dacier judges otherwise in this ; but as to the rest, particularly in preferring the simplicity of the antient world to the luxury of ours, which is the main point contended for, she owns we agree. This I thought was well, but I am so unfortunate that this too is taken amiss, and called adopting or (if you will) stealing *her* sentiment. The truth is she might have said *her words*, for I used them on purpose, being then professedly citing from her : though I might have done the same without intending that compliment, for they are also to be found in Eustathius, and the sentiment I believe is that of all mankind. I cannot really tell what to say to this whole remark, only that in the

first part of it, Madam Dacier is displeased that I do not agree with her, and in the last that I do: but this is a temper which every polite man should overlook in a lady.

To punish my ingratitude, she resolves to expose my blunders, and selects two which I suppose are the most flagrant, out of the many for which she could have chastised me. It happens that the first of these is in part the Translator's, and in part her own, without any share of mine: she quotes the end of a sentence, and he puts in French what I never wrote in English. "Homer (I said) opened a new and boundless walk for his imagination, and created a world for himself in the invention of fable;" which he translates, *Homere crea pour son usage un monde mouvant, en inventant la fable.*

Madam Dacier justly wonders at this nonsense in me; and I, in the Translator. As to what I meant by Homer's invention of fable, it is afterwards particularly distinguished from that extensive sense in which she took it, by these words. "If Homer was not the first, who introduced the Deities (as Herodotus imagines) into the religion of Greece, he seems the first who brought them into a system of machinery for poetry."

The other blunder she accuses me of is, the mistaking a passage in Aristotle, and she is pleased to send me back to this philosopher's treatise of poetry, and to her preface on the Odyssy for my better instruction. Now though I am saucy enough to think

that one may sometimes differ from Aristotle without blundering, and though I am sure one may sometimes fall into an error by following him servilely; yet I own, that to quote any author for what he never said is a blunder; (but by the way, to correct an author for what he never said, is something worse than a blunder.) My words were these. "As there is a
 " greater variety of characters in the Iliad than in
 " any other poem, so there is of speeches. Every
 " thing in it has manners, as Aristotle expresses it;
 " that is, every thing is acted or spoken: very little
 " passes in narration." She justly says, that "Every
 " thing which is acted or spoken, has not necessarily
 " manners merely because it is acted or spoken."
 Agreed: but I would ask the question, whether any thing can have manners which is neither acted nor spoken? If not, then the whole Iliad being almost spent in speech and action, almost every thing in it has manners, since Homer has been proved before in a long paragraph of the preface, to have excelled in drawing characters and painting manners, and indeed his whole poem is one continued occasion of shewing this bright part of his talent.

To speak fairly, it is impossible she could read even the translation, and take my sense so wrong as she represents it; but I was first translated ignorantly, and then read partially. My expression indeed was not quite exact; it should have been, "Every thing has
 " manners as Aristotle calls them." But such a fault methinks might have been spared, since if one was

to look with that disposition she discovers towards me, even on her own excellent writings, one might find some mistakes which no context can redress; as where she makes Eustathius call Cratisthenes the Phliasian, Callisthenes the Physician *. What a triumph might some slips of this sort have afforded to Homer's, hers, and my enemies, from which she was only screened by their happy ignorance? How unlucky had it been, when she insulted Mr. de la Motte for omitting a material passage in the † speech of Helen to Hector, Iliad vi. if some champion for the moderns had by chance understood so much Greek, as to whisper him, that there was no such passage in Homer?

Our concern, zeal, and even jealousy, for our great author's honour were mutual, our endeavours to advance it were equal, and I have as often trembled for it in her hands, as she could in mine. It was one of the many reasons I had to wish the longer life of this lady, that I must certainly have regained her good opinion, in spite of all misrepresenting Translators whatever. I could not have expected it on any other terms than being approved as great, if not as passionate, an admirer of Homer as herself. For that was the first condition of her favour and friendship; otherwise not one's taste alone, but one's morality had been corrupted, nor would any man's religion

* Dacier Remarques sur le 4me livre de l' Odyss. p. 467.

† De la Corruption du Gout.

have been unsuspected, who did not implicitly believe in an author whose doctrine is so conformable to holy Scripture. However, as different people have different ways of expressing their belief, some purely by public and general acts of worship, others by a reverend sort of reasoning and enquiry about the grounds of it; it is the same in admiration, some prove it by exclamations, others by respect. I have observed that the loudest huzzas given to a great man in a triumph, proceed not from his friends, but the rabble; and as I have fancied it the same with the rabble of Criticks, a desire to be distinguished from them has turned me to the more moderate, and, I hope, more rational method. Though I am a poet, I would not be an enthusiast; and though I am an Englishman, I would not be furiously of a party. I am far from thinking myself that genius, upon whom, at the end of these remarks, Madam Dacier congratulates my country: one capable of, “correcting Homer, and “consequently of reforming mankind, and amending this constitution.” It was not to Great Britain this ought to have been applied, since our nation has one happiness for which she might have preferred it to her own, that as much as we abound in other miserable misguided sects, we have at least none of the blasphemers of Homer. We steadfastly and unanimously believe, both his poem and our constitution, to be the best that ever human wit invented: that the one is not more incapable of amendment than the other; and (old as they both are) we despise

any French or Englishman whatever, who shall presume to retrench, to innovate, or to make the least alteration in either. Far therefore from the genius for which Madam Dacier mistook me, my whole desire is but to preserve the humble character of a faithful Translator, and a quiet subject.

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FROGS AND MICE.

BY MR. ARCHDEACON FARNELL.

COMPOSED BY MR. POPE.

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BY MR. ARCHDEACON PARNELL.
CORRECTED BY MR. POPE.

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NAMES of the MICE.

PSYCARPAX, *One who plunders Granaries.* *

Troxartes, *A Bread-eater.*

Lychomyle, *A Licker of Meal.* †

Pternotroctas, *A Bacon-eater.* ‡

Lycopinax, *A Licker of Dishes.*

Embafichytros, *A Creeper into Pots.*

Lychenor, *A Name from Licking.*

Troglodytes, *One who runs into Holes.*

Artophagus, *Who feeds on Bread.*

Tyroglyphus, *A Cheese-scooper.*

Pternophagus, *A Bacon-eater.*

Cnissodioctes, *One who follows the Steam of Kitchens.*

Sitophagus, *An Eater of Wheat.*

Meridarpax, *One who plunders his Share.*

NAMES of the FROGS.

PHYSIGNATHUS, *One who swells his Cheeks.*

Peleus, *A Name from Mud.*

Hydromeduse, *A Ruler in the Waters.*

Hypsiboas, *A loud Bawler.*

Pelion, *from Mud.*

Seutlæus, *called from the Beets.*

Polyphonus, *A great Babler.*

Lymnocharis, *One who loves the Lake.*

Crambophagus, *Cabbage-eater.*

Lymnifius, *called from the Lake.*

Calaminthius, *from the Herb.*

Hydrocharis, *Who loves the Water.*

Borborocates, § *Who lies in the Mud.*

Prassiphagus, *An Eater of Garlick.*

Pelufius, *from Mud.*

Pelobates, *Who walks in the Dirt.*

Prassæus, *called from Garlick.*

Craugasides, *from Croaking.*

* More properly, **Pficharpax**, a snatcher of crumbs.

† Rather, a licker of the mill-stone.

‡ Or, a bacon-nibbler: to distinguish him from one below.

§ It should be written **Borborocoetes**.

THE
B A T T L E
OF THE
FROGS AND MICE.

B O O K I.

TO fill my rising song with sacred fire,
Ye tuneful Nine, ye sweet celestial Quire!
From Helicon's imbow'ring height repair,
Attend my labours, and reward my pray'r.

Ver. 1.] This exordium is executed with no sort of fidelity to his author, but the reader would nauseate the minutiae of criticism on this performance, in which our poet was but partially concerned; and would repress all ostentatious pedantry with a verse of Pope's:

Who breaks a butterfly upon the wheel?

In general, the translation is extremely well executed, though diffuse; having expanded 294 verses of the original into no fewer than 489.

The dreadful toils of raging Mars I write, 5
 The springs of contest, and the fields of fight;
 How threat'ning Mice advanc'd with warlike
 grace,

And wag'd dire combats with the croaking race.
 Not louder tumults shook Olympus' tow'rs, 9
 When earth-born giants dar'd immortal pow'rs.
 These equal acts an equal glory claim,
 And thus the Muse records the tale of Fame.

Once on a time, fatigu'd and out of breath,
 And just escap'd the stretching claws of Death,
 A gentle Mouse, whom Cats pursu'd in vain, 15
 Flies swift-of-foot across the neighb'ring plain,
 Hangs o'er a brink his eager thirst to cool,
 And dips his whiskers in the standing pool;
 When near a courteous Frog advanc'd his head,
 And from the waters, hoarse resounding said, 20

What art thou, stranger? What the line you
 boast?

What chance hath cast thee panting on our coast?
 With strictest truth let all thy words agree,
 Nor let me find a faithless Mouse in thee.

Ver. 18.] This epithet is superfluous. Rather:

And dips his whiskers in the *lucid* pool.

Pope might take a hint from this passage in his imitations of
 Horace, book ii. satire 6. where his pleasantry is very happy:

That jelly's rich; this malmsey, healing:
 Pray, dip your whiskers and your tail in!

If worthy friendship, proffer'd friendship take,
 And ent'ring view the pleasurable lake :
 Range o'er my palace, in my bounty share,
 And glad return from hospitable fare.
 This silver realm extends beneath my sway,
 And me, their monarch, all its frogs obey. 30
 Great Physignathus I, from Pelius' race,
 Begot in fair Hydromeduse' embrace,
 Where by the nuptial bank that paints his side,
 The swift Eridanus delights to glide.
 Thee too, thy form, thy strength, and port pro-
 claim, 35
 A scepter'd king ; a son of martial fame :
 Then trace thy line, and aid my guessing eyes.
 Thus ceas'd the Frog, and thus the Mouse re-
 plies.
 Known to the Gods, the men, the birds that
 fly,
 Thro' wild expanses of the midway sky, 40
 My name resounds ; and if unknown to thee,
 The soul of great Psycarpax lives in me,
 Of brave Troxartes' line, whose flecky down
 In love compress'd Lycomile the brown.

Ver. 31.] He might easily have preserved the true quantity of the word with more accuracy in other respects :

Rever'd Physignathus, of Peleus' race.

Ver. 42.] This is scarcely intelligible, if intended for an exact representation of his author. The speaker is *Psycarpax* himself.

My mother she, and princess of the plains 49
 Where-e'er her father Pternotroctas reigns :
 Born where a cabin lifts its airy shed,
 With figs, with nuts, with vary'd dainties fed.
 But since our natures nought in common know,
 From what foundation can a friendship grow ?
 These curling waters o'er thy palace roll ; 51
 But man's high food supports my princely soul.
 In vain the circled loaves attempt to lie
 Conceal'd in flaskets from my curious eye ;
 In vain the tripe that boasts the whitest hue, 55
 In vain the gilded bacon shuns my view,
 In vain the cheeses, offspring of the pail,
 Or honey'd cakes, which Gods themselves re-
 gale.
 And as in arts I shine, in arms I fight,
 Mix'd with the bravest, and unknown to flight.
 Tho' large to mine the human form appear, 61
 Not Man himself can smite my soul with fear :
 Sly to the bed with silent steps I go,
 Attempt his finger, or attack his toe,
 And fix indented wounds with dextrous skill ; 65
 Sleeping he feels, and only seems to feel.

Ver. 65.] This is the first defective rhyme, that has yet appeared, in a version remarkably pure in this respect. We may correct, with justice to his original, thus :

With dextrous skill *sit nibbling at his heel.*

Yet have we foes which direful dangers cause,
 Grim Owls with talons arm'd, and Cats with
 claws;
 And that false Trap, the den of silent fate,
 Where Death his ambush plants around the
 bait:

All dreaded these, and dreadful o'er the rest 70
 The potent warriors of the tabby vest:
 If to the dark we fly, the dark they trace,
 And rend our heroes of the nibbling race.
 But me, nor stalks, nor watrish herbs delight, 75
 Nor can the crimson radish charm my sight:
 The lake-resounding Frogs selected fare,
 Which not a Mouse of any taste can bear.

As thus the downy Prince his mind exprest,
 His answer thus the croaking King addrest. 80

Thy words luxuriant on thy dainties rove,
 And, stranger, we can boast of bounteous Jove:
 We sport in water, or we dance on land,
 And born amphibious, food from both command.
 But trust thyself where wonders ask thy view,
 And safely tempt those seas, I'll bear thee
 through: 86

Ascend my shoulders, firmly keep thy seat,
 And reach my marshy court, and feast in state.

Ver. 88.] Thus mend the rhyme:

And view, with rapture view, my blest retreat.

He said, and lent his back ; with nimble
bound

Leaps the light mouse, and clasps his arms
around ; 90

Then wond'ring floats, and sees with glad survey
The winding banks resembling ports at sea.

But when aloft the curling water rides,
And wets with azure wave his downy sides,

His thoughts grow conscious of approaching woe,
His idle tears with vain repentance flow ; 96

His locks he rends, his trembling feet he rears,
Thick beats his heart with unaccustom'd fears ;
He sighs, and chill'd with danger, longs for
shore :

His tail extended forms a fruitless oar, 100
Half drench'd in liquid death his pray'rs he spake,
And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful lake.

So pass'd Europa thro' the rapid sea,
Trembling and fainting all the vent'rous way ;
With oary feet the Bull triumphant row'd, 105
And safe in Crete depos'd his lovely load.

Ver. 89.] In the first edition, less exactly to his author :

He said, and *bent* his back.

Ver. 103.] Very different from his original, which says :

Not thus Europa did the sea convey :

meaning that to be a less extraordinary transportation than his own. And, in passing, I have substituted a better rhyme.

Ver. 105.] From more gorgeous verses in *Paradise Lost*, vii. 438.

Ah safe at last ! may thus the Frog support
My trembling limbs to reach his ample court.

As thus he sorrows, Death ambiguous grows,
Lo ! from the deep a Water-Hydra rose ; 110

He rolls his sanguin'd eyes, his bosom heaves ;
And darts with active rage along the waves.

Confus'd, the monarch sees his hissing foe,
And dives to shun the fable fates below. 114

Forgetful Frog ! The friend thy shoulders bore,
Unskill'd in swimming, floats remote from
shore.

He grasps with fruitless hands to find relief,
Supinely falls, and grinds his teeth with grief ;

— — — — — the swan with arched neck,
Between her white wings mantling proudly, *rows*
Her state *with oary feet* :

upon the strength of which passage, I have ventured to substitute, in the poem before us, from conjecture, the word *row'd*, instead of *rode* in all the editions. And, with a view of enlivening the dulness of these notes, I shall attempt to entertain the reader with some excellent verses from Silius Italicus, which appear to have assisted Milton with a few strokes in his admirable painting : Punic. xiv. 189.

Haùd secùs, Eridani stagnis, ripàve Caystri,
Innatat albus olor, pronoque immobile corpus
Dat fluvio, et *pedibus* tacitas *eremigat* undas.

Thus the white swan, or in the pools of Po,
Or where Cayster's lucid waters flow,
With oary feet and in majestic pride,
Moves his slow state, and skims the tranquil tide.

Ver. 110.] *Water-Hydra* is an ignorant compound : and the next couplet is as faulty in rhyme, as faithless to it's model.

Plunging he sinks, and struggling mounts again,
 And sinks, and strives, but strives with fate in
 vain. 120

The weighty moisture clogs his hairy vest,
 And thus the Prince his dying rage exprest.

Nor thou, that fling'st me flound'ring from
 thy back,

As from hard rocks rebounds the shatt'ring
 wrack,

Nor thou shalt 'scape thy due, perfidious king!
 Pursu'd by vengeance on the swiftest wing: 126

At land thy strength could never equal mine,
 At sea to conquer, and by craft, was thine.

But heav'n has Gods, and Gods have searching
 eyes :

Ye Mice, ye Mice, my great avengers rise ! 130

This said, he sighing gasp'd, and gasping dy'd;
 His death the young Lycopinax espy'd,

As on the flow'ry brink he pass'd the day,
 Bask'd in the beam, and loiter'd life away :

Loud shrieks the Mouse, his shrieks the shores
 repeat ; 135

The nibbling nation learn their Hero's fate :

Ver. 123.] *Fling'st*. To the first edition, very properly :
 later impressions give *flings*.

Ver. 135.] With vicious rhymes, we have also one of those
 interpolations so very frequent with the translators of the Iliad
 and Odyssey. Thus his author :

Grief, dismal grief ensues ; deep murmurs sound,
 And shriller fury fills the deafen'd ground :
 From lodge to lodge the sacred Heralds run,
 To fix their council with the rising sun ; 140
 Where great Troxartes crown'd in glory reigns,
 And winds his length'ning court beneath the
 plains :

Pfycarpax' father, father now no more !
 For poor Pfycarpax lies remote from shore :
 Supine he lies ! the silent waters stand, 145
 And no kind billow wafts the Dead to land !

Loud shrieks the Mouse, *and bears with eager pace*
The dire disaster to the nibbling race.

The remainder of this book is excellently done.

B O O K II.

WHEN rosy finger'd Morn had ting'd the
clouds,

Around their Monarch-Mouse the nation crowds;
Slow rose the Monarch, heav'd his anxious
breast,

And thus, the council fill'd with rage, addrest.

For lost Pfycarpax much my soul endures, 5

'Tis mine the private grief, the publick, your's;

Three warlike sons adorn'd my nuptial bed,

Three sons, alas, before their father dead!

Our eldest perish'd by the rav'ning Cat,

As near my court the Prince unheedful sat. 10

Our next, an engine fraught with danger drew,

The portal gap'd, the bait was hung in view,

Dire Arts assist the Trap, the Fates decoy,

And men unpitying kill'd my gallant Boy.

The last, his Country's hope, his Parents pride,

Plung'd in the lake by Phyfignathus, dy'd.

Rouse all the war, my friends! avenge the
deed,

And bleed that Monarch, and his nation bleed.

His words in ev'ry breast inspir'd alarms,
And careful Mars supply'd their host with arms.

In verdant hulls despoil'd of all their beans, 21
 The buskin'd warriors stalk'd along the plains:
 Quills aptly bound, their bracing corselet made,
 Fac'd with the plunder of a Cat they flay'd;
 The lamp's round boss affords their ample shield,
 Large shells of nuts their cov'ring helmet yield;
 And o'er the region, with reflected rays, 27
 Tall groves of needles for their lances blaze.
 Dreadful in arms the marching Mice appear:
 The wond'ring Frogs perceive the tumult near,
 Forsake the waters, thick'ning form a ring, 31
 And ask, and hearken, whence the noises spring;
 When near the croud, disclos'd to publick view,
 The valiant chief Embasichytros drew:
 The sacred herald's scepter grac'd his hand, 35
 And thus his words express his King's command.
 Ye Frogs! the Mice with vengeance fir'd,
 advance,
 And deckt in armour shake the shining lance;
 Their hapless Prince by Physignathus slain,
 Extends incumbent on the watry plain. 40
 Then arm your host, the doubtful battle try;
 Lead forth those Frogs that have the soul to die.

Ver. 21.] Or thus, to banish a vile Irish pronunciation, common also to Lancashire and Cheshire:

In *greaves*, the verdant hulls *of* beans *bestow*,
 The buskin'd warriors *to the combat go*.

The chief retires, the crowd the challenge
 hear,
 And proudly-swelling, yet perplex'd appear ;
 Much they resent, yet much their Monarch
 blame,
 Who rising, spoke to clear his tainted fame. 46

O friends ! I never forc'd the Mouse to death,
 Nor saw the gaspings of his latest breath.
 He, vain of youth, our art of swimming try'd,
 And vent'rous in the lake the wanton dy'd. 50
 To vengeance now by false appearance led,
 They point their anger at my guiltless head.
 But wage the rising war by deep device,
 And turn its fury on the crafty Mice.
 Your King directs the way ; my thoughts elate
 With hopes of conquest, form designs of fate. 56
 Where high the banks their verdant surface
 heave,

And the steep sides confine the sleeping wave,
 There, near the margin, and in armour bright,
 Sustain the first impetuous shocks of fight : 60
 Then where the dancing feather joins the crest,
 Let each brave Frog his obvious Mouse arrest ;
 Each strongly grasping, headlong plunge a foe,
 Till countless circles whirl the lake below ; 64

Ver. 57.] Or, if the reader please :

Where high the banks their verdant surface *spread*,
 And the steep sides confine the *wat'ry bed*.

Down sink the Mice in yielding waters drown'd :
 Loud flash the waters ; echoing shores resound :
 The Frogs triumphant tread the conquer'd plain,
 And raise their glorious trophies of the slain.

He spoke no more, his prudent scheme imparts
 Redoubling ardour to the boldest hearts. 70

Green was the suit his arming heroes chose,
 Around their legs the greaves of mallows close ;
 Green were the beets about their shoulders laid,
 And green the colewort, which the target made ;
 Form'd of the vary'd shells the waters yield, 75
 Their glossy helmets glisten'd o'er the field ;
 And tap'ring sea-reeds for the polish'd spear,
 With upright order pierc'd the ambient air.
 Thus dress'd for war, they take th' appointed
 height, 79

Poize the long arms, and urge the promis'd fight.

But now, where Jove's irradiate spires arise,
 With stars furrounded in ætherial skies,
 (A solemn council call'd) the brazen gates
 Unbar ; the Gods assume their golden seats :

Ver. 66.] In the first edition :

— — — — — *and the shores resound :*

But the whole clause is a mere interpolation : see note on book i. ver. 135. It is surprising to observe, how often this stale morsel has been served up.

Ver. 83.] Or as follows :

(A council call'd) the brazen gates unfold ;

The Gods *in order fill* their *thrones of gold*.

The Sire superiour leans, and points to show 85
 What wond'rous combats mortals wage below :
 How strong, how large, the num'rous heroes
 stride ;

What length of lance they shake with warlike
 pride :

What eager fire their rapid march reveals ;
 So the fierce Centaurs ravag'd o'er the dales ; 90
 And so confirm'd, the daring Titans rose,
 Heap'd hills on hills, and bid the Gods be foes.

This seen, the Pow'r his sacred visage rears,
 He casts a pitying smile on worldly cares,
 And asks what heav'nly guardians take the list,
 Or who the Mice, or who the Frogs assist ! 96

Then thus to Pallas. If my daughter's mind
 Have join'd the Mice, why stays she still behind ?
 Drawn forth by fav'ry steams they wind their way,
 And sure attendance round thine altar pay, 100
 Where while the victims gratify their taste,
 They sport to please the Goddesses of the feast.

Ver. 89.] Thus ?

What pride of war their marshall'd ranks display :
 So the fierce Centaurs urg'd their furious way.

Ver. 93.] Or :

The Godhead spake : and smiles benignant grace
 The soft'ning features of his awful face.

Ver. 101.] If the reader wish better rhymes, he may accept
 the following :

There, while rich offerings breathe their fragrance round,
 In the brisk dance the frolic nation bound.

Thus spake the Ruler of the spacious skies,
 When thus, resolv'd, the blue-ey'd Maid replies.
 In vain, my father ! all their dangers plead ; 105
 To such, thy Pallas never grants her aid.
 My flow'ry wreaths they petulantly spoil,
 And rob my crystal lamps of feeding oil,
 Ills following ills : but what afflicts me more,
 My veil, that idle race profanely tore. 110
 The web was curious, wrought with art divine ;
 Relentless wretches ! all the work was mine ;
 Along the loom the purple warp I spread,
 Cast the light shoot, and crost the silver thread.
 In this their teeth a thousand breaches tear ; 115
 The thousand breaches skilful hands repair ;
 For which, vile earthly duns thy daughter grieve :
 But Gods, that use no coin, have none to give ;
 And Learning's Goddesses never less can owe :
 Neglected Learning gets no wealth below. 120
 Nor let the Frogs to gain my succour sue,
 Those clam'rous fools have lost my favour too.

Ver. 105.] Or thus :

My Father ! all their dangers plead in vain :
Mice from thy Pallas will no succour gain.

Ver. 117.] For these two couplets, thus more nearly to his author :

For which thy daughter urgent duns molest :
 Hence grew this deep resentment in my breast.
 Of borrow'd implements my veil was made ;
 And still remains alas ! the debt unpaid.

For late, when all the conflict ceast at night,
 When my stretch'd sinews ach'd with eager fight,
 When spent with glorious toil, I left the field,
 And sunk for slumber on my swelling shield; 126
 Lo from the deep, repelling sweet repose,
 With noisy croakings half the nation rose:
 Devoid of rest, with aching brows I lay,
 'Till cocks proclaim'd the crimson dawn of day.
 Let all, like me, from either host forbear, 131
 Nor tempt the flying furies of the spear.
 Let heav'nly blood (or what for blood may flow)
 Adorn the conquest of a meaner foe,
 Who, wildly rushing, meet the wond'rous odds,
 Tho' Gods oppose; and brave the wounded Gods.
 O'er gilded clouds reclin'd, the danger view, 137
 And be the wars of mortals scenes for you.

So mov'd the blue-ey'd Queen, her words per-
 suade,
 Great Jove assented, and the rest obey'd. 140

Ver. 124.] For *ach'd* the first edition has *work'd*.

B O O K III.

NOW front to front the marching armies
shine,

Halt e'er they meet, and form the length'ning
line ;

The chiefs conspicuous seen, and heard afar,
Give the loud sign to loose the rushing war ;
Their dreadful trumpets deep-mouth'd hornets
found, 5

The founded charge remurmurs o'er the ground ;
Ev'n Jove proclaims a field of horror nigh,
And rolls low thunder thro' the troubled sky.

First to the fight the large Hypsiboas flew,
And brave Lychenor with a jav'lin flew ; 10
The luckless warrior, fill'd with gen'rous flame,
Stood foremost glitt'ring in the post of Fame.
When in his liver struck, the jav'lin hung ;
The Mouse fell thund'ring, and the target rung :
Prone to the ground he sinks his closing eye, 15
And, foil'd in dust, his lovely tresses lie.

Ver. 4.] Thus in the first edition :

Give the loud *signal* to the rushing war.

A spear at Pelion Troglodytes cast ;
 The missive spear within the bosom past ;
 Death's fable shades the fainting Frog surround,
 And life's red tide runs ebbing from the wound.
 Embasichytros felt Seutlæus' dart 21

Transfix, and quiver in his panting heart ;
 But great Artophagus aveng'd the slain,
 And big Seutlæus tumbling loads the plain,
 And Polyphonus dies, a Frog renown'd 25
 For boastful speech and turbulence of sound ;
 Deep thro' the belly pierc'd, supine he lay,
 And breath'd his soul against the face of day.

The strong Lymnocharis, who view'd with ire,
 A victor triumph, and a friend expire ; 30
 With heaving arms a rocky fragment caught,
 And fiercely flung where Troglodytes fought ;
 A warrior vers'd in arts, of sure retreat,
 Yet arts in vain elude impending fate :
 Full on his finewy neck the fragment fell, 35
 And o'er his eye-lids clouds eternal dwell.
 Lychenor (second of the glorious name)
 Striding advanc'd, and took no wand'ring aim ;

Ver. 17.] The proper *quantity* might be preserved by transposition :

Troglodytes a spear at Pelion cast.

Ver. 34.] Or thus :

In arts *deep* vers'd o'er all the warrior-train ;
 But arts elude impending Fate in vain.

Thro' all the Frog the shining jav'lin flies,
And near the vanquish'd Mouse the victor dies. 40

The dreadful stroke Crambophagus affrights,
Long bred to banquets, less inur'd to fights;
Heedless he runs, and stumbles o'er the steep,
And wildly flound'ring flashes up the deep:
Lychenor, following, with a downward blow 45
Reach'd, in the lake, his unrecover'd foe;
Gasping he rolls, a purple stream of blood
Distains the surface of the silver flood;
Thro' the wide wound the rushing entrails throng,
And flow the breathless carcass floats along. 50

Lymnifius good Tyroglyphus assails,
Prince of the Mice that haunt the flow'ry vales,
Lost to the milky fares and rural feat,
He came to perish on the bank of fate.

The dread Pternoglyphus demands the fight, 55
Which tender Calaminthus shuns by flight,
Drops the green target, springing quits the foe,
Glides thro' the lake, and safely dives below.
The dire Pternophagus divides his way
Thro' breaking ranks, and leads the dreadful
day; 60
No nibbling prince excell'd in fierceness more,
His parents fed him on the savage boar:

Ver. 53.] Or,

Lost to the milky fares and rural *state*.

But where his lance the field with blood imbru'd,
 Swift as he mov'd Hydrocharis pursu'd,
 'Till fall'n in death he lies ; a shatt'ring stone 65
 Sounds on the neck, and crushes all the bone ;
 His blood pollutes the verdure of the plain,
 And from his nostrils bursts the gushing brain.

Lycopinax with Borb'rocœtes fights,
 A blameless Frog, whom humbler life delights ;
 The fatal jav'lin unrelenting flies, 71
 And darkness seals the gentle croaker's eyes.

Incens'd Prassophagus, with sprightly bound,
 Bears Cnissodioctes off the rising ground ;
 Then drags him o'er the lake, depriv'd of breath ;
 And, downward plunging, sinks his soul to death.
 But now the great Psycarpax shines afar,
 (Scarce he so great whose loss provok'd the war)
 Swift to revenge his fatal jav'lin fled,
 And thro' the liver struck Pelusius dead ; 80
 His freckled corps before the victor fell,
 His soul indignant fought the shades of hell.

This saw Pelobates, and from the flood,
 Lifts with both hands a monstrous mass of mud.
 The cloud obscene o'er all the warrior flies, 85
 Dishonours his brown face, and blots his eyes.

Ver. 86.] I believe the time will allow us to attribute some ornament of this passage to one in the Dunciad, ii. 108. supremely ludicrous :

Repasses Lintot, vindicates the race,
 Nor heeds *the brown dishonours of his face.*

Enrag'd, and wildly sputt'ring, from the shore
 A stone immense of size the warrior bore ;
 A load for lab'ring earth, whose bulk to raise,
 Asks ten degen'rate Mice of modern days : 90
 Full to the leg arrives the crushing wound ;
 The Frog, supportless, writhes upon the ground.

Thus flush'd, the victor wars with matchless
 force,
 'Till loud Craugasides arrests his course :
 Hoarse croaking threats precede ; with fatal speed
 Deep thro' the belly runs the pointed reed, 96
 Then, strongly tug'd, return'd imbru'd with gore ;
 And on the pile his reeking entrails bore.

The lame Sitophagus, oppress'd with pain,
 Creeps from the desp'rate dangers of the plain :
 And where the ditches rising weeds supply, 101
 To spread their lowly shades beneath the sky ;
 There lurks the silent Mouse reliev'd of heat,
 And, safe imbower'd, avoids the chance of fate.

But here Troxartes, Physignathus there, 105
 Whirl the dire furies of the pointed spear :
 Then where the foot around its ankle plies,
 Troxartes wounds, and Physignathus flies,
 Halts to the pool, a safe retreat to find,
 And trails a dangling length of leg behind. 110

Ver. 103.] Or thus:

There lurks the silent Mouse ; draws thick his breath,
 O'erspent with toil, and scarce escap'd from death.

The Mouſe ſtill urges, ſtill the Frog retires,
And half in anguiſh of the flight expires ;

Then pious ardour young Praſſæus brings,
Betwixt the fortune of contending kings :

Lank, harmleſs Frog ! with forces hardly
grown,

He darts the reed in combats not his own : 116

Which faintly tinkling on Troxartes' ſhield,
Hangs at the point, and drops upon the field.

Now nobly tow'ring o'er the reſt appears
A gallant prince that far tranſcends his years, 120

Pride of his fire, and glory of his houſe,

And more a Mars in combat than a Mouſe :

His action bold, robuſt his ample frame,

And Meridarpax his reſounding name.

The warriour, ſingled from the fighting crowd,
Boaſts the dire honours of his arms aloud ; 126

Then ſtrutting near the lake, with looks elate,

Threats all its nations with approaching fate.

And ſuch his ſtrength, the ſilver lakes around

Might roll their waters o'er unpeopled ground ; 130

But pow'rful Jove who ſhews no leſs his grace

To Frogs that periſh, than to human race,

Ver. 117.] This language ſeems borrowed from Dryden's
verſion of the parallel paſſage in Virgil's *Æneid*, ii. 745.

And faintly tinckled on the brazen ſhield.

Felt soft compassion rising in his soul,
And shook his sacred head, that shook the pole.
Then thus to all the gazing pow'rs began, 135
The fire of Gods, and Frogs, and Mouse, and
man.

What seas of blood I view, what worlds of
slain?
An Iliad rising from a day's campaign!
How fierce his jav'lin, o'er the trembling lakes,
The black-furr'd hero, Meridarpax, shakes! 140
Unless some fav'ring Deity descend,
Soon will the Frogs loquacious empire end.
Let dreadful Pallas wing'd with pity fly,
And make her ægis blaze before his eye:
While Mars, refulgent on his rattling car, 145
Arrests his raging rival of the war.

He ceas'd, reclining with attentive head;
When thus the glorious God of combats said.
Nor Pallas, Jove! tho' Pallas take the field,
With all the terrors of her hissing shield; 150
Nor Mars himself, tho' Mars in armour bright
Ascend his car, and wheel amidst the fight;
Not these can drive the desp'rate Mouse afar,
And change the fortunes of the bleeding war.

Ver. 134.] This entire verse is borrowed from one of the
translators of the Iliad: but my memory cannot specify the author
or the passage.

Let all go forth, all heav'n in arms arise ; 155
Or launch thy own red thunder from the skies :
Such ardent bolts as flew that wond'rous day,
When heaps of Titans mix'd with mountains
lay ;

When all the giant-race enormous fell ;
And huge Enceladus was hurl'd to hell. 160

'Twas thus th' armipotent advis'd the Gods,
When from his throne the Cloud-compeller
nods ;

Deep length'ning thunders run from pole to pole,
Olympus trembles as the thunders roll. 164

Then swift he whirls the brandish'd bolt around,
And headlong darts it at the distant ground ;
The bolt, discharg'd, inwrap'd with lightning
flies,

And rends its flaming passage thro' the skies :
Then earth's inhabitants, the nibblers, shake ;
And Frogs, the dwellers in the waters, quake. 170

Yet still the Mice advance their dread design,
And the last danger threatens the croaking line ;
'Till Jove, that inly mourn'd the loss they bore,
With strange assistance fill'd the frightened shore.

Pour'd from the neighb'ring strand, deform'd
to view, 175

They march, a sudden unexpected crew.
Strong suits of armour round their bodies close,
Which like thick anvils blunt the force of blows ;

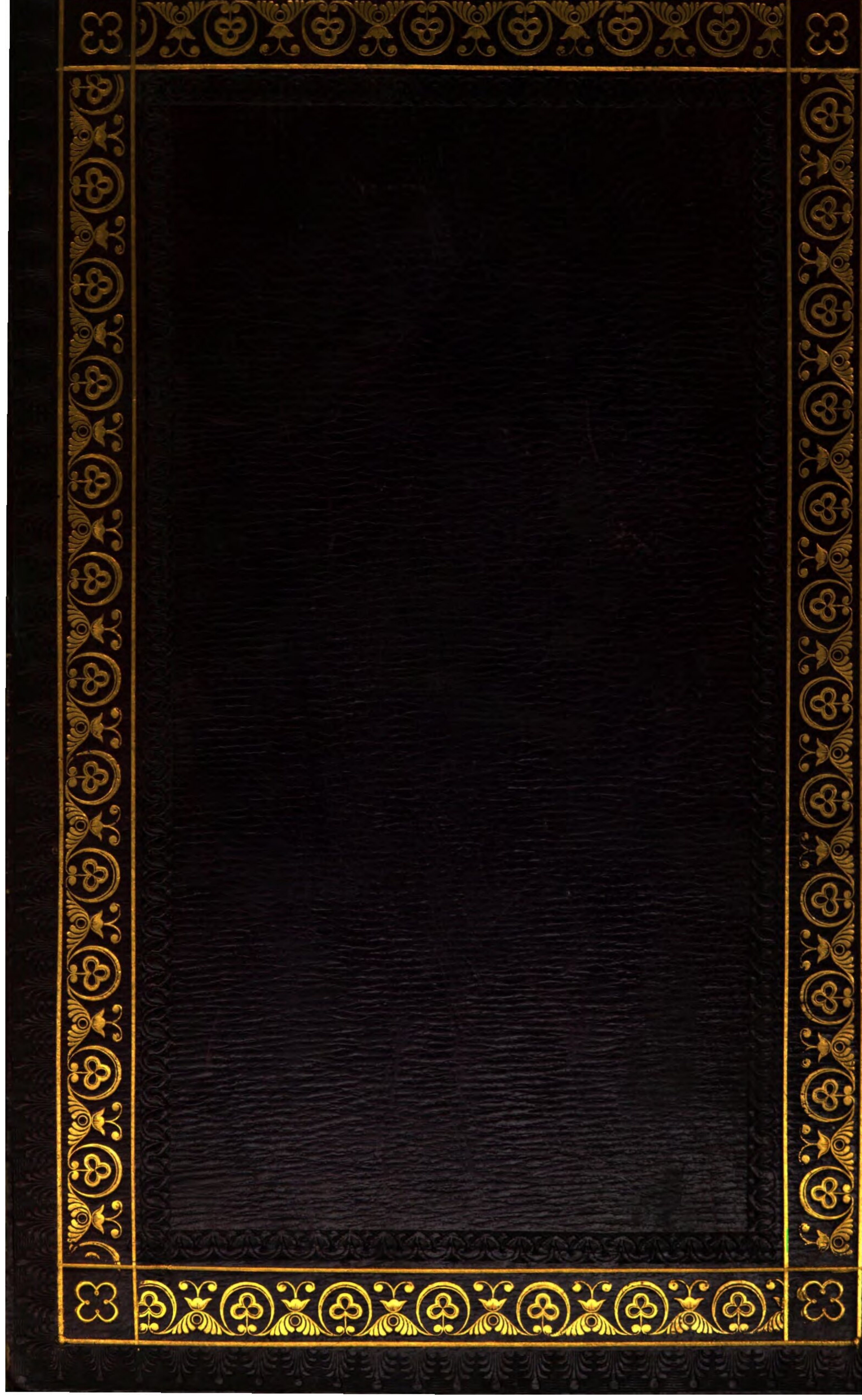
In wheeling marches turn'd, oblique they go ;
With happy claws their limbs divide below ; 180
Fell sheers the passage to their mouth command ;
From out the flesh the bones by nature stand :
Broad spread their backs, their shining shoulders
rise,
Unnumber'd joints distort their lengthen'd
thighs, 184
With nervous cords their hands are firmly brac'd,
Their round black eye-balls in their bosom
plac'd,
On eight long feet the wond'rous warriors
tread,
And either end alike supplies a head.
These to call Crabs, mere mortal wits agree ; 189
But Gods have other names for things than we.
Now, where the jointures from their loins de-
pend,
The heroes tails with sev'ring grasps they rend.
Here, short of feet, depriv'd the pow'r to fly,
There, without hands, upon the field they lie.
Wrench'd from their holds, and scatter'd all
around, 195
The bended lances heap the cumber'd ground.
Helpless amazement, fear pursuing fear,
And mad confusion thro' their host appear ;
O'er the wild waste with headlong flight they go,
Or creep conceal'd in vaulted holes below. 200

But down Olympus, to the western seas,
 Far-shooting Phœbus drove with fainter rays;
 And a whole war (so Jove ordain'd) begun,
 Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving fun.

Ver. 201.] Or, as follows:

But down Olympus to the western *wave*,
 Far-shooting Phœbus *his tir'd coursers drave*.

F I N I S.



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